

February 8, 1941

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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To the Dictator's Lair By Guy Gilpatric

The Story of a One-Way Flight to Fame

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COMPARE FEATURES...

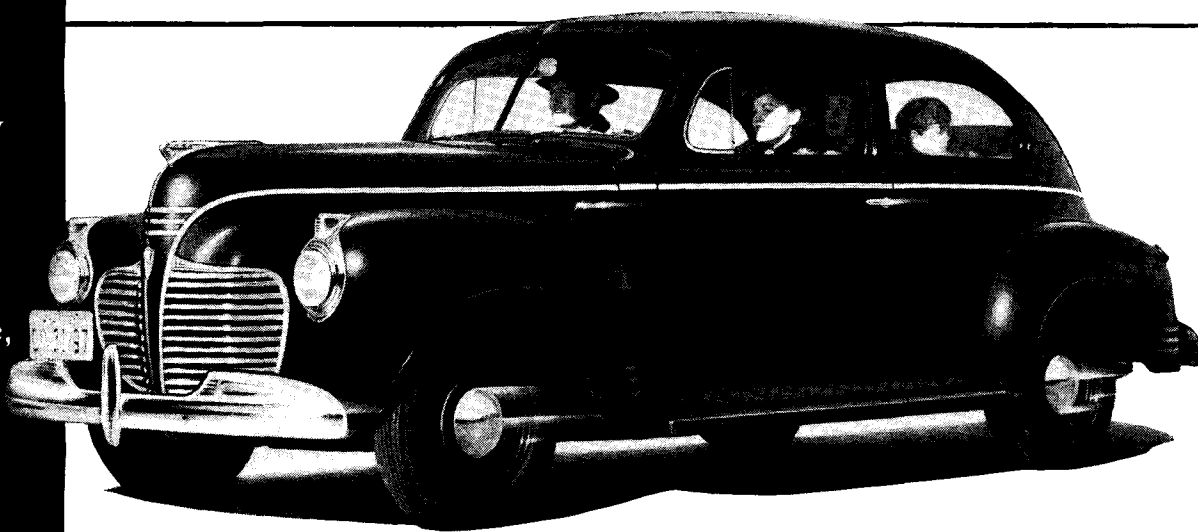
★★ THE 1941 QUALITY CHART ★★																								
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-priced Cars in Quality Features																								
Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars— <i>Plymouth has 21 Car "2" has 9 Car "3" has 7.</i>	1. 117-inch or Longer Wheelbase	2. Hydraulic Brakes	3. "L-Head" Engine Design	4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	5. Four Rings Per Piston	6. Chain Camshaft Drive	7. Automatic Clutch	8. Precision-Type Crankshaft Connecting Rod Bearings	9. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	10. Valve Tappet Adjustment	11. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	12. Four Chassis Springs	13. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	14. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	15. Hypoid Rear Axle	16. Tapered Roller Differential Bearing	17. Hotchkiss Drive	18. Rust-Proof Body	19. Oil Bath Air Cleaner	20. Sealed Beam Headlamps	21. Floating-Type Oil Intake	22. Choice of Colors at No Extra Cost	TOTAL	
'2895 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22	
'2595 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22	
'1594 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21	
LOWEST-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21	
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES		9	
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO		7	

Ride the New Plymouth!

BUY WISELY!

Get the most for Your Money in 1941. Compare Features of "All 3" Low-Priced Cars. Then take Plymouth out on the Road. Any way You Judge, You'll Find...

**PLYMOUTH
IS MOST LIKE THE
HIGH-PRICED CARS**



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS:
PLYMOUTH HAS 21...CAR "2" HAS 9...CAR "3" HAS 7

IT'S COMPLETELY CLEAR to you on the 1941 Quality Chart—the great differences in size, comfort and economy among "All 3" low-priced cars!

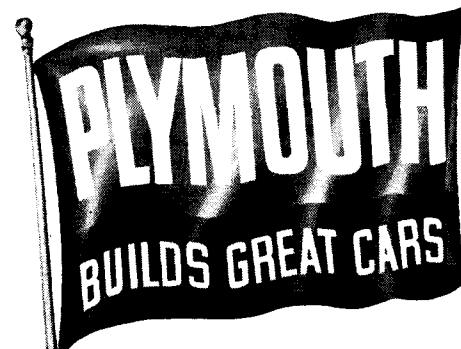
You'll find that *high-priced* cars for 1941 resemble each other on 22 important features. And the new Plymouth is the *only one* of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of these features!

Go still further—*ride* in the new Plymouth! Discover how Plymouth's long 117-inch wheelbase adds

to riding smoothness...how new High-Torque engine performance, with new power-gearing, reduces driving effort! *Ride the new Plymouth and you'll buy it!* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

*Look at
1941 Prices
of "All 3"*

Plymouth is actually lower-priced than the "other 2" on some models. Your present car probably covers a large part of the low delivered price...balance in low instalments. Prices are subject to change without notice. TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.
SEE PLYMOUTH'S 1941 COMMERCIAL CARS!



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FEBRUARY 8, 1941

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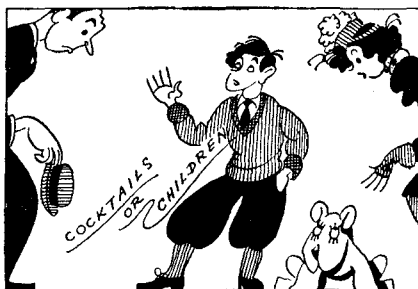
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COVER

JAY IRVING

ANY WEEK

HAVING decided to be more active socially, we dropped in at a friend's house the other day and were greeted by his twelve-year-old son. It was about six o'clock and, except for the cook who was busy about dinner, the kid was alone. He told us somewhat coldly that his parents were at a neighbor's house. We made several of the inane remarks that adults rally children with and then departed, asking him to tell his parents that we'd called. Sorry to have missed them—that sort of thing. Whereupon the kid let go: "When I marry," said he, "I'm going to have either children or cocktails but not both."



WE HAD thought of stopping in at another place, but didn't. Instead we went home where we read a long letter from a young man who is learning the warrior's trade at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He tells us that he has just been visited by his father who in 1917 was doing what he's doing now. His old man was pretty deeply impressed by the fresh orange juice, soft-boiled eggs, toast and jam for breakfast. Furthermore, it took him some time to recover from the shock of being told that the new Army is thinking of awakening the lads in the morning with buzzers instead of bugles. But that his son's sergeant was a Ph.D. and a student of the Greek school of ecclesiastical music seemed to be a little too much. Father left camp a bit depressed. But we don't see why. Our sergeant could read and write. Also he was musical. He played the harmonica. He'd call in a couple of squads of us rookies and, propped up on his cot, play How Ya Gointa Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree. Every few bars he'd stop long enough to say: "S'good, ain't it?" And we'd all agree that it was good. We remembered what happened to the dullard who said it wasn't. The more we heard about this new Army the sorrier we are that we aren't in it.

WE PAUSE to give belated credit to the Briegleb Aircraft Company, Inc., of Van Nuys, California. Not so long ago Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., wrote an article for us—Silent Wings. It was about gliders. Therein he stated that there were only three recognized glider makers in the country—the Frankfort Sailplane Company, the Bowlus Sailplane Company and the

Schweizer Aircraft Company. That statement was short of accuracy. We are informed by Mr. William G. Briegleb, president of the Briegleb Aircraft Company, that his outfit has been building gliders and sailplanes since 1927 and during the past year business increased to where it was necessary to incorporate the Briegleb company. Furthermore, the Stone Aircraft Company, too, of Detroit, Michigan, is building a nice glider. Commander McDonald's article omitted these names by oversight. This paragraph aims to set the record straight.

SO WE proceed to applaud the patient foresight of a merchant in Edmonton, Alberta, to whom, two years ago, a young fellow applied for the price of a marriage license. As you may very well guess, the young man was about to take a wife. The merchant, a believer in such things, lent him the money. Overcome, doubtless, by felicity, the young man forgot to repay the merchant. But the other day, the merchant went to the borrower's home and demanded his money. He got it—out of the baby's bank. "I had a feeling it would be like that," said he.

AS FAR as we can find out, two biographies of Charlotte Cushman have been written. Nevertheless, Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe of No. 1 Beekman Place, New York City, is undertaking to write another. We've told Mr. Stowe that we'd tell you. If you have any of her letters or any other helpful material, Mr. Stowe says, he'll appreciate receiving them. In case you don't know, Miss Cushman was a talented American actress. She died in 1776 after creating a number of riots with her interpretations of Meg Merrilies and of Shakespearean heroines. Let's see, there was something we were going to say about this enterprise. We've forgotten what it was. The din of war is bad for concentration. But this is still a free country and Mr. Stowe has a perfect right to write about Miss Cushman.

PERSONALLY we think that Mr. Elias Berriscat of Washington, D. C., is a trifle bitter. But in a wayward moment we promised him we'd publish his next letter and this happens to be it. Mr. Berriscat has been listening to congressional debate. "You can add," says he, "that Mr. Berriscat is sick and tired of it, too. All I heard was that this country was in danger of running out of raw materials. Anybody looking at the floor of either the House or the Senate can see that the statement isn't true."

SOMETHING we've said in these pages about Italy, her Duce and her arms has annoyed Mr. Dominick Bassopiazza of New York City, who informs us that we are a "Greek skunk."

Mr. Bassopiazza says that he is not a Fascist but that Italy will emerge from this war the master of the Mediterranean, of Africa and South America, permitting Germany to dictate the fates of North America and all that part of Europe north of the Brenner Pass. "After we have licked Greece," says Mr. Bassopiazza, "we will attend to rats like you." In the meantime, however, "Germany knows that the Italian army, navy and air force will continue to aid her defeat her enemies, including lice like you."

ANYWAY, a bill has just been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature exempting from taxation the property of spinsters which is assessed at not more than two thousand dollars. The bill is creating some discussion in that it stipulates that the spinster must produce "satisfactory proof" of her spinsterhood. We're advised, too, that public librarians in the Northwest states are concerned by the decrease in book borrowing. They blame the rise in employment. And now a suspicious Oregon legislator is promoting an investigation of the kind of books the unemployed read. He fears that he may be on the trail of radicalism. And an Atlanta gentleman who thirsts "at this time" for anonymity is about to appeal to Congress for ten thousand dollars "to erect a statue of Scarlett O'Hara" and will seek to make her birthday a national holiday.



AND now we'll let Mr. Hitler in on a secret. It is the intention of the United States government to enter the war to solve the unemployment and relief situations. We get this straight from Mr. Himhat Brosche of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Brosche starts his letter with a warning. "Nosir you don't do it," writes he. "You stay right here at home and mind the business. No nonsense. You the government do not take me to no Army camp and shoot me behind the wall to get rid of relief because you cannot find no job. This is the plan of you the government. First the unemployed. Then relief. Nosir you don't. What did they do to the first soldiers to go like patriots to the Army camps. Bang. Bang. Pretty soon everybody who got no job is d'ed against the wall and next the relief. Nosir you don't."

ALL right, we don't. . . . W. D.

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*"Silence
-genius at work!"*

Yes sir—when **FRED ALLEN** goes to work on gags for his Texaco Star Theatre Program, he buckles down over his Corona. Words and ideas pop while he types. "Fred Allen Jr.," he calls his Speedline Corona.



"Kitten on the Keys," Mrs. Harold D. LeMar of Omaha, Nebraska, sends us this cute picture of her kitten, Topsy, tip-toeing down the keyboard of her older model Corona. Mrs. LeMar prizes her Corona... says her family couldn't get along without it!



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that oil-eating car."



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but saving, too!*

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Wing Talk



CHICAGO has lived up to predictions of air-line pioneers that its geographic and strategic location would make it the hub of domestic air commerce. More air lines converge upon it—eight—than upon any other United States city. It has 150 scheduled arrivals and departures each day.

Yet Chicago has the poorest field among important air centers, with respect to modernity and convenience. It is in a poor neighborhood, an hour's unprepossessing ride from the Loop. It has been kicked around by politicians for a decade. It is bisected by railroad trackage that for years now has been "going to be taken out soon"—but that, meanwhile, remains a mental hazard which under certain factors might tend to make a pilot cut his landing fine, and is blamed in "hangar flying" for more than one accident on or near the airport.

LaGuardia Field, New York—the world's costliest airport, \$43,000,000—is used by seven lines. It is first in number of scheduled arrivals and departures each 24 hours, with 238 ordinarily, and increases to 250 or more on certain week ends and holidays. Its timetable lead is due to what is practically a "commuting" service maintained between New York and Washington.

The largest state in the Union, Texas, has the greatest number of cities served by regular air transportation—count them: Amarillo, Abilene, Austin, Big Spring, Brownsville, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Houston, El Paso, Galveston, San Antonio, Tyler, Waco, Wichita Falls and Fort Worth. Florida has thirteen air-served cities; California eleven. New Jersey and Delaware are the only states with no scheduled air-transport service. New Jersey was getting along well enough with Newark, masquerading as the New York or Eastern transcontinental terminal.

But it was inevitable that the country's greatest city would build the country's greatest airport.

The Back Seat

OCCUPIED today by William Augustus Winston, who usually sits up front—until the passengers begin to shout, "Captain! Help!" Be reassured, this cry is not for relief from danger but from boredom. Personality has always been a factor in travel. Globe-trotters

aimed for certain ships because of the reputations of such famous story-telling captains as Hartley of the Leviathan, Moore and Oakley of the "American" boats, McNeil of the Mauretania, Fairweather Quinn on the Pacific. Now a modernized variety of the same genial breed guides this country's great air liners on both domestic and international routes. You've got to have social as well as spark-plug grace. When you hear Bill Winston's soft innocence of "R's" and see his courtly tallness, his tentative smile as he toys with his Desperate Desmond mustache while handling a deck of cards with mystic deftness, your imagination strips him of his flight captain's uniform and garbs him in a frock coat, a pepper-and-salt vest with a bellyband watch chain, and a plug hat—and you are sure you're in the smoker room of a Mississippi side-wheeler "befo' the wah, suh," instead of 10,000 feet above the Atlantic Ocean in a Pan American Clipper between the United States and Portugal.

Bill won't play cards with you, just because he is a shark. But with his tricks he relaxes many of his passengers' faces, so long these war days with grave missions and thoughts. He'll show you his pictures, too—more than 7,000 of them taken in his flying years over many oceans and foreign lands.

Bill is of the Winstons of Winston-Salem. The Army Air Service turned him down at first because he had only 119 pounds on his six feet. Diligent application to milk and bananas remedied that. He showed particular aptitude for instructing—a talent he applied in barnstorming days after the war, and later as an inspector for the Department of Commerce. He became a Pan American pilot seven years ago and has flown thousands of hours and more than a million miles. There are numerous details requiring a pilot's attention when he is arriving or leaving, but at his New York terminal Bill probably always manages a fond glance toward Forest Hills, Long Island, where his wife and two little girls live.

Among his students in Army years was a fellow who did a pretty good job of flying the Atlantic himself—got across, ahead of Bill. Both have the same middle name, Augustus.

You know the pupil well enough by his first and last names—Charles Lindbergh. W.B.C.



Clipper Pilot William A. Winston—Lindbergh learned from him

STALWART AGAINST THE STORM!



WHEN the sea shimmers peacefully in the sunlight, the strong wall which protects the house above the shore seems useless and unnecessary. But the wise householder knows to what furies that still surface can be stirred; he rests content because the wall is there.

Storms break on the shore of every family's life — and nobody knows when they will come. That is why life insurance stands guard over homes where all is now serene. Seemingly unnecessary to-day — it becomes a strong wall against the world when financial storms arise.

The storm of adversity is at its height during the period immediately following the death of husband and father. The John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan provides protection during this critical period at a cost that is within the most rigid family budget. Our booklet, "A Talking Picture," describes the plan in full. Write for your copy to Department C-1, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

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'VASELINE' Hair Tonic does more than improve the appearance of your hair. It checks Dry Scalp . . . enables you to keep both scalp and hair healthier.

Before each shampoo give your scalp a thorough massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. This helps to prevent excessive drying out. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no drying ingredient. It actually supplements the natural scalp oils.

Then when you comb your hair each morning you don't need to douse it. Just put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. Your hair stays in place, yet looks natural, not "plastered down." Begin using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today.



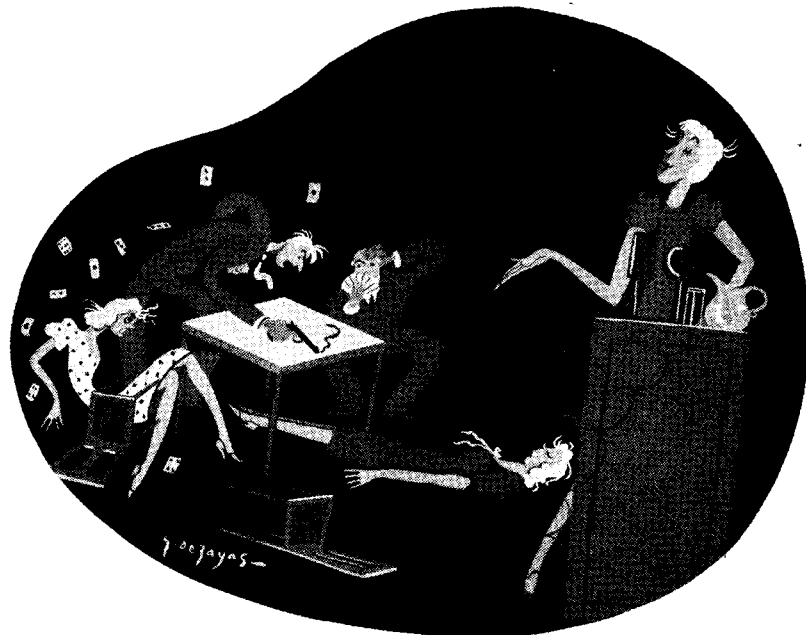
'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As bridge-table arguments have caused an average of five murders and about five hundred divorces annually in this country for many years, there is one woman, called the Carrie Nation of Bridge, who is making it her life business to fight the game. In the hundreds of lectures she has given, each has been dramatically ended with a sketch in which is enacted a murder and a suicide that resulted from a bridge fight.

Not until 1938, or 63 years after he had written Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, was it generally known that James A. Bland was a Negro. In the disclosure, which followed the suggestion that this song be made the state anthem of Virginia, it was also learned that he was the composer of seven hundred other songs, had died in 1911 and was buried in Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. Today he is known as "The Negro Stephen Foster."

Two flags on one building may fly in opposite directions when the structure has a large dome and they are flown from opposite sides of it. On the Capitol in Washington, a flag on the west side of the dome sometimes blows eastward and another on the east side blows westward in a west wind.

When a person brings a suit for plagiarism without obvious basis in fact, the federal judge has the right to make the offender pay the legal fees of the innocent party. One such case occurred in 1931, when a woman sued Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild for \$2,000,000, claiming that Strange Interlude had been stolen from her book. She was ordered to pay the defendants \$17,500.

Most desert reptiles, although living in high temperatures, cannot withstand the heat of the sun and sometimes lose their lives when it takes them too long to run from one shelter to another. In such dashes, some species of rattlers have been known to die in nine minutes, while some species of lizards have succumbed in two minutes.

Some diamond cutters have become so expert in cutting very small diamonds for mass settings that they produce regular 58-facet stones so small that as many as eight hundred weigh only one carat.

The boundary between the United States and Canada was not completely determined until 1925, or 142 years after our country signed the peace treaty with England.—By Lily Beamer, San Bernardino, California.

Twenty-four years ago, Henry L. Mencken concocted a story about "the first bathtub in the United States in 1842." Ever since, these "facts" have been accepted as true papers, magazines, books, quiz programs, fact cartoons, government publications and reference books, despite Mencken's persistent efforts, for the past fifteen years, to refute them.

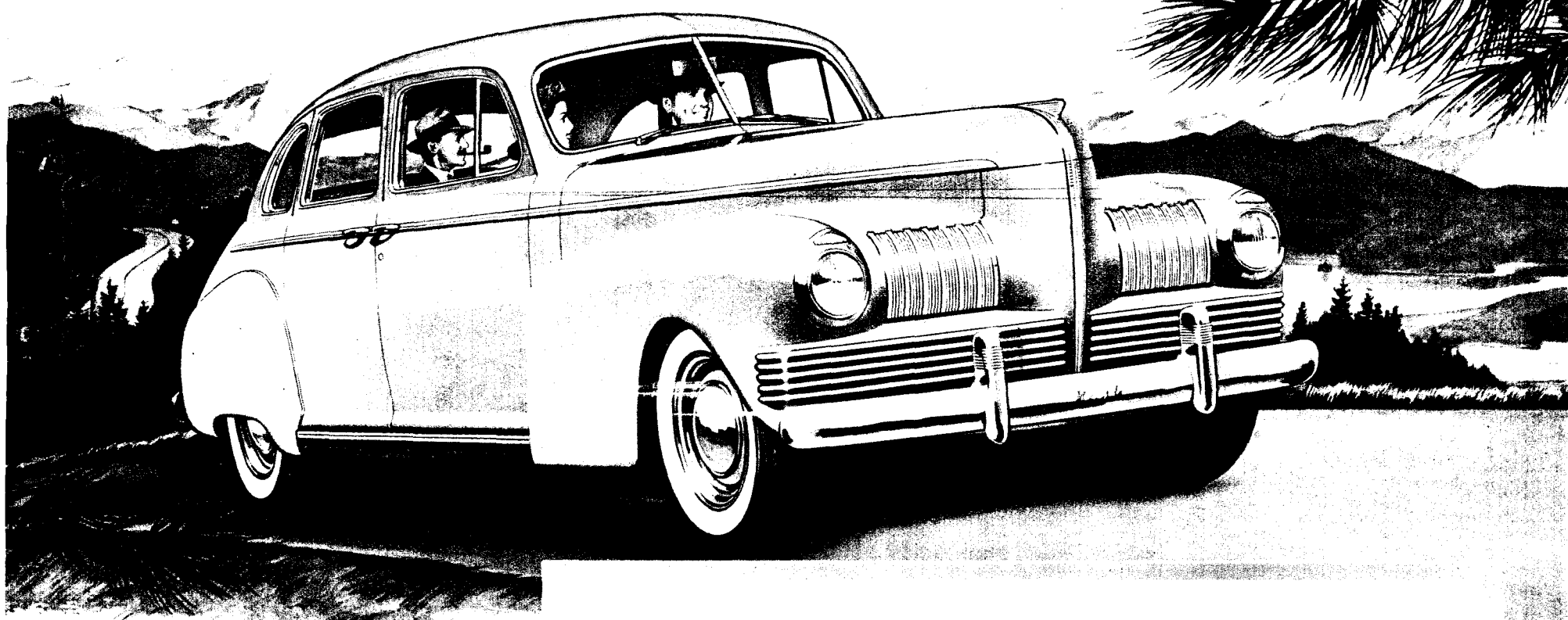
Without any knowledge of the principles of mathematics, John Dase (1824-1861) could multiply two 100-digit numbers in his head within nine hours.—By Woods' Giberson, Burlingame, California.

New York City has a statue that contains a theater, a motion-picture house that contains a maternity ward and a palatial poorhouse that provides a private room and bath and complete hotel service for the occupants who were once wealthy or prominent.

Many European peasant families still follow the age-old custom of hanging mourning crape on the doors of all buildings on the property, including barns, pigsties, beehives and chicken coops. Small pieces are also tied around the necks of favorite dogs, cats and horses.—By Eleanor Schaefer, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Now-a Dollar Goes 50 Miles Farther!



In Every Way You Judge a Car Nash is the Best Buy in the Lowest-Price Field

- ★ **WHEEL ECONOMY**—25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline.
- ★ **SMOOTH RIDE**—Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.
- ★ **ROOMY**—Greater Seating Width.
- ★ **EASIER STEERING**—First car with Two-way Roller Steering.
- ★ **SAFER**—Welded Body-and-Frame Construction . . . made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

YOU notice it the first time you get a Nash demonstration—a *little glass jar* of gasoline by the windshield.

But before you ask about it—you're looking about in amazement.

Never have you seen a car this roomy, selling in the lowest-price field. The front seat's nearly five feet wide!

Then—your foot finds the throttle, and in one split second you realize this is the liveliest, smoothest car you've ever driven. (It's a new kind of engine with moving parts pre-balanced by radio control.)

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Sharp curves ahead! But this amazing Nash *banks* into them like a pursuit plane . . . with just the weight of your hand on the wheel. It's something new—Two-way Roller Steering—and you've never felt anything like it.



Your comfort
never varies

Outside it's bitter February—but here's more magic. The air you're breathing is *May*, so perfectly warmed and conditioned by the Weather Eye System that you need no wraps at all!



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This gas-meter test* is the proof of Nash's amazing economy.

Making a dollar go about 50 miles farther is part of the \$70 to \$100 a year a Nash saves you . . . but the thrill you'll remember, the reason why you'll soon own a Nash—is that it puts more fun

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See your dealer and see for yourself the amazing differences that are swinging thousands to Nash!

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The beautiful Nash Ambassador "600" is typical of Nash extra value in *every* price-class except the highest. Thanks to a \$7,000,000 expansion program, Nash dealers can show you provable better Sixes and Eights . . . bigger, more luxurious, higher-powered but more economical cars . . . at prices probably less than you intended to pay. Before you buy any 1941 car at any price, see your Nash dealer first.

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE



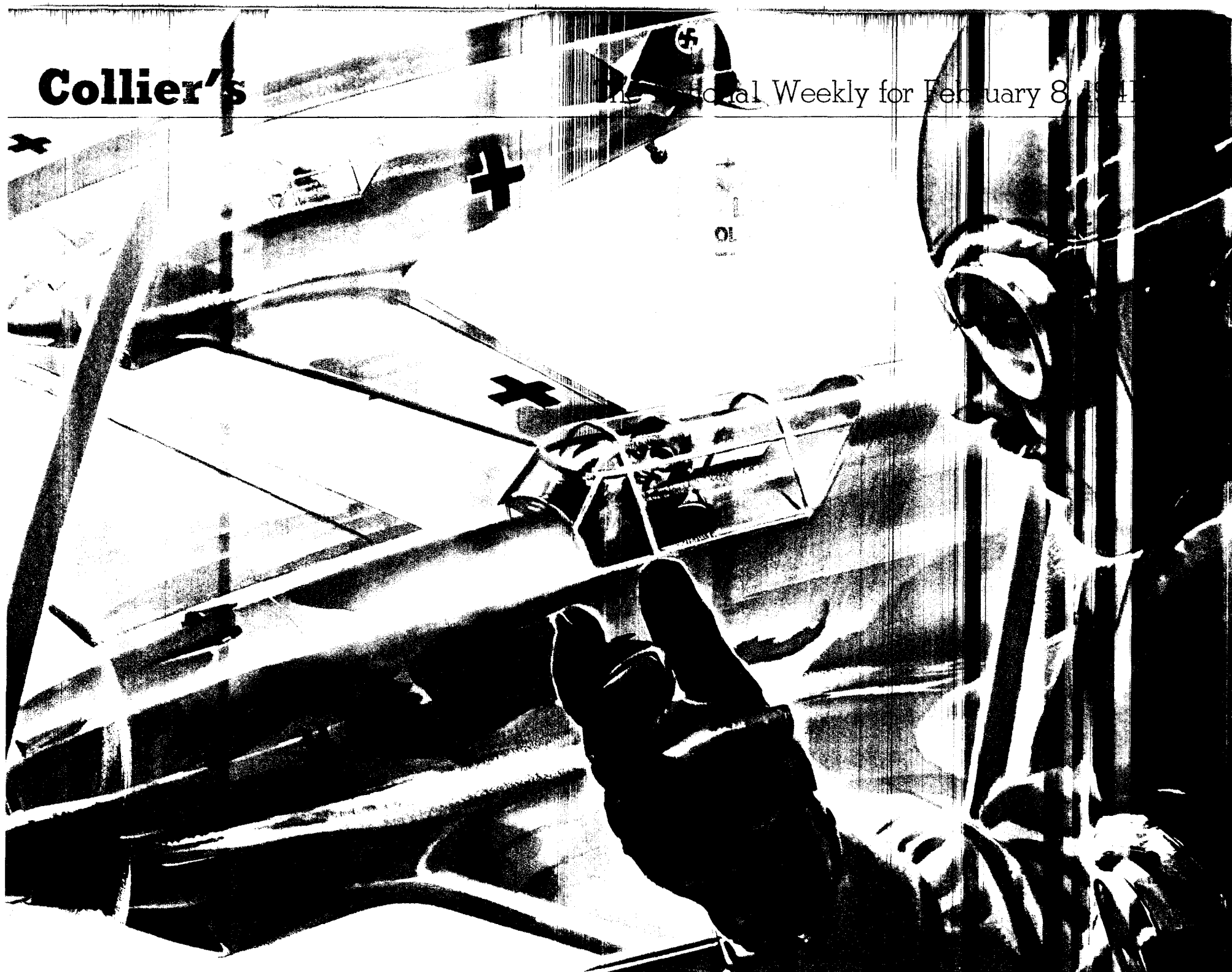
Long Distance takes the **CHASE** out of purchase

If you're buying—or selling, collecting, delivering—Long Distance telephone service can help you eliminate a lot of waste motion.

- **PURCHASING MEN** can cover scattered suppliers, discuss specifications, make favorable commitments, trace shipments, quickly and economically . . . by Long Distance.
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Whatever your job, Long Distance can probably save you a lot of unnecessary "chasing" and leave you free for other important matters. Many rates are shown on the inside front cover of most directories.





Their leader drew in so close alongside that they could see his white teeth as he smiled

A Bomber Goes Back Home

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE telephone rang in the darkness and he jerked up in his cot. Even before his eyes had opened, his waking brain was shouting, "Now! At last! At last! Now!" He switched on the light, glanced at his watch and unhooked the instrument—all in one motion, exactly as in his mind he had rehearsed it a thousand times. He cleared his throat and with his knuckle touched the edge of his mustache. Then he laughed, nervously. It was all so exactly as he'd known for months that it would be! "Seventy-eight," he said into the transmitter.

A pale voice said, "The Prime Minister will speak to Air Vice-Marshal Saloman."

"Saloman speaking."

There was a click; then another voice, a ruddy voice, said, "Saloman? Hello, there, Saloman! Good morning!—Well, it looks like today, Saloman! Now get this; ready? At C." The ruddy voice, now, spoke slowly and precisely: "At C. At twelve-zero-zero hours, G.M.T."

"At C. At twelve-zero-zero hours, G.M.T. Right, sir?"

"Right, Saloman!" A second of silence was broken by the sound of a slowly indrawn breath. "I have just been in touch with His Majesty. He has commanded me to express his affection and gratitude. He will be notified of your take-off. Goodby, old man! God bless you all!" There was another click and that was that. No dramatics. No tosh

about "England expecting every man" and so on. A real soldier, the P.M.!

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Asher Saloman reached up and pressed a button on the damp concrete wall behind the cot. A gong clanged in the distance, the clang dying away in soft, buzzing echoes. As he fastened his tunic and shrugged into his flying suit, he heard from overhead and all around him a muffled stirring that swelled into a sound of orderly, purposeful movement. Then there were four successive shocks that shook the room like earthquakes and through the open hatchway in the ceiling came the fluttering, bubbling roar of throttled motors.

He climbed the vertical iron ladder into the operations room. An officer was seated at a desk upon which stood a gooseneck lamp with a green shade; beyond him was a telephone switchboard with two enlisted operators and a teletype machine whose clump-clump-clumping was drowned in the torrents of mightier sound rushing in through the walls.

The officer rose, saluted and handed Sir Asher a teletype sheet. "Latest weather, sir," he said. "It's favorable. Besides, I have to report that all searchlight and antiaircraft units on the course between here and the coast have been ordered to cease operation. However, three bombing squadrons with fighter escort are now in Area Eight. They are, of course, unnotified, but no

more units will take off until Intelligence signals you clear."

"Ah, splendid! Thanks, Mr. Arnheim!" Sir Asher laid the weather report on the desk under the lamp and stooped over to read it, meanwhile smoothing his helmet down over his iron-gray hair. "Good! Good enough!" he murmured. "Ceiling's just where it should be and the fog areas are made to order. I say, Arnheim, this stunt's getting off to a capital start!"

Arnheim's lips moved but no sound emerged. Sir Asher looked up at him sharply, then smiled and shook him by the forearm. "Oh, come, now!" he said. "That's no way to speed the merry picnickers!"

"Picnickers?" The other stared at him, swayed slightly and leaned across the desk. "Picnickers? Oh, God, sir!"

"Tosh, Arnheim, tosh! So long, old man!" He jerked up the zipper of his flying suit, walked briskly across the room and swung open the narrow steel door. Pausing, he looked out into the dome-shaped hangar which housed the great black Junkers 97. On wings and fuselage were the crosses of Germany; its twin rudders bore the Nazi swastikas; its engines, slowly revving up, filled the hangar with their thunder and its broad wings trembled in the swirling gales from the four propellers. Buffeted by these blasts, leaning and struggling against them, he passed under the wing and joined a group of half a dozen men beside the fuselage. He acknowledged their salutes with a nod and a wave of the hand. "Good morning, gentlemen!" he shouted. "Is she all set, Calman?"

"All set, sir!" reported the engineer officer.

"Right! Get the mechanics off her, black-out and have the hangar opened." He turned to the five men who remained.

THESE five, like Sir Asher, wore flying suits. He motioned them to gather around him. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "we've waited a long time, a damnably long time, for this moment. Now that it's here, I want to shake hands with you. With you, Mr. Simons! With you, Mr. Baruch! With you, Mr. Browne, and you, Mr. Wolff-Curzon and you, Mr. Levin!" He hoped it hadn't sounded like tosh, but if it had he couldn't help it. "Well—" he pulled on his right glove—"we will now take our stations, gentlemen!"

And so they went aboard—Air Vice-Marshall Saloman and Squadron Leader Levin to the control cabin, Flying Officers Wolff-Curzon, Browne, Simons and Baruch to the bow, top, belly and tail-gun turrets, respectively. The hangar lights blinked out and for a moment the blackness was relieved only by the blue and orange flames of the exhausts and the faint, cold glow of the instrument dials. Then a slit appeared of lighter darkness and in it was a star. The slit grew wider and more stars shone through, as though the dome were actually the astronomical observatory on a California mountain from which its mechanism had been copied. Soon, half the dome had disappeared, folded back into itself, and framed in the archway was a semicircle of English night—of sky, water, trees and misty fields.

Sir Asher fastened his safety belt and plugged in his phones. "All set, turrets?" he asked.

The loud-speaker crackled: "All set, bow, sir!" . . . "All set, top, sir!" . . . "All set belly, sir!" . . . "Tail all set, sir!"

He laid his hand on the pilot's shoulder. "All set, Mr. Levin," he said. "Let 'er have it!"

SQUADRON LEADER LEVIN eased open the master throttle, scanned his motor instruments one by one and then released the brakes. The great craft jerked, trembled and rolled slowly forward, lurching soggily on her fat tires as she bumped down off the edge of the cement apron. Then, as she gathered speed, the weight of tons dropped from her one by one; her tail came up and she charged roaring into the gloom. A sheet of water lay in her path; she hit the surface in a cloud of spray, raced hundreds of yards across it and finally lifted clear. She was flying!

Saloman looked down as the last of the dull-gleaming water slid back out of his range of vision and nodded approvingly. That pond, two inches deep and floored with painted concrete, was his own idea. It had helped keep the aerodrome secret and bomb-free. So had the dome-shaped hangar, which in the clearest aerial photographs was only a rocky, brush-covered hillock on an island in the pond's center. But these were minor details in the planning and organization of a hush-hush job a thousand times more momentous in its potentialities than the building of the tanks and of the Q-ships in the first World War. It had involved months of thought and talk, pleading and wire pulling, high hopes and rebuffs, sympathy and skepticism. And also—as the P.M. had phrased it—of sweat and blood and toil. And waiting. And more waiting. The waiting had been the worst. But now it was over. They were on their way. Now! At last! Now!

"Magnetic, zero-nine-one," he gave Levin the course and the plane's nose swung eastward. Then he spoke into his phone: "All turrets! Well, gentlemen, we're off! This isn't just another practice flight; this is—it! The Prime Minister has been informed by Intelligence that our objective is the chancellery in Berlin at noon today. The king has sent us an expression of affection and gratitude. By now, he has been informed of our take-off." He paused for a moment. "I need not emphasize, again, that any British plane approaching within range must be shot down."

It would be a fearful thing to shoot
(Continued on page 43)

"Good! Head her down!" he shouted. "Shove her down, lad! Crash her in the center of the courtyard! Dive her, boy! Steeper! Steeper!"





IFOR THOMAS

Logan's Luscious Luggage

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

Here are three very good reasons why that perennial favorite Charley's Aunt is a hilarious hit on Broadway

THREE young actresses—none of them older than twenty—are making their Broadway debuts in the current revival of Charley's Aunt now at the Cort Theater. They owe it all to Joshua Logan, who delivered a little speech to the producers when he agreed to direct the play. "Gentlemen," he said, "what this show needs is fresh, untrammelled sex."

The producers concurred and immediately telephoned a few of the better-known actors' agents. Then they made a grave error—they released to a theatrical column the news that they were in the market for ingénues with little or no experience.

Both Day Tuttle and Richard Skinner, the producers, should have known that the American Theater Council estimates there are over 3,000 young women in New York who call themselves actresses—although less than two hundred of these have had a chance to prove it. However, there was no way for either producer to guess that all 3,000 and a few of their friends would present themselves at the offices of Tuttle and Skinner; or that many of them would bring their lunches and refuse to leave. Mr. Skinner shudders involuntarily when he remembers it. "For six days," he says, "we had so much fresh untrammelled sex in our office there was no place to hang our coats."

When the play opened on October 17th, all the critics went quite wild about

the three girls who'd been chosen. One magazine summed up the general attitude: "They are the prettiest pieces of baggage to come this way in a long time." Giggling, the girls promptly tacked that notice on their dressing-room wall and dubbed themselves "Logan's Luscious Luggage."

All are undoubtedly luscious—and all very blond. With their hair upswept in the manner of the nineties, the period of the play, they look somewhat alike—slight and feathery and as though they'd catch cold easily. However, any sober spectator can see great differences when he gets used to their general youth. Katherine Wiman, who plays the part of Ela, is taller than the others—five feet five—and her arched, swanlike neck gives her an aristocratic fragility that suits her delicate and distinctive profile. It is she whom artists among the audience immediately want to sketch or paint. "They keep talking about my bone structure and the way my ears are set," Katherine—otherwise known as Tottie—sighs. "I'm not at all sure it's quite nice."

Phyllis Avery, nicknamed Rabbit, is eighteen, a year younger than Tottie, and tends to purr. The coquette of the group, each morning she decides whether she will be "slinky and intense" that day, or "fluffy and coy." In her siren moods she has a tendency to order a great many Daiquiri cocktails, none of which she has ever been seen to drink. The most milk-fed-looking and serious of the lot is Mary Frances Heflin, who is twenty, and passes for a little

"Fresh, untrammelled sex—" Mary Frances Heflin, Katherine Wiman and Phyllis Avery



over seventeen. She knows more about practical theater than the others, for her brother is Van Heflin, one of New York's most successful young actors. Fra, as the others call her, is inclined to speak in prosy aphorisms such as "work breeds work" and "the theater is no place for fools." Her part in the play is a "bit" of less than a minute's duration, but the producers regard her as sufficiently untrammelled to understudy all the women in the production.

The publicity about their beauty has given the three quite a problem—stage-door Johnnies. This menace reached its peak one night four days after the opening when a lot of young men from Harvard pushed their way to the foot of the stairs leading to the dressing rooms. There they settled down quite comfortably and began to bay for the girls.

Phyllis was the first. She marched through them bestowing smiles graciously, like a movie queen much accustomed to refusing autographs. The boys wanted but didn't get her phone number—and were left slightly dazed by such aplomb in one so young.

Then Tottie appeared at the stair-head, and some of the boys fell on their knees and began to salaam. She made a frightened, though graceful, retreat. "It's not that I don't like boys," she told the company manager, "it's just that I prefer them one by one."

Fra pulled the coup of the occasion. Forewarned by Tottie, but unwilling to be intimidated by a pack of collegians, she applied make-up hurriedly. When she appeared on the stairs the boys paid no attention to her—for her face was black, and she murmured as she passed, "Pahd'n me, gen'mun, the young ladies gwine be with you-all presently."

Phyllis was discovered among the 3,000 in the producers' office. It happened on the second day of the stampede, when Messrs. Tuttle, Skinner and Logan had already mumbled "Sorry, you're not the type" and "Leave your address and we'll never let you know" well over a thousand times. There was something wrong with all the applicants; either they were too old-looking or spoke with funny accents or showed no signs of being able to act.

Salary No Consideration

Then Phyllis wandered in with a batch of fifty other hopefuls sent by a casting agent. Newly graduated from a two-year course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, she was wide-eyed and had just the wispy quality for which the part of Amy called. Logan blinked and handed her a script. "Read," he said.

A frightened rabbit who had never auditioned before started to read in a voice an octave higher than normal. Startled by the sound, she lost control of her vocal cords and her words came out in an alarming, quavering treble. To her listeners it sounded like a delightful satire on Victorian maidenhood, and they began to laugh loudly—while the embarrassed Phyllis' voice shot farther up the scale.

Finally Mr. Tuttle interrupted her. "I'm afraid I can't offer you a very large salary," he said, still chuckling.

Phyllis hit high "C." "Thank you! I mean, I accept!" she shrilled. "No matter what it is—it's more than I've been getting."

The money meant little more to her than a symbol that she'd made the grade and was at last "in." The daughter of Stephen Morehouse Avery—a very successful screen writer who has authored such movies as *The Gay Deception*, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, *Four Mothers*—Phyllis' desire to act proceeded from love, not hunger. With a background of schools in Europe and private tutors in this country, she's had some difficulty

convincing her rivals that she got her job without pull. "They make me so mad," she says.

Katherine Wiman has the same trouble. Inasmuch as her father is Dwight Deere Wiman, producer of such hits as *Babes in Arms*, *I Married an Angel*, *Higher and Higher*, there are still some who refuse to give her credit for any talent of her own. And there was a time when, as she readily admits now, she showed little talent with which to be credited.

Like her co-luggage, Katherine has wanted to act ever since she was a child, but there wasn't much she could do about it until last season when she was graduated from Fermata School and pronounced properly finished. The still-current play, *Life with Father*, was casting then, and Katherine discovered that auditions were being held in author-actor-director Howard Lindsay's house, downtown on Tenth Street.

It Takes More than a Name

The room was full of famous people of the theater, and Katherine felt very small and incompetent. For a moment she found herself wishing she hadn't vetoed her mother's plans for a large coming-out party. "I was so sickly nervous," she says today, "that I'd almost rather have served on those vague society committees than been standing there with that script in my hand."

She read miserably, and turned on her heel and exited just in time to keep from crying publicly. It was sixty-odd blocks back uptown to her home, but she walked all the way to punish herself "for being so smug." On the same day she marched over to the studio of Frances Robinson-Duff, the most famous dramatic coach in New York. Every day for a year she reported to Miss Robinson-Duff; every night she read plays, did voice and diaphragm exercises. Katherine had discovered something she'll never forget. "Dad's name can get you into an office," she says, "but when you get there, he can't read for you."

Dad's name got her an appointment to audition for Tuttle and Skinner's Mt. Kisco, New York, summer stock company. Dressed to the teeth, she set out to do or die, her mind swirling with Robinson-Duff epigrams on breathing. Mr. Skinner, too, faced the interview with misgivings. He didn't want to turn down Dwight Deere Wiman's daughter—still he did have a box office to consider. "When that girl breezed into my office looking like the queen of all the months of the year," Mr. Skinner says, "I uttered a prayer of thanksgiving. She could just as easily have been a bespectacled little mouse. Then what would I have done?"

The Queen of the Months was promptly engaged for a week, overcoming the aura of the Wiman name. Even the great Ethel Barrymore was a bit impressed when she shared an entrance with Tottie in the first play of that season's repertory. "The girl's shy of speaking to me," Miss Barrymore told Mr. Skinner, "and personally I'm terrified to approach her."

Other members of the company felt the same awe, but as Katherine was engaged for week after week they had a chance to learn she was very much all right. One elderly and asthmatic character actor was delighted to find a chair placed conveniently near the wings every night when he made his exit. He kept thanking the stage manager—until he discovered that Miss Wiman was the thoughtful furniture mover.

By dint of similar kindnesses, Tottie endeared herself to the troupe, and by dint of really exceptional playing won the part of Ela in the summer production of *Charley's Aunt*. Though she did

(Continued on page 35)

OUR NEW ARMY



For posterity—Sergeant Samuel McCurry leads the Seventh's all-Negro choir in a recording

There's the one about Private Earl Bradley, who chose the Army instead of the Navy because he'd read that sailors sleep in hammocks—and late sleepers get swatted with a paddle. None o' that stuff in the Army, thought young Mr. Bradley—and he was right. At Fort Custer, Michigan, they just open the tent door and trundle the late sleeper's cot into a nice fresh snowbank. You'll find other incidents, anecdotes and news of life in our new fighting force, collected for you weekly by Collier's correspondents. Each week reports are printed from widely separated sections.

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST: Seventeen thousand members of the Fortieth Division, from the Utah, Nevada and California National Guards, are still wondering when the emergency is going to emerge. Months ago they were warned in exciting phrases to be ready to move into Camp Nacimiento near Paso Robles, or Camp San Luis Obispo. Nothing much happened. Then January 27th was set as the date. That's off now. Maybe sometime in February. Reason is delay in cantonment construction, partly due to winter storms. Meanwhile, the 17,000 are sticking to their civilian jobs and hoping the Army won't be too badly handicapped without them.

Few weeks ago the Seventh Division, commanded by Major General Joseph W. Stillwell, existed mainly on paper. At Fort Ord, California, today it's growing rapidly to a strength of more than 15,000. Trouble is, it's got no traditions. It's working up some, though. Every Sunday afternoon the fort's best talent puts

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE



The Seventh Division puts on a Sunday afternoon radio show at Fort Ord. Above, the Glee Club enjoying one of its rehearsals. Below, Private Hamilton Ponder performs for the band



on a radio show, including a one-hundred-voice chorus and band music. Radio announcers plug the outfit, and listeners to 42 Western stations are rapidly getting the idea the Army didn't amount to much before the Seventh Division was organized. Nobody knows yet just what the organization's traditions will turn out to be—but they won't be secret, anyway.

If some outfits are so new they lack traditions, the 250th Coast Artillery doesn't. It got its start in July, 1849, as the First California Guard of Light Artillery; helped hold California to the Northern side in '61; was in on the capture of Manila in '98 and won honors in the St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors in '18. . . . Now it's out for the Army basketball championship.

GREAT LAKES: Fort Custer, Michigan, claims the youngest and oldest soldiers in the country. Harry Wohlfeil of Milwaukee is only fifteen, and had quite a time getting in—special War Department dispensation, overcoming of parental objections and what not. A strapping six-footer, he's a private in the Fiftieth Field Artillery Battalion. . . . Oldest soldier is Private John W. Westervelt, who is seventy-two and has been at Fort Custer since 1925. Says he's going to retire in 1946, unless the war's still on. Been in the Army only 24 years and needs six more to get a pension.

Army intelligence tests turn up some curious facts. A high-school graduate at Fort Custer came out of the forty-minute test with a rating of 146 out of 150—tops for the post. Turned out the Army had made him a dishwasher—but he has a desk job now. Few

minutes later the intelligence testers marked a soldier "mentally inferior" . . . and him with a Ph.D. degree, too!

A good many of the 1,800 soldiers assigned to Fort Custer hotfooted it for the nearest town—Battle Creek—payday, for a drink. Just beer, though; no hard stuff. Battle Creek has local option. Army officers think it's not a bad idea, either.

THE SOUTHWEST: No flying cadet at Randolph Field, Texas, really feels he's making good until he gets a call from an automobile salesman in San Antonio. The salesmen keep close tabs on every novice—those who have passed their forty-hour check with a good record becoming fair credit risks. More than three out of four cadets become car owners before they complete their ten weeks of basic flying training. Almost all of them want the same model—sporty, low-hung convertibles. Secondhand cars of this type are sent to Texas towns near flying fields from all over the country. The cadets buy them on special terms out of their \$75 a month pay. It looks like a banner spring for car agencies, with thousands of boys learning to fly at Randolph, Brooks, Kelly and other Lone Star fields.

At the Fort Sam Houston Reception Center a recruit kept on mopping the messroom floor when a colonel came in, the spread-eagle insignia of his rank glinting. "You should come to attention and salute an officer," said the colonel patiently. "Don't kid me," said the recruit. "You're just a mess sergeant. I can tell that by the chicken on your collar."

A Private Argument

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THIS fellow was the long-drink-of-water type, only at the moment it was firewater, and the bartender said it had been firewater these four evenings past. The customer sat on the last bar stool, leaning at a fixed angle toward the juke box, which seemed to have become his private instrument.

It was one of those new telephonic juke boxes, with the records played over the wire from a central station, and two or three wisecracks from the operator thrown in as a man bespoke his five-cent selection. A man could send a tune, too, wherever the company had a juke box—to some other bar, if he knew his girl was there with a rival, and wanted to send her a song.

At the moment, this customer was giving ear, with an air at once appreciative and bitter, to a ditty entitled *It Makes No Difference Now*. Suddenly he smacked his glass down on the bar, and snapped his fingers. "I've got one for her! I've got one!" Hopping from the stool, he hurried a nickel into the music slot. He brushed his arms about, as if to speed the insulting song to its finish.

"What she sends me!" he complained to the bartender. "I'll send her one back that'll kill her! Watch this, Danny!"

"Got a mad on with his wife," Danny explained to all in general, as he slid a couple of beers along the bar. "Been here nearly a week, down from Frisco. Wife's working at Remo's Eats. She won't even talk to him on the phone. But Remo's got one of these boxes and I guess she's got to listen, when he sends those songs over."

The customer nodded, proud of his ruse. Meanwhile the ditty clicked to a close, and the central operator's voice, more than professionally pleasant, spoke from the box: "Hello, Ned, is that you again?"

"Yah, listen, Daisy, I got one! I got one that'll get her. Play I'll Never Smile Again. Tell her it's from Ned."

"But you sent her that only a few minutes ago. Listen, I'll tell you a good

one: Number 426. At Least You Could Say Hello."

"No—give her that *Never Smile Again*. And say, tell her I was in a fight last night, account of her." Like a man tossing in his last chip, he added: "Tell her I got drunk."

"But Ned," the operator broadcast a last objection; "I'm afraid I can't play your selection over there. Not again. The cook hates that song. He says it makes him blue."

"The cook!" Ned stormed. "She's got to worry about the cook! Say—you play that song! I'm the only cook is gonna tell my wife what she can listen to!"

"Do you want a woman's advice, Ned?" the operator persisted, soothingly. "Send her something sweet, like *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*."

"**I AM** a sucker," Ned said. "Women can make me do anything they want." He okayed the selection and returned to the stool. "That's my trouble," he announced, after a moment of morose introspection. "I always let her have her way. But not this time. She's coming back to Frisco. Ever been to Frisco?" he asked the bartender. "That's a town!"

"Yep, quite a town," Danny agreed. "What's the matter with this burg?" a customer demanded of Ned. "Don't you like it?"

"Nothing, except my in-laws live here. That's what's the matter with it. And I got my job in Frisco. Eight bucks a day, that's scale. Know what a cook gets here? Six bucks."

"Well, living is cheaper here," the townsman pointed out.

"Sure. But I ain't even got a job. In-laws," he reaffirmed. "The cause of ninety per cent of broken marriages. In-law trouble. Why should I have to support her folks? Thirty bucks a month, rent alone, I sent down here. That's a lot of dough."

A measure of confirmation was voiced along the bar.

"So I says nuts to that. I ain't sending any more. They can go on relief. So she says not her folks, not while she can take care of them! And she beats it down here! I says okay. If you like your family better than me, okay! I—"

"Ned, here's a song for you from Connie," the operator broadcast from the box. There was just a hint of commiseration in her voice. The music began: *I Get Along Without You Very Well*.

Ned slapped the bar, for all to witness.

"I send her a sweet one! I ask her to come home! And look what I get!" He slid from the stool, and studied the list on the machine for a scorching rejoinder. "I got it! This'll fix her. Number 257: *I'm Through*!"

The answer came back in due time: *Get Out of Town*.

Four blocks away, in Remo's Eats, the juke box spoke: "Connie, here's one from Ned." The song began. It was *My Last Goodby*.

Along the counter, a solid row of men sat eating blueplates. Connie was the only waitress in the place. She scudded about her work, neat, swift. Just now there was no merriment in her face, though the features suggested easy laughter. Scowling, as she hurried back toward the service window, she paused long enough to punch open the cash register, borrowing another nickel. She plunged this into the machine. "Daisy, tell that drunken bum I haven't time to play games any more."

At this moment, the cook opened the kitchen door to announce, petulantly, that orders were waiting. "He's just sitting there day after day throwing away his money!" Connie complained to the machine. "I don't want him to take care of my folks. I can do it myself! If he'd only—" She broke off, suppressing her exasperation.

A group of the men were getting up from the counter. They spoke among themselves for a moment, glancing at Connie, obviously a little embarrassed. Then, clumsily, one of them deposited a big tip, and another lumbered to the

song machine. "Say, Daisy, we got one for that guy over at Danny's. That Frisco guy. Give him Number 401. *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*."

At the bar, Ned received his wife's message in utter fury. "Drunken bum, huh! So she ain't got time for me! She ain't—!" But then the gentle hint from the males came out of the box, and he nearly went wild.

"Aw, take it easy," Danny counseled. "Why don't you go over and fix it up with her?"

"No, sir! Not till she begs me! I'll fix her! I'll get her canned!" Ned crammed a coin into the machine. "Play I'll Never Smile Again, over at Remo's."

"But Ned," Daisy began, "the cook—" "Play it!" he commanded. "I put the nickel in, didn't I! You tell them it's for the cook, from me!"

THE dirge began, at the restaurant.

Connie pursed her lips, and tried to pay no attention. But suddenly a scream came from the kitchen. The cook rushed out, white-faced, struggling with his coat. "I quit! I told you I can't stand that song! I'm leaving!"

Remo hurried from the cigar counter. "But you've got stuff on the fire! You can't leave in the middle—"

"I don't like it here anyway—I'm going to Frisco!"

The manager watched, flabbergasted. "Where can I get a cook, in the middle of dinner?"

"I know," Connie said. "A cook I can work with, too. Give me a nickel." She punched the cash register. A look of mischief, obviously natural to her face, was back where it belonged as she said, "Daisy, I want an old favorite. Have you got *Lover Come Back to Me*?"

"What she sends me!" he complained to the bartender. "I'll send her one back that'll kill her! Watch this, Danny!"





There he waited—tense, all on edge—while the three others reconnoitered

In Line of Duty

By Thomas Walsh

McGarvey had one ambition in life; that was to be a good cop. He made it the hard way

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

IT WAS a few minutes past eleven, on a quiet and cold November night, when McGarvey first saw the squad car. Then it was rolling slowly down the side street—in service, but obviously not on any call, so that McGarvey glanced at it, eyed its two uniformed riders and forgot it as soon as it had passed. Margaret, who noticed it too, made the only remark about it. Wasn't it nice, she said, that he was in plain clothes now, and working days instead of nights, with a promotion, and a raise, and everything they'd been wanting so much these past few months?

"Nice?" McGarvey demanded, looking down at her with his homely grin. "A step on, maybe—I'll say that. But not—"

"But not the end of the line," she ended for him, dark eyes demurely bright. "I mustn't forget that. It's to be

the Commissioner, isn't it? The Commissioner and Mrs. McGarvey. Or would it be Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner McGarvey?"

"You and me anyway," McGarvey told her, his fingers tightening a moment on her arm. They were in the vestibule of her apartment house then, and McGarvey kissed her once or twice, and maybe three times, before she got out her key. No, he told her there, he wouldn't go upstairs; her old man would be sitting around now, waiting to talk war again, and once they started they'd be good for hours.

So, at the foot of the stairs, he kissed her once more—good night, that was—and rubbed his jaw lightly against her soft cheek, rose-flushed by the cold night air. "Good night, Mr. Commissioner," she called, softly and happily, from the first landing, while he raised

his fist and shook it at her threateningly from below. When she was gone, when he had heard her apartment door open and close, he grinned a moment, happily too, to himself, and after that, with his hatbrim pulled down low against the sharp November wind, he went out to the vestibule and down the short stoop to the street.

The squad car had rounded the avenue corner long since; he did not look for it particularly. In fact, two blocks down along the avenue, he almost failed to notice it. It was parked in close to the curb, hidden halfway up by a line of ash cans, with the motor cut off, the lights out and nobody at all inside.

McGarvey was no stickler for rules, and he knew how long that last hour on duty could be. You wanted a smoke, or a quick coffee, or perhaps just a chance to stretch your legs. But McGarvey and the men he worked with had always split those things up one at a time. The sensible way, not risking anything, never going so far from the car that a honk on the horn wouldn't bring them racing back. Something like this, no one at all around—

McGARVEY didn't like it. He went over to the car, peered in, and then looked around with his gray eyes puzzled and more than a little bit angry. Some doors off, breast high in the dim yellow darkness of a doorway, he made out the brassy glitter of what might have been a shield. Briskly then, on his long

legs, he bounced across the pavement and up the stoop.

"McGarvey," he grunted, and named his precinct. "What's wrong here?"

There was enough light to make out the uniformed man's face—a young face, strained and savage about the eyes. He moved fast as he heard McGarvey's steps, swinging around, his mouth twisting, his club arm starting up jerkily from his side, then stopping, rigid, at McGarvey's unexcited words.

Six years on the force then, not too long a time to forget a lot of things that didn't wash out easily, McGarvey saw that movement but pretended that he hadn't. He knew what this rookie would be doing now—not taking care of a drunk or a holdup or a prowler, but trying to keep clear in his head all the things they'd taught him at training school, and fighting inside himself something he'd never suspected was there. And because he knew, McGarvey might not have noticed that spasmodic and panicky movement; he just peered ahead into the hall, and gave this rookie a couple of seconds to pull himself together before he spoke again.

What was wrong?

It wasn't too clear the way the young cop's hurried whisper told it. The kid stopping them, two minutes ago, on the avenue—the kid, Tully's kid, telling them about the third-floor apartment here, and the two guys that had rented it this morning.

(Continued on page 36)

Add Venezuela's oil, rubber and metals to our own and you have got a world corner on the sinews of war. Here's how Hemisphere Defense hinges on our key good neighbor even now struggling back from dictatorship to democracy

THE *revoltosos* were up to their old tricks in Venezuela a few weeks ago.

You never heard of it. Nobody did, in fact, save the most attentive members of the diplomatic corps in Caracas, and the cliques involved.

The little *revuelta* fizzled. Perhaps the fatal mistake of the disgruntled group was to forget that President Eleazar Lopez Contreras, for all his idealism and his soft democratic ways and plans, for all his scholarliness and his reedy, tubercular body, for all his spectacles and his gentle air of worldly detachment, had been the strong Number One boy of the Gomez reign. He was the minister of war to whom the dying "El Bagre," the sadistic ogre who devised modern absolutism and has never been exceeded in its practice, bequeathed his iron mantle. You couldn't hold the war portfolio under Gomez and be a nancy.

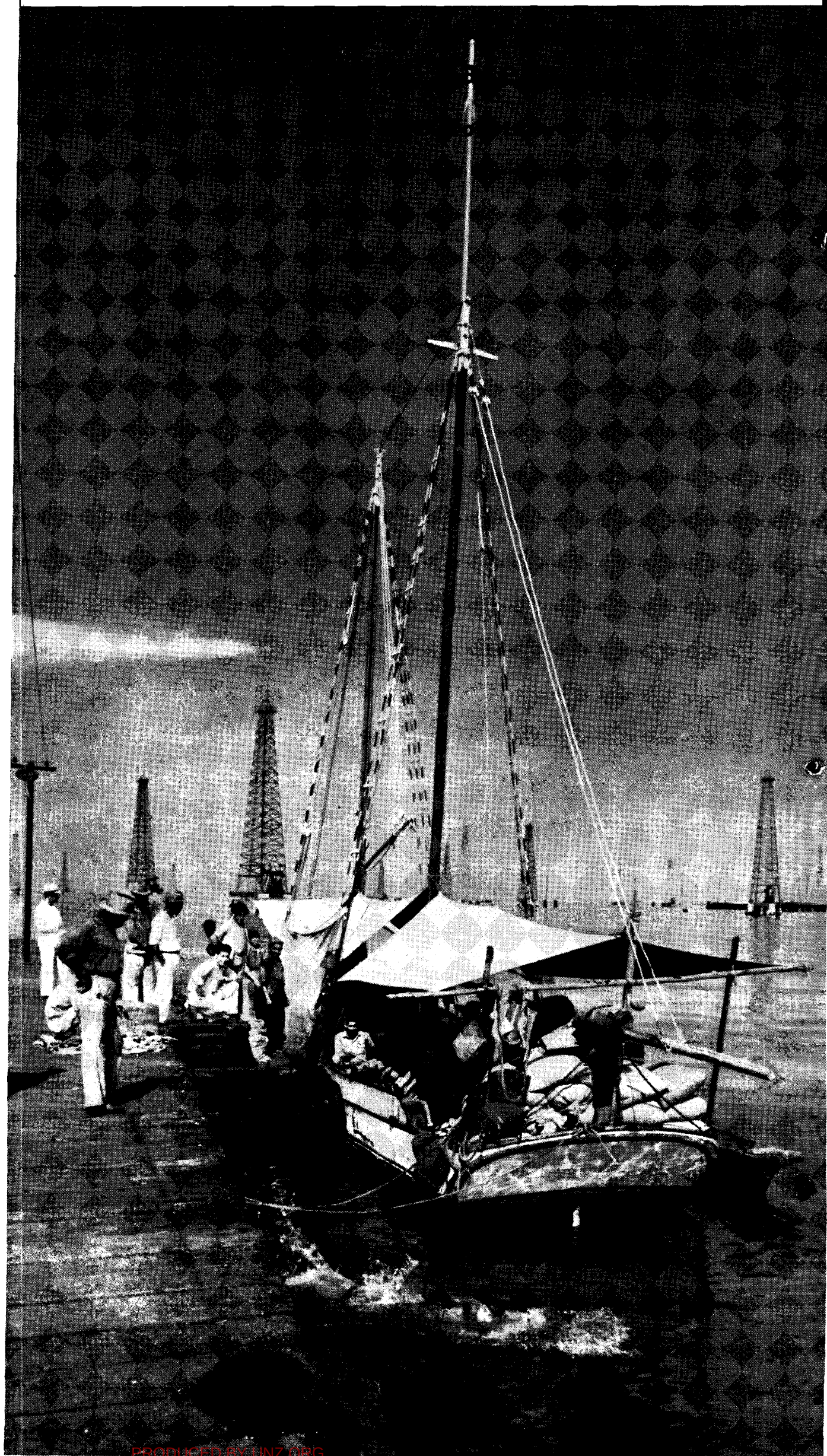
The revolution flopped—that is, with respect to the hopes and the ambitions of its bully boys. Yet in a hundred ways, never foreseen by them, it was a notable success. A hundred ways that it would be futile to attempt to summarize here, because they will leap out at you from every aspect when you consider Venezuela. But there is one highly important factor: It provided a final deathbed for the fifth-column witch-hunt that after a gay and reckless summer began to expire all over South America last autumn despite bellows and hypodermic corps from North America. In this single authentic revolution of the year in South America, the only armed organized attempt to overthrow by force an existing government, there was not found the faintest trace of European influence. It was pure local politics.

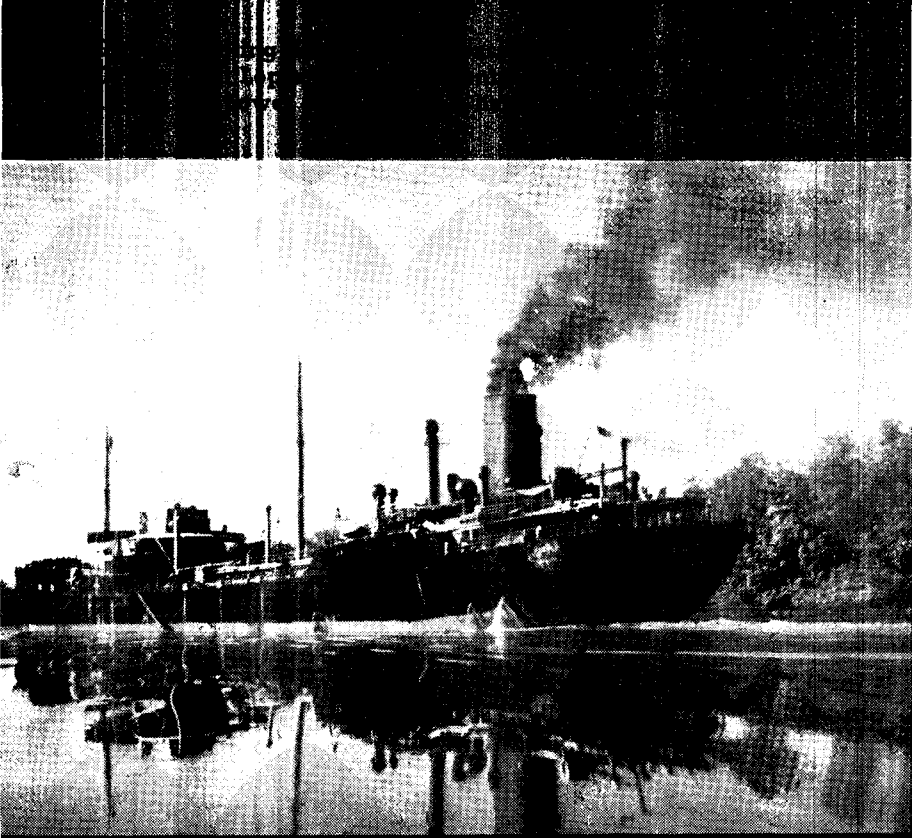
Suddenly it appeared expedient to Washington to discourage the Quixotes, amateur or professional, newspaper or navy, in their windmill fighting. A firm, useful and realistic view was coming into focus. Hemisphere politics and events, both north and south, traditionally and intrinsically held more danger than European interference. Friendly relations with all South and Central American republics are sought, but in cold fact some are important to our defense and some are not. Much depends upon size, distance and resources.

For example, Argentina and Uruguay actually have small military value to United States security. Far east around the hump of Brazil, deep in the South Atlantic, those nations with their chief seaports on the River Plate are closer in mileage, communications, economy, culture and other elements of military alliance to the Old World than to North America—closer, indeed, than to many of their "neighbor" countries of South America. You can go by ship from the United States to Japan faster than to

ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

Oil is mainstay of Venezuelan economy. Here at Lagunellas, destroyed last year in a disastrous fire, oil is pumped from below the ocean bed





Buenos Aires or Montevideo. Those cities are nearer in passage time by sea to Liverpool than to Lima in Peru. In actual distance, they are closer to ports of north Europe than to the Canal Zone, New Orleans or any eastern United States harbor.

A new watchword is on everybody's lips. It is "Hemisphere Defense." It means different things to different men, apparently. Sometimes evidence dribbles through of academic military squabbles in Washington about the whole theory. One irreducible fact, however, lies at the core: The safety of the Panama Canal is paramount to security of the United States.

At Cali and Barranquilla in Colombia, at La Guaira and Barcelona in Venezuela, at half a dozen other strategic points in each country you will see huge newly built or extended airfields. You don't have to be a flier to realize these fields are in excess of the requirements of Pan American Airways, K.L.M. and other commercial users, or the small air forces of the republics that own them. The most amateurish military "grandstand quarterback" will perceive they are spacious enough for unlimited operations by United States bomber and pursuit squadrons. Moreover, it is unlikely you could fly across here nowadays without encountering planes of the United States military attachés or air missions: always they are on the job, two days here, a week there, flying the daylight through, mapping, prospecting, speculating, noting. For bases in Colombia and Venezuela are the real stuff, deadly earnest military needs and not political or propaganda moonshine.

Long ago Colombia forgave us for brass-faced disregard of her sovereignty when it came time to build the Panama Canal. Colombians quite as much as United States citizens today recognize the inevitability as well as the inclusive values of the canal. The story of 1904 is probably not familiar to one in a thousand in the United States now, but down here it is still fresh, bitter and widely known. Colombians remember that we have as little reason to be proud of the political background of the Canal as we have right to boast of its engineering. Nevertheless, they like us. They have been fortunate in their own peaceful governments, in United States ministers and our government and business representatives generally; also in having a more diversified national economy than their one-crop-cursed sister republics. More than once I was told by important Colombians of all walks: "You ought to let us be the 49th state."

Where There's Oil There's Profit

Venezuela presents a more complex picture.

In the pre-Hull days her recent ruckus would have fetched the United States Navy and the Marines with quick, old-fashioned North American arrogance. Because Venezuela, for what she is and for what she has, is "hot." With respect to our immediate purposes of building the outposts of United States home defenses, she is perhaps the most important and most interesting country in South America.

Venezuela is hot chiefly because she is oil. Modern war is oil—the means by which new economies and ideas and leaders seek to dethrone old ones. Expansion, thus profit, has always impelled the instigators of war, by whatever fancy name they elected to call it. Oil is the most profitable natural resource of this age. In 1935 the League of Nations imposed upon Italy for her aggressions in Ethiopia sanctions including peanut butter and every commodity you can think of except the vital one that might have stopped the campaign at its be-

ginning—oil. In the Red Sea, tankers steamed toward Massaua as close as circus elephants. At Marshal Badoglio's headquarters in Asmara I saw that the most pampered and privileged civilians there were three salesmen for a British petrol concern. Germany, despite almost incredible production of oil by liquefaction from her great coal beds, could not fight without Rumanian and Soviet oil. Lloyd George publicly acclaimed oil's major share in England's 1918 victory. President Roosevelt has called oil "the pulse of war." It is, of course, also the pulse of modern industry. It is, further, the reason you can buy a car so cheaply and drive so much for so little.

The United States is the world's greatest producer of oil. But vying for second place with the Soviet Union is Venezuela. In the veins of her mysterious and gloomy earth, from the snowed rocks of the Andes, under her lakes, to the malarial dankness of the Orinoco jungles, throbs fabulously, and as yet scarcely tapped, the life force of mechanized war—gasoline for the war in the air, crude for the war underseas and for the racing iron mastodons of field and highway.

America's Backlog

With Venezuela's great reservoirs, plus the considerable ones of Mexico and Colombia and the mites of Peru, Ecuador, Argentina, Trinidad and Canada, added to our own vast fields—you'd have practically the entire earth's supply.

That is what military strategists know to be the true measure of Western Hemisphere strength against the rest of the world.

Statistics in gallons of petrol thus become more important, certainly, than isolation behind the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. It is this basic knowledge, in the midst of preparedness confusion and recriminations, that keeps American officers from graying prematurely.

Shut completely away from New World oil supplies, no league of European and Oriental powers could with Russian, East Indies, Iranian and Rumanian production alone sustain operations vast enough to break our industrial and moral potentialities for war. Nor could any possible combination of enemies maintain a fuel supply for air and sea fleets on the scale possible for the United States singlehanded. Texas alone, on present development figures, can produce in fifteen days as much as the famous Iran fields produce in one year; in a month, as much as the whole Netherlands East Indies, bone of so many possible international dogfights, turn out annually.

Venezuela is the first reserve of our "gasoline bank" for modern war. Moreover, in her boundless eastern savannas, Venezuela possesses in climate and soil a natural area probably second only to that of Brazil for the cultivation of another critical United States war need—rubber. Scientists from Washington are prying the ground right now. Venezuela truly holds incalculable significance for all the Americas. And for them, the suit of her by reason and heart offers a real test of sincerity, because her own problems have puzzling and contradictory sides. Consider:

1. Her presidente, until lately political heir and chief of the hand-picked, ruthlessly drilled army of the cruelest despot of modern times, is a genuine democrat. He believes, preaches and practices that the humblest peasants who tread above the country's land are quite as important to national welfare as the most precious minerals and fluids that lie below it.

2. Against a world-wide political and

(Continued on page 47)

Schoolboy Walker

By Bob Eunson

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



The introduction of a nice young man to a very rough profession. From the looks of things he won't be a refining influence

SIT down," says Barney Walker, when I walked into his office. "Sit down, Pop. I want to hire you for a while."

"You got a new fighter?" I asks.

"No, not exactly, but I got a job for you."

I sat down in a blue leather chair across the desk from Barney. His office was in a building on Main Street. It was the same office Barney used when he was running bootleg liquor in from Mexico. There were three or four scratched-up chairs in the room. The desk had cigarette burns all over it and there was a bullet hole in the front side where Wop Scarelli got his in 1927.

"You know my kid, Pop?" Barney asks me right away. He was talkin' fast and excited.

"You mean Tommy?"

"Yah, Tommy, the oldest boy."

I nodded.

"Well, the dopey little Mick wants to be a fighter, see. And I don't want him to. He's home from California University, and he wants to be a fighter. I made a million dollars and risked my life every day for ten years for those kids. I made dough and they got everything. There's nothin' they can't buy or have. And Tommy wants to be a fighter. The little Mick. He says he don't like college. He wants to be a fighter."

"Can't you talk him out of it?" I asks.

"Nobody can talk to him. He's nineteen years old now and knows everything. I thought they was supposed to make a gentleman out of him. I sent that kid to college to learn how to be a lawyer or somethin' and now he wants to be a fighter."

"Has he ever had any experience in the ring?"

"I kept boxing gloves away from him for eighteen years, see. I made him take piano lessons and learn how to talk and act. I sent him to college to be a lawyer, and what happens? He gets into a pair of sneakers and a pair of ten-ounce mitts and wins the championship of the whole darned school. So now he's good enough to lick Henry Armstrong, to hear him tell it."

"What are you going to do?" I hate to talk to Barney when he's excited. He's a big, husky Irishman with black hair and black eyes. His hands tremble when he's excited and his face gets white. I don't like to be around him when he's excited.

"I got a plan," says Barney. "I just talked to Mike, see, and he says it's okay for the Legion Stadium two weeks from tonight. He says he'll let Tommy have Sailor Adams in the curtain raiser."

"Sailor Adams," I says, "in a curtain raiser?"

"He'll fight him as Joe Broze, see. Nobody'll know the diff. Adams hasn't fought out here yet and darned few people know he's in town. Anyway, Sailor is going to do it for one gee and it's worth it. It's worth ten gees to get it pounded out of his thick head."

"You mean you want the kid to get this beat out of him?" I says. "Sailor Adams is a main-eventer at the Garden."

"I want him beat up good and proper," said Barney. "So bad he won't ever want to get near a ring again."

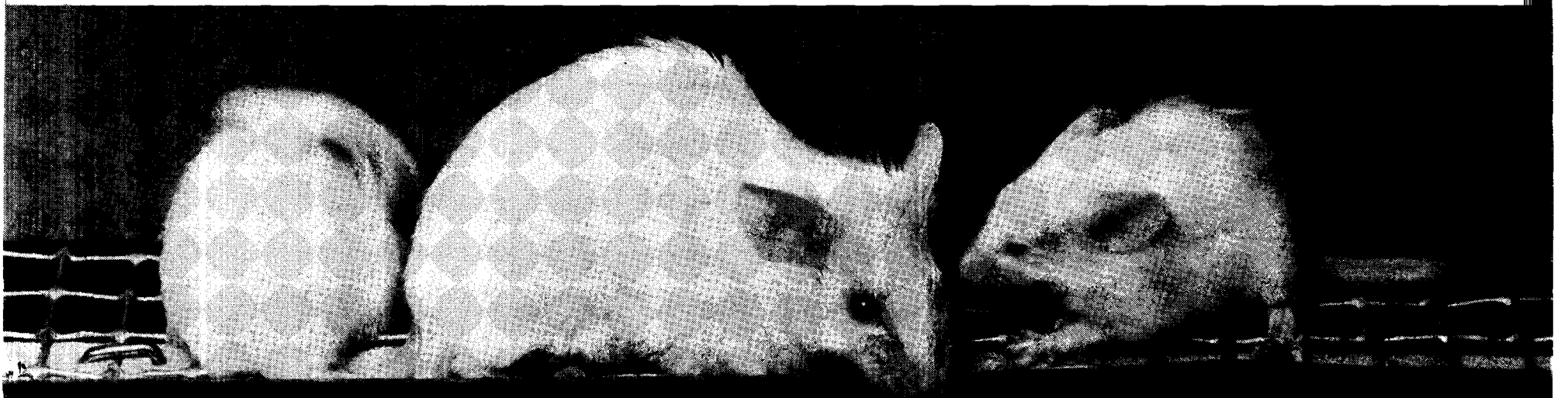
"What am I supposed to do?"

"Well, the kid mustn't know a thing about it, see. He'd never forgive me. His mother mustn't know, either, or anybody. I want you to take him to Arrowhead and train him for two weeks. Bring him in town next Friday morning. He's supposed to weigh in at one forty-five pounds at ten in the morning. Teach him enough to keep him from getting murdered, and try to talk him out of the fight business."

WE STAYED near the camp Jack Nylén was working out in. Jack was going to fight the main and was doing a lot of heavy work. The first day we were there Nylén asked Tommy to box with him. Tommy climbed in the ring before I had a chance to say no.

He was green as hell. He walked into a couple and Nylén set him on his seat both times. Tommy was boxing from an unnatural crouch and didn't have any guard or footwork all bent over that way. I told Nylén to wait a minute and got in the ring with them both. Tommy was about five (Continued on page 51)

I was afraid that Tommy would lose his head and slug with Sailor. His dad ran up. "Get in there and slug," he said



FRONT LINE AGAINST CANCER

By Robert Cook

Standardized albino mice used in cancer research. They are exactly alike, hereditary variations having disappeared in the 70 generations of careful inbreeding that produced them

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

When the problem of cancer is finally solved we'll owe a gold statue to the mouse. He is attacking the situation like a little soldier. Come up to Mt. Desert Island and watch him

HEAVY-FOOTED motorists, scurrying from one rock-ribbed Maine show place to another, seldom see even the sign. It's a modest wooden sign on the left-hand side of Ocean Drive, about a mile from Bar Harbor, a spot overwhelmed by the majesty of Acadia National Park and glowering Cadillac Mountain.

"Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory—Visiting Hours 3:30—4:30 except Saturday and Sunday," is all the sign has to offer. Decidedly not one of the things to see on Mt. Desert Island, the vacation wonderland.

Yet behind it lies a great undertaking, a series of tingling scientific experiments that may—only the Deity Himself could be certain—be laying the basis for the solution of the curse of cancer.

A short driveway through somber pine woods leads to a severely plain brick building, so chaste in design that it seems as forbidding as the cold ocean itself. Its only decoration is a granite lintel over the front door, engraved with the name of the laboratory. And the place smells, smells with the musty stench of 60,000 mice. The Roscoe B. Jackson Laboratory is one of the great mouse metropolises of the world. This modern Mousetown is devoted strictly to business and it is beginning to play a vital role in human welfare.

The interior, painted in businesslike drab colors, is divided into large rooms, and the rooms into racks lined with thousands of wire-topped wooden boxes about the size of shoe boxes. In each

box is a family of mice, a pile of shavings for a nest, a water bottle and a rack for food.

No human city has a tenth as much sanitation, policing, social security and accurate vital statistics as Mousetown. Each box is labeled with the history and pedigree of every inhabitant. The mice themselves are labeled with notches and punches in the ears, and the most personal details of their private lives are spied upon and painstakingly recorded from birth until the elaborate autopsy. Once, when a litter of infants appeared with the right ears missing, the laboratory was in an uproar of investigation. Ultimately it was discovered that one family of mice seemed to have a faint hereditary urge to bite off the right ears—and only the right ears—of their young, a quaint custom which would have been strictly the mice's own business almost anywhere else in the world.

Mousetown is Exclusive

These are no ordinary cupboard mice. They are the result of years of careful scientific labor. Some are brown, some black, some white and some piebald, but in whole sections of the laboratory the mice are precisely alike. Thousands are exactly the same shade of brown, thousands more are pure albinos. Every mouse of one strain, the "shakers," is afflicted with hereditary palsy; in another, all waltz frantically in circles if disturbed. Some are completely bald throughout life. But, though the groups are very different, any mouse of one of these groups of thousands could be exchanged for any other, and not by the most exhaustive tests could science discover the substitution. The browns have been inbred more than a hundred generations, the albinos more than seventy generations and in all this time only full brother and sister have been mated, until all hereditary variations have been dropped by the wayside.

The mice of each strain have become so much alike that they react identically to their environment; they live alike and even die alike. Some are highly

susceptible to specific diseases like mouse typhoid, while other strains are relatively immune. In one strain, 85 per cent of the females die of cancer of the breast. Other strains almost never have breast cancer, but fixed percentages will die of cancer of the liver, or of the skin, or of the lymph glands.

Mousetown is exclusive. Strange mice from the world outside might bring in parasites and disease which could wipe out in a few hours years of research. Or even worse, they might bring in heredity, which would ruin the purity of the carefully standardized population.

This standardization was one of the original objectives of the laboratory when it was created ten years ago. Lack of uniform material had been a weak point of previous cancer research. Scientific conclusions are always questionable unless based on rigidly controlled experiments, and one of the fundamentals of control is uniformity of material.

Mice were selected for experimentation partly because they live fast. One month of mouse life equals two years of human life. A three-year-old mouse has lived more than his threescore years and ten, and is ripe to join a mousey Townsend club as he dodders down the last few weeks of existence. But otherwise mice differ little, physiologically, from men, which is another reason the laboratory chose them from all the animal world. There is mouse typhoid, mouse pneumonia and, most important of all, mouse cancer, which even under the microscope can barely be told from human cancer.

Scattered experiments in mouse inbreeding had been conducted previously, so the Jackson Laboratory at the start got the most uniform groups it could find. They included two strains differing widely in breast cancer incidence. In one strain, 85 per cent of the females died of the disease. In the other, virtually none. As a beginning, the two strains were crossed, females of the cancerous strain with the males of the noncancerous strain, and vice versa.

If the breast cancer were purely hereditary, according to the simplest

Mendelian pattern, the susceptibility or resistance should have been passed on to the children irrespective of which way the cross was made. But when the mice grew old enough to have cancer, a matter of from 10 to 16 months, it became obvious that something was cockeyed. Female mice from cancerous mothers were doomed in the same proportion as their mothers; but female mice fathered by males from the cancerous strain were safe. The mother, then, transmitted the disease; father was unimportant. Heredity was obviously not the whole story.

Breast Cancer Not Purely Hereditary

Did the mother infect her young while they were still in the womb? Dr. Clarence Cook Little, director of the laboratory, and Miss Elizabeth Fekete finally hit upon an ingenious new technique to find out. They learned by experiment how long fertilized eggs stay in the fallopian tubes before they go into the uterus, where they become implanted and grow. Then they operated on mated females of one strain shortly after fertilization, and, working with extraordinary delicacy, washed the tiny eggs out of the fallopian tubes with a saline solution. Under a microscope the eggs showed up as silvery disks. They were drawn into a tiny glass pipette—and transplanted to the uterus of prospective mothers of the other strain used in making the crosses. The high cancers and the low cancers were different colors, so the transplanted mouse babies could be distinguished from their foster brothers and sisters when the mixed litters came to birth.

After a year and a half of painstakingly transplanting microscopic eggs from mouse to mouse, Little and Fekete found the mice followed the cancer incidence not of the natural mothers, but of foster mothers. Susceptibility to breast cancer was not pure heredity, as had been firmly believed for so long. The secret lay somewhere in the very early environment of the animal.

(Continued on page 46)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

TO ENJOY a little vacation, Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious old hotel on an island off the southern coast of England. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Arlena Marshall, wife of Captain Kenneth Marshall—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at near-by Pixy Cove.

Knowing that the woman had been having an "affair" with another guest—Christine Redfern's handsome husband, Patrick—Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston suspect Marshall. But the captain has an alibi—at the time of the murder, he had been in his room, writing letters.

Among the Jolly Roger's guests, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple—Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian service; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a seemingly harmless man of considerable means.

That a man is guilty seems fairly obvious.

But what man? Interrogated by the three investigators, all of the men at the Jolly Roger insist that they know nothing of the crime; and their alibis are fairly plausible. Then a woman—Christine Redfern—contributes an important item. Christine asserts that one dark night, on the beach, she had overheard someone (a man) trying to blackmail Arlena Marshall. . . .

A short distance from the scene of the crime, there is a cavern: Pixy's Cave. Accompanied by Lane, Weston and Poirot search it. They find a box, containing what appears to be salt but what is, in reality, *heroin*!

Wondering if the killing has a dope-smuggling angle of some sort, the investigators give much thought to a fragment of a pipe—a smoker's pipe—found not far from Arlena's body. And they learn that Captain Marshall has "misaid" his pipe!

On the morning of the crime, Christine Redfern had been with Linda for a short time; and Linda had accidentally broken open a package she had been carrying. The package—so Christine asserts—had contained candles. Thinking that over, Poirot gives evidence of being much excited.

IX

POIROT asked, "Did Linda say why she had bought candles?"

Christine reflected. "No, I don't think she did. I suppose it was to read by at night—perhaps the electric light wasn't good."

"On the contrary, Madame, there was a bedside electric lamp in perfect order."

"Then," Christine said, "I don't know what she wanted them for."

"What was her manner—when the string broke and the candles fell out?"

"She was—upset—embarrassed."

Poirot nodded his head. "Did you notice a calendar in her room?"

"A calendar? What kind of a calendar?"

Poirot said, "Possibly a green calendar—with tear-off leaves."

Christine screwed up her eyes in an effort of memory. "A green calendar—rather a bright green. Yes, I have seen a calendar like that—but I can't remember where. It may have been in Linda's room, but I can't be sure."

"But you have seen such a thing?"

"Yes."

Again Poirot nodded.

Christine said rather sharply, "What are you hinting at, M. Poirot? What is the meaning of all this?"

For answer Poirot produced a small volume bound in faded brown calf. He said, "Have you ever seen this before?"

"Why—I think—I'm not sure—yes, Linda was looking into it in the village lending library the other day. But she shut it up and thrust it back quickly when I came up to her. It made me wonder what it was."

Silently Poirot displayed the title: "A History of Witchcraft, Sorcery and of the Compounding of Untraceable Poisons."

"I don't understand," Christine said. "What does all this mean?"

Poirot said gravely, "It may mean, Madame, a good deal."

She looked at him inquiringly, but he did not go on. Instead he asked, "Madame, did you take a bath that morning before you went out to play tennis?"

Christine stared again.

"A bath? No. I would have had no time and, anyway, I didn't want a bath—not before tennis. I might have had one after."

"Did you use your bathroom at all when you came in?"

"I sponged my face and hands, that's all."

"You did not turn on the bath at all?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't."

Poirot nodded. He said, "It is of no importance."

HERCULE POIROT stood by the table where Mrs. Gardener was wrestling with a jigsaw. She looked up and jumped.

"Why, M. Poirot, how very quietly you came up beside me! I never heard you. Have you just come back from the inquest? You know, the very thought of that inquest makes me so nervous I don't know what to do. That's why I'm doing this puzzle. I just felt I couldn't sit outside on the beach as usual. As Mr. Gardener knows, when my nerves are all upset, there's nothing like one of these puzzles for calming me. There now, where *does* this white piece fit in? It must be part of the fur rug, but I don't seem to see . . ."

Gently Poirot's hand took the piece from her. He said, "It fits, Madame, here. It is part of the cat."

"It can't be. It's a black cat."

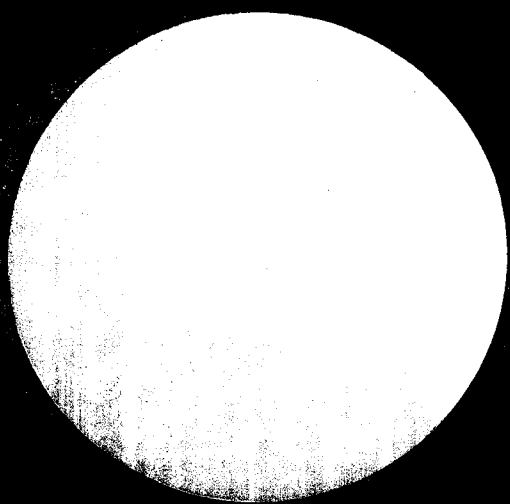
"A black cat, yes, but you see the tip of the black cat's tail happens to be white."

"Why, so it does! How clever of you! But I do think the people who make puzzles are kind of mean. They just go out of their way to deceive you."

She fitted in another piece and then resumed: "You know, M. Poirot, I've been watching you this last day or two. I just wanted to watch you detecting, if you know what I mean—not that it doesn't sound rather heartless put like that, as though it were all a game—and a poor creature killed. Oh, dear, every time I think of it I get the shivers! I told Mr. Gardener this morning I've just got to get away from here, and now the inquest's over he says he thinks we'll be able to leave tomorrow, and that's a blessing, I'm sure. But about detecting, I would so like to know your methods—you know, I'd feel privileged if you'd just explain them to me."

(Continued on page 55)

Rosamund turned her head and stared at him. She said in a quiet, level voice, "Are you asking me if I killed Arlena?"



By Stanley Frank

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY VALENTINO SARRA



Guard and comedian, Babe Pressley practically palms a basketball in his huge hands

THERE was no crap game or trying to match the hole card in stud poker on the basketball court this night. This is not as screwy as it reads; the Harlem Globe Trotters of Chicago always shoot craps and play cards during a basketball game.

Bernie Price did not drop-kick the ball the length of the floor through the basket just for a gag. Babe Pressley had no time to amuse the customers by spinning the ball on his finger for a full minute, and Ted Strong wasn't catching rifled passes nonchalantly with one hamlike hand. It was neither the time nor the place for Inman Jackson's hilarious act which usually winds up with Jackson covering his opponent with confusion and mortification by placing the ball on top of the fellow's dizzy head, then walking away casually.

This night the Harlem Globe Trotters were playing for the world's professional basketball championship and the situation was darker than the expressions on the faces of the big, black bucks. They were trailing the Chicago Bruins, 29-21, with only five minutes to go. The Bruins were loaded with big, tough, fast men fresh out of college, fine athletes such as Bob MacLeod of Dartmouth; Eddie Oram of Southern California; Wibs Kautz and Mike Novak, the 6-foot, 10-inch skyscraper from Loyola; Elmer Johnson of Northwestern; Willie DePhillips of DePaul. It looked

Any town that can produce five alleged basketball players and a modest guarantee is eligible for a personal appearance by the Harlem Globe Trotters, the world's most entertaining champions. And they probably will throw in a few circus acts just for fun

as though the Globe Trotters surely were cooked.

Two minutes later 6,500 fans were tearing down Chicago's Madison Street Armory, this night of March 20, 1940. The Globe Trotters tore off five successive field goals to lead, 31-29, and that's how the ball game ended, with the Globe Trotters trucking off the court, the champions of the world.

Mr. Abe Saperstein, who merely owns the team, begs to dissent.

"World champions, my eye," Mr. Saperstein says, thereby establishing a new free-style record for a promoter punching holes in his meal ticket. "The world isn't one tournament held in Chicago. We're crossroads champions, that's what. We won that title by playing in every whistle-stop in the country and showing the people how this basketball game should really be played."

The Globe Trotters are the most widely traveled team in America and they are known more intimately in the deep bush than any sports organization in circulation. Sure, they've heard about the Yankees and the Cubs and the Green Bay Packers in the provinces and on the prairies, but the fans off the beaten track have seen the Globe Trotters. It makes a big difference.

Last winter Saperstein's outfit traveled 35,000 miles by bus from western Pennsylvania to Vancouver and drew 350,000 spectators. The Globe Trotters play in high-school gymnasiums and WPA auditoriums with seating capacities only one fiftieth as large as outdoor arenas. A few years ago the Globe Trotters played at Esko, Minnesota, a pin point on the map with a grand total of sixty inhabitants—and 1,000 people paid to see their black magic. Several weeks

later they appeared at Inverness, Montana, population 137, and had 1,000 customers in the house.

If winning games is the big idea, the Globe Trotters are the most successful basketball team of all time. In thirteen seasons the Globe Trotters have won 1,868 games and lost 131 for the amazing batting average of .934. Still more astonishing, the team has no home court; all games are played on the road.

Even the hallowed Original Celtics, the greatest team basketball has ever known, never began to approach the remarkable record of the barnstorming Globe Trotters. The Celtics averaged 130 games a season and won about 120. Last year the Globe Trotters, playing the leading teams in the country, engaged in 161 contests and lost only three.

The Trotters even lose in the grand manner. On November 29 in Chicago 22,000 customers, the largest crowd ever to see a basketball game, were screaming hysterically five minutes after the Trotters had lost, 44-42, in an overtime period, to a team of college all stars.

Any town that can produce five alleged basketball players and a modest guarantee can get the Globe Trotters for a personal appearance. The lack of a regulation basketball court is no deterrent. They've played in a drained swimming pool at Harlem, Montana; and at

(Continued on page 49)

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IDOLIZING her chief—Dr. Gray Thomison, who is at the head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li—young Dr. Sara Durand is lonely and unhappy when he goes to America, in the hope of raising funds for the hospital.

The war is raging. Again and again, Japanese bombers attack the hospital. But Sara—left in charge of the hospital by Gray, and buoyed up by the knowledge that he will soon be back by her side—carries on courageously.

Then, one dreadful day when the bombers have been unusually active, she receives a cablegram. She opens it, reads it. It is from Dr. Gray Thomison. It informs her that Dr. Thomison is on his way to China with "Louise"—his bride!

Stunned, Sara turns from the cablegram to greet a caller—Chen-ta, who, leading a band of mountain guerrillas, is known as "the Eagle." Chen-ta orders her to hurry to the hospital. He tells her he wants her to attend to a prisoner—a Japanese whom he had knifed in the stomach and captured.

Accompanied by the Eagle, Sara goes to the hospital. As she prepares for the operation, the Eagle tells her that the Japanese *must live*—he insists that she make every possible effort to save the man's life. . . . Sara operates; and, thanks to Dr. Chung, a Chinese assistant, who donates some of his own blood, the victim does not die. . . . Why, Sara wonders, is this mountain fighter—this wild guerrilla—so interested in the recovery of his enemy? Suspicious, she questions the Eagle. And she finally decides that he has no intention of killing the Japanese—at any rate, he promises not to murder the fellow. . . .

Dr. Thomison and his wife arrive. He introduces the two women—Louise and Sara. Sara strives hard to conceal her emotions. She says something about the operation.

Gray is astonished. "A Japanese?" he exclaims, incredulously. But Sara is in no mood for discussing the matter further. Turning abruptly, she flees up the stairs to her room. There she is safe. There no one can follow her. There she can be alone—with her bitter, painful thoughts.

II

GRAY, lifting his American bride over the threshold of his Chinese house, felt a secret, tender alarm. Louise was so slight, so exquisite. Could she endure his life? He kissed her gently before he let her down. "Be happy in my home, my dear."

He did not notice her silence. On the veranda Siao Fah gaped at him. Gray laughed at his shocked gaze.

"It is our custom," he told him, "for a man to lift his new wife over his doorstep; brings luck to the house." The kiss he forebore to explain. Siao Fah could never comprehend that.

Then he shut the door and turned to Louise. She was sitting in his easy chair, smoking a cigarette, her hat still on her head.

"What were they saying at the gate—all those people?" she asked.

He threw himself on his knees beside her and took her hands.

"They were wishing us good luck."

"What sort of luck?"

"Oh—all that Chinese consider luck—boy babies, peace, harmony—Siao Fah said he hoped my wife would be industrious and saving." Gray laughed and Louise smiled the smallest of her pretty smiles. He leaped to his feet and pulled her up with him. "I can't believe I'm here, where I'd rather be than anywhere else in the world!"

"Gray—why?"

He took off her hat so that he could see her face against his breast.

"Why, darling? I can't tell you. Maybe because it is that everything a doctor does here counts. At home if somebody's sick he can go from one doctor to another. Here there's only me—and Sara, of course, for the women. Everything we do counts for hundreds of miles around. Every nurse we train and every Chinese doctor we teach is an-

other oasis in a desert of suffering." His arms dropped. "God, how they can take suffering, these Chinese! I tell you, Louise, it just makes nothing of any little personal problems to see how these people have taken this bombing for two years. Think of it—two years of not knowing whether the next day you'd be alive or not, never knowing when you go to bed at night whether you can sleep an hour, two hours—die in your bed, maybe, and never wake at all—and they haven't any more idea of surrender today than they ever had—"

She stood pulling her gloves through her hands and watching him with her big amber eyes. They were beautiful eyes, clear under her black brows and lashes, and she knew it.

"Gray!" His name spoken in that soft, sharp fashion cut across his thoughts like a door slammed.

"What, sweetheart?"

WHENEVER she lifted her eyes like that to look at him because he was so much taller than she, his heart crumpled and quivered. He knew in his core that he was sentimental as he would have loathed sentimentality in anyone else. She made him want to cuddle her and talk baby talk and behave in a way that made even himself aghast. But she was so small, so dainty, such a little butterfly of a thing! He tried often to put into words what she was, and could never catch the right likeness to bird or flower that he felt in her. Now he put his arms around her gently, lest he hurt her. So he was not prepared for what she said. "Why didn't you tell me Sara was beautiful?"

For a moment he did not know how to answer her. His thoughts had been so remote from Sara, so joyously full of himself and Louise, that instinctively he was first shocked and then he became angry.

"Louise, damn it—"

"Don't swear, please, Gray. I only asked a question."

"But, Louise, such a fool question!"

"I don't think so. This Sara of yours is quite—good-looking."

"Don't call her my Sara!"

"Well?"

She had pulled away and stood there, waiting. He felt as helpless as a bull with a ring in its nose and as enraged.

"Louise, I won't be asked such questions. Good God, I thought it was only in plays that women said such things!"

"Well, Gray?"

The ring jerked a little in his nose.

"Well, nothing! Why didn't I tell you Sara was pretty? Because I didn't think of it. I'm in love with you, my wife. I don't see that anybody else is pretty. I don't know it. I don't see them—don't care to see them."

"You must have seen Sara a good deal when you were alone here together."

"We never were alone! Louise, can't you understand that when two doctors are working in a hospital—" He saw her underlip begin to tremble and cursed himself. "Sweetheart, you're tired." He put his arm about her. "Come on and look at the house a minute and then I'm going to put you to bed. Siao Fah will get some dinner. You haven't even spoken to Siao Fah yet."

He guided her gently from room to room. "Good old Sara—she's done the best she could for us. But there will be things you'll see to do. This is going to

be your home, honey—everything's to be the way you want it."

She let herself be led, her core stiff and hard against all she saw, but she hid it. In the kitchen Siao Fah stood very clean in a new blue apron. He had made up his mind instantly against his new mistress and then determined that nothing would separate him from Gray, Gray whom he loved, whose socks he wore and whose handkerchiefs he stole, and upon whose food he took a liberal squeeze, whom he defended from all others who would have preyed upon him, and for whom he would have died, cheerfully and willingly, if it would have done Gray any good to have a stubby, pock-marked Chinese cook-boy die for him. He made up his mind to ignore Gray's wife. So far as he was concerned, he and Gray were keeping house alone together in this nice new house.

"Do you want your eggs done just the same at breakfast?" he inquired gravely.

"Certainly," Gray replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought America might have changed you," Siao Fah replied.

"Not at all. But your mistress likes her eggs cooked only three minutes."

Gray went on: "We will have our dinner in the bedroom. Your mistress is tired."

Siao Fah looked excited. What! So to begin with a new wife as to spoil her by feeding her in bed!

"It is bad luck," he said loudly.

"What bad luck?" Gray asked.

"To bring the first meal to—her—thus." The word "mistress" stuck in his throat.

Gray laughed. "Nonsense—this is her house now."

Siao Fah turned his back. It was true, then, what he had heard about American women. He groaned over a potato. "I shall not desert him," he thought devotedly. "I will protect him in his own house." Of the two pigeons he had bought for dinner he chose the larger one for Gray and stuffed it delicately. The small, scrawny one he finished without enthusiasm for Louise. When it was in the charcoal oven he remembered he had forgotten to salt it and was pleased.

IN THE bedroom Gray was taking off Louise's shoes and stockings. Then he unpacked her suitcase and found her froth of a nightgown. Her things were so lovely, so like herself. He buried his face in the soft stuff and was suffocated with its sweetness.

"Dearest—dearest," he muttered, "why me, out of all the world?"

. . . Louise in the narrow bamboo bed, her soft, light brown hair curling over the pillow, asked herself the same question. Why, out of all the world, must she love Gray? What had prompted her that Sunday morning in a Park Avenue church to fall perversely in love with the tall dark-eyed man who stood in the pulpit to tell them about his hospital in China?

She had been full of restless, idle energy that morning. The season was just beginning again—her third New York season. The first had been so wildly exciting. She had been the chosen debutante that year, the one to symbolize all others. Her mother and father had laughed and been indignant, but secretly they had been pleased, though they pretended impatience at reporters and photographers and publicity. But her

Dr. Chung bent over the child and examined its eyelids. Louise leaned against the wet rock. Her chest hurt and her knees trembled. Silence was like a weight after the noise

younger sister, Inez, had been abjectly worshipful. Poor Inez—her debut this year had been flat disappointment, because she had been only a debutante. But then Inez was only ordinarily pretty and she, Louise, had been, everybody said, extraordinarily so.

She was prettier now than then, too, but it did her no good—in a girl's third season nothing did much good. The flock of new girls kept pushing up from the bottom and people only wondered if you weren't going to have a Hollywood career why you didn't get out of the way and get married. She had been engaged four times, the last three times secretly, after the public fuss over Timmie Woodall and his trying to kill himself because she had changed her mind. Well, how did she know beforehand that she was simply going to be tired of the way he wanted to kiss her all the time? When she told her mother this, her mother looked at her queerly. "Certainly you had better break it off if he makes you tired even before you are married," she had said.

SO SHE had broken it off, as she had a perfect right to do, and it would have been all right if Timmie hadn't been spectacular and a spoiled only child. Of course her family had been old friends with Timmie's and both had money. But she couldn't help that. And one after the other, Jack and Lewis and Hartwell—without exactly knowing why, none of them—and there had accumulated in her that enormous nervous impatience. She ought to marry or else do something. But there was nothing she wanted to do and no one she wanted to marry, and she could not travel because Europe was a ferment, and where else could one go? She had grown mildly interested in Japan because she met some people in the Adirondacks who had been there and they said it was really a wonderful country, neat and clean and ordered. The Japanese were wonderful organizers, like the Germans. Sometimes she wondered if she had had a wonderful summer, once, in Germany.

Gray came in from the bathroom rubbing his dark hair. "What are you thinking about?" he demanded. "You look like an angel, thinking heavenly thoughts."

"I was thinking of the first moment I saw you," she said, smiling.

"Tell me all over again," he demanded, sitting beside her.

"You're vain," she said. "You want me to say that I thought you the best-looking man I ever saw."

"Did you?"

"You know I did."

"Did you fall in love with me instantly?"

"Well, I thought maybe I could."

He took her hand and put it against his cheek. "Louise, why didn't I know such a tremendous thing was happening there in front of me? I should have stammered and stuttered and felt the earth trembling and the heavens shaking. Instead I went on as coolly as anything, asking for a million dollars for my new hospital and thinking about nothing except getting it, by George!"

"I know—and I'm terribly hurt!"

He laughed and tousled her head on the pillow. "Well, I got my million, thanks to your dad and mine combined, and as soon as these Japs let up you're

(Continued on page 30)



NU-LIFE
HOSIERY

Too
2

ZACK!



A Little Sweetheart

By Benjamin Appel
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The private life of a young man who told the world about it when he fell in love

THE elevated screeched to a stop like a monster toy, the doors sliding open, the home-from-work crowds rushing out on the platform like an army of dolls set into motion.

He lingered behind, one of those neat young men in dark suits of whom every office building seems to have a quota. He yawned, leaning against the platform railing. Rush, rush, rush, he thought; soon the El would be junked and everybody'd be rushing home from the subway in the same old screwy panic. They all acted as if they had a little sweetheart at home.

He glanced at the smiling girl in one of the ads on the billboard. Boy, what a girl! He took his pencil from his pocket and inscribed his initials, R. V., on the toothpaste ad.

"What'd I do that for?" he exclaimed in wonder, shoving the pencil back out of sight. He wheeled around to see if anybody had spotted him, but there was nobody, the great big nobody that fills the platforms just after a train has left.

Again, he stared at the toothpaste girl. Somebody else had penciled a beard on her chin. Golly, he thought despondently, people'll think I go around putting whiskers on signs!

He trudged down the flight of stairs to the street as the roar of an incoming train, overhead, crashed louder and louder—a huge crashing shout, a huge lonely shout without meaning. And why was he moping on the corner and why was he coming home to eat at Nick's and why and why and why . . . ?

Nick's was full of customers who averaged one large suitcaseful of clothes between them; blondies from the mining towns now working as bus girls in cafeterias; Southerners soda-jerking on the Big Stem; young kids from Brooklyn who wanted to live their own lives; and old guys from everywhere, the people of the furnished rooms.

He sat down at the counter, glancing from a girl biting hunks out of a hamburger to the itemized supper specials on the wall.

Nick, himself, came up the counter to wait on him. "Roast beef special very good."

"Ever write your initials around on things, Nick?" R. V. asked.

Nick shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Just the same, food comes first."

THE next morning after the breakfast special, R. V. sprinted up the flight of stairs to the downtown elevated. As he reached the turnstile, the train pulled out. He shoved his hands into his pockets and walked down the platform, eying the beauties on the billboards as if they were a row of chorus girls. He paused in front of the smiling girl on the

last billboard—a hosiery ad. What eyes! What legs! She was a sweetheart, all right, prettier than the toothpaste girl!

Casually, he wrote his initials above her shoulder: R. V.

Not so casually, he pushed the pencil back into his pocket, staring at the faces reading newspapers, the faces chewing gum. He wiped his flushed cheeks. So long as he stepped on his own toes nobody cared what he did.

Again, he glanced at the hosiery girl. Was she just an artist's imagination? Or was she real, living somewhere, waking up every morning somewhere . . . ? He blinked at his initials. That's me, he thought; and that's her.

IT WAS the morning she decided that her legs were as good as those of the girl in the hosiery ad that she noticed the series of initials. Some of the initials had been done in a hurry. Others were elaborate enough to go on silverware. They were all R. V.'s.

She was one of those small, cute numbers who seem to be manufactured in big lots and distributed all over the city. In no hurry now, although it was close to eleven o'clock and no train in sight, she again compared legs with the girl on the poster. Yes, she thought, her own were just as good.

She peered into her compact mirror. There was nothing wrong with her face either. Her face was tops, too. Tops? Gee, she must be getting nuts living alone in a furnished room to be thinking she was a prize beauty. Only her legs were in the same class as those of the girl in the ad. And what if they were! All they were good for was to carry trays of food to the customers in the restaurant.

For the first time she looked directly at the whiskers some goof had stuck on the hosiery girl's face. It must be that goof, that R. V., she thought instantly; those goofs ought to be told off.

She opened her pocketbook, seized a stubby pencil and wrote: "Hey, R. V., Got Nothing Else To Do?" She giggled at her foolishness but added a signature anyway: "X." She turned her back on the billboard. Across the tracks, the windows in the buildings were pulled up on shadowy rooms.

WHEN he read X's message he muttered: "I got plenty to do." He glared wrathfully at the penciled whiskers, but the train was hurling into the station and he had to rush for the door.

All the way downtown to work he marveled at the nerve of some people. Only a crank or an old fossil living on some top floor with a mangy dog for a pet could have such a nerve. But suppose . . . suppose X was a girl! Yeah, and suppose he had a million bucks minus ten cents! Yeah, he razed himself; suppose she was the hosiery girl, herself, in the flesh.

The nine-to-five day slid shut like one of the train doors and the strap-hangers were returning in the thousands to cafeteria suppers. At Nick's, in a din of clattering knives and forks.

She again compared legs with the girl on the poster. Yes, she decided, her own were just as good

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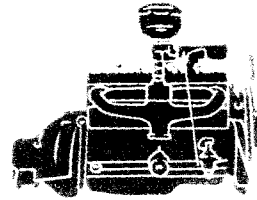
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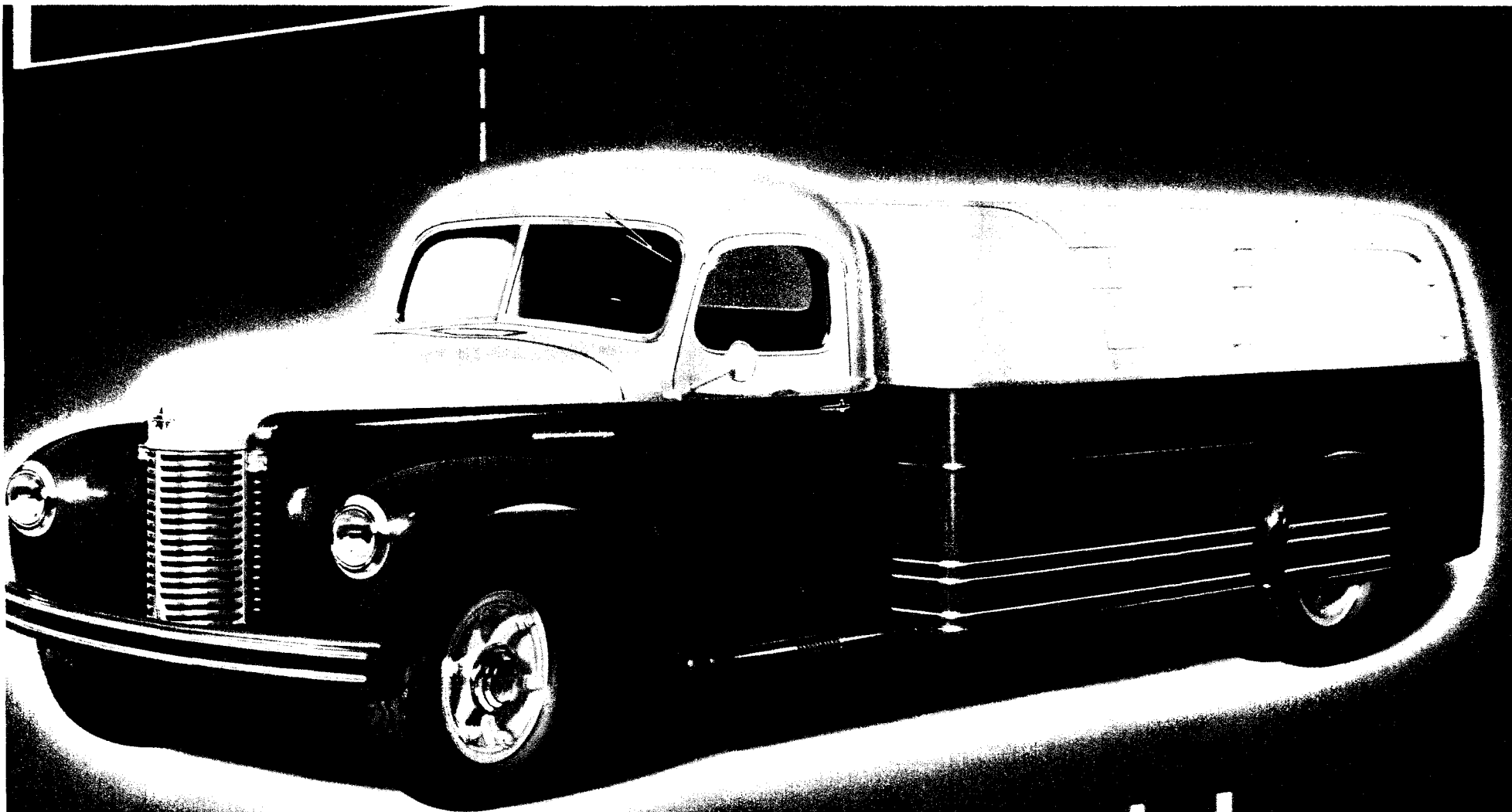
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mounds of French-fried potatoes were being transferred to the blue plates, and there was a big rush on the meatball special.

R. V. strolled back to the stoop of his house. Another roomer, a pale, elderly man with a cramped look as if from years of living in closet-sized rooms, was sitting on the top brownstone step.

"Ever think how nothing lasts in this town?" he said.

R. V. sat down. "No, I haven't."

"Take them Els down the corner. They been here a long time but already they tore down the Sixt' Avenue El and the Nint's slated for the wreckers soon."

"They've been saying it's coming down a long time."

"It's a landmark like the horsecars. But they're gone, ain't they?" the elderly roomer demanded.

R. V.'s eyes fastened on a girl walking past the steps. Supposing . . . Suppose she was X! That'd be a coincidence. But why shouldn't lucky breaks happen sometimes, just like that, by accident?

"Landmarks," mumbled the elderly roomer.

"Yeah," he said, his tone flat. "Ever notice the scribbling on the ads up the El?"

"I seen 'em. Sometimes I read 'em to kill the time."

"Who do you think does it mostly? Fellows or girls?"

"Who do I think does it?" the elderly roomer cried out in fury. "Dopes does it!"

"HELLO Miss X. You Got Me Wrong. Mr. R. V."

As she read R. V.'s latest, her neck stiffened as it did down the restaurant when some customer got a little too fresh. So it's Mister, Mr. R. V.; R for Robert, R for Richard, she thought; and is that all he does with his spare time!

She laughed. Who'd he think she was with his Miss X crack? An old lady or a guy in pants? But he was awful polite. Should she answer him? Maybe he was a real goof. She looked around to see if any smarty was ready with the big horselaugh. Slowly, she inserted several words in his sentence.

In came the El under the blue sky, shot out of the city like a bullet out of a gun. Bullets roaring downtown, loaded with lives. Roaring uptown.

Six hours later, he stood loafing under the marquee of the local movie, the flare of the neons on his face. Near him, other men in no hurry to go up to their rooms were also killing time on the curb. In the gutter, two young fellows were sitting astride their parked motorcycles.

"What a date I had last night!" the first gasoline cowboy confided to his pal.

"Who was she?"

"Never mind!"

He listened to the talk, wondering whether she had bothered answering him? And how did he know it was a girl? Why not go and see? Suppose he wasted a nickel? At least he'd be doing something and that was what counted. Doing something. That was more sense than moping around.

He walked up the El stairs, tomorrow's nickel between his thumb and forefinger. He dropped the nickel into the turnstile, striding up the empty platform.

He stood before the hosiery girl and the first thing he noticed was a huge handwriting three inches high: "Aw Nuts This Ain't The Park."

Oh, what a sap he was! he thought, sighing. And then he blinked. Why, look! Somebody had changed his answer to: "Hello Miss X (20 y.) You Got Me Wrong Mr. R. V. (?)" And the somebody was a girl!

Oh, he might have known that "Aw Nuts This Ain't The Park" was the work

of some crackpot wise guy. The smile on his face broadened. She must be lonely to have written to him. Only lonely people wrote on billboards. "She's twenty!" he said aloud in his joy as if she had climbed up from the neon-bright avenue of cafeterias and taverns and was standing at his elbow. In his excitement he wasn't a clerk in a downtown office building. He was somebody else, somebody like the hero of a movie, who, just like that, by accident, runs into a broken-down roadster on some lonely road, a roadster and a beautiful girl in the roadster.

Oh, he'd stay on the platform all night until she came, tomorrow!

But?

Suppose he was arrested for sleeping in the station or something?

sent by the hosiery company. No, he didn't look like a detective.

She took out her pencil stub.

"AW NUTS You Leave What I Write I Leave What You Write. It's a Free Country."

"Please Phone—"

"Try Again. Miss X."

It was all part of the same crazy letter, he thought brokenheartedly.

He had just come uptown from work. He had crossed the avenue and rushed up the downtown flight of El stairs. And look what he had found!

He gaped stupidly at the smiling hosiery girl with her penciled whiskers, his eyes blind in his head, his shoulders slumping as if some tremendous force had slugged him, as if the city had

in the subway. Ride and eat. Got to ride, got to eat. For what? His nerves shrieked; for what, for what, for what?

He whirled through the door, legging it for the El station, sprinting up the stairs two at a time.

Winded, he pushed a dime at the face in the change booth. The stationmaster slid two nickels into the wooden cup long hollowed out by the silver river of coins.

"Last ride tonight?" he asked the face.

"Yeah," said the stationmaster.

On the platform, somebody was removing the penny chewing-gum machines from their supports.

"Where'll the people ride?" he asked the face.

"On the subway," said the penny-machine man.

R. V. walked up to the hosiery billboard. Suddenly, his head seemed to burn. Oh, oh, she would've had his phone but for that wise guy, the wise guy who went around jinxing things, the crazy wise guy who went around making whiskers all over.

"Please, everybody, don't mark this out. Important."

He underlined "important," and clumped downstairs to the avenue, to the corner tavern. "Whisky," he said to the face behind the bar.

The barkeep nodded. "What kinda whisky?"

"Any kind." He swallowed the glass of whisky and said, "Give me another one."

A LITTLE later he said, "Another one." On both sides of him, other faces were drinking. He seemed to be surrounded by the faces he had spoken to on a dozen stoops, the faces he saw swallowing grub in a dozen eating joints; by the nameless faces of the people of the furnished rooms. "Nobody wants to go home," he declared. "There's nothing home."

"Better take it easy, buddy," advised the face behind the bar.

"Buddy," he repeated. "Buddy. There are no buddies."

Drunk, he staggered out to go to sleep. It was time to buy the morning paper. Time to flop for the night.

The wind swung the FURNISHED ROOMS sign above the door of his house. Another sign with VACANCY on it was stuck inside the glass door.

He climbed the brownstone steps, peering through the glass door at the first flight of stairs. He groaned, hating to go inside.

He went in and climbed to his room, glancing at the rows of doors as if for a curse or a laugh to smash the silence but there was no sound.

"There's nothing," he mumbled, unlocking his door. He switched on the light and saw a slip of paper on the floor.

He picked it up and read in the super's penciled handwriting: "Young lady called. Says you call back. To ask for rm. 4A. Number . . ."

His eyes filled with tears and the telephone number blurred.

Downstairs he rushed, feeling giddy and spinning up inside, as if he were a kid again on a loop-the-loop ride. Hurrying to the pay station behind the stairs, he fumbled for a nickel. A roar from the outside filled his ears. It was the elevated. Louder and louder, a crashing roar, the loneliest noise in the world, the huge, lonely shout of the city itself.

He shuddered and dropped the nickel into the slot, dialing her phone number. Miss X's phone number.

"Please," he said aloud, as if asking somebody for a break.

And suddenly he began to smile, like a kid in an amusement park with the whole topsy-turvy afternoon ahead of him.

BUTCH

By Laurence Reynolds



"I ain't neither settin' a bad example—he suggested it"

"She's twenty," he murmured to himself as if repeating a line of poetry.

He took out his pencil, filled in his age in the space she had left for him, crossing out the question mark, and adding the phone number of the pay station behind the stairs in his house.

Scowling, he began to blacken out the wisecrack.

SHE read swiftly. It gave her a funny feeling to see his handwriting and her handwriting all mixed up together like initials carved inside a heart on a tree. "Hello Miss X (20 y.) Mr. R. V. (22 y.) Please Phone—" But phone what? She tried to decipher the number under the heavy penciling, but it was all gone. Who had spoiled the phone number? Who? The same spite work—the goof who stuck whiskers on signs. Angrily, she read the goof's warning scrawled across the top of the billboard in big letters: "Aw Nuts You Leave What I Write I Leave What You Write. It's a Free Country."

She frowned. That awful goof, messing up signs with his elephant handwriting. She glanced up the platform to a man in a brown hat who was reading a paper. Maybe he was a detective

hurled out of the horizon like a wallowing tornado weighted with all its Els and subways, with a hundred thousand houses, the city of a million doors whose keys belonged to strangers, the city of seven million voices, but none of the talk spoken to him.

He stirred himself, sighing, and put down his phone number for the second time. He thought for a minute and then wrote: "Please, everybody, don't mark this out. Important."

He shuffled downstairs to Nick's. "Coffee," he said when Nick came to wait on him.

"Nothing else?"

"No."

Nick placed a cup of coffee before him. "What kinda supper's coffee? You sick?"

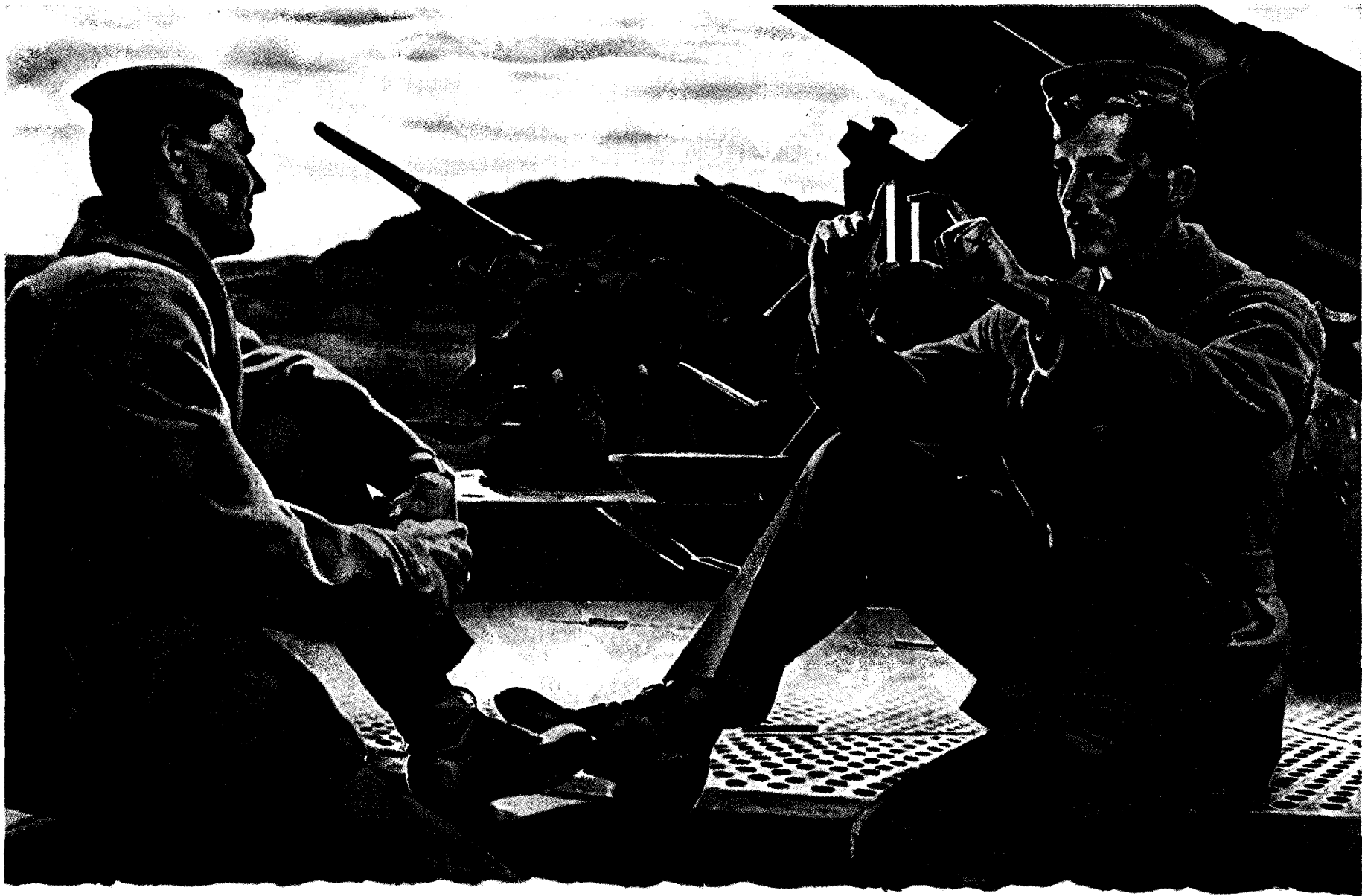
"No. I got a headache."

"Whyncha go for a bus ride? Or an El ride. Last chance t'night for the El. Lotta guys're going so they can tell their kids some time."

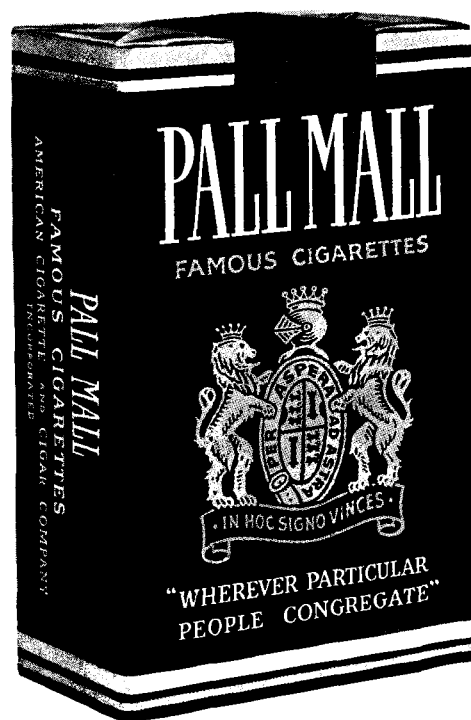
"Tell what to their kids?"

"El's shutting down t'night. Midnight. It's in all the papers," Nick said, turning to a new customer.

He pushed his coffee away and stared at the white-tiled walls. White tiles like



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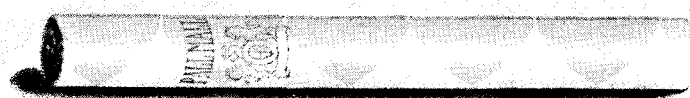
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Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.



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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

China Sky

Continued from page 25

going to see a real hospital, my girl, a hospital that New York wouldn't despise."

"Gray, China and Japan are very different, aren't they?"

He stared at her. "I'll say—about as different as—as why, they're the most different two peoples in the world. They think differently and live differently, they believe in different ways of life. The Chinese are all for the individual and the Japanese for the state—it's essential democracy and Fascism—in a way."

"Sometimes I wonder if people ought to be so free. I mean, when they're ignorant and dirty."

SHE thought distastefully of the streets she had seen in the disorder of Shanghai and of the medievalism of Chen-li. It took only a few minutes to see what Chen-li was, though Gray had told her that it was medieval. "You'll have to have your bath carried in wooden buckets and poured into a big porcelain jar, but you can get just as clean as in any other tub," he had said. But need people live in medievalism in a modern world? Maybe it was silly to live in Chen-li. Gray laughed.

"Don't you go giving up the idea of liberty and equality, my girl," he said. "That's poor business for a newly married woman."

She let him laugh, puzzled at her own mood. Why did she feel peevish and crisscross and like contradicting everything?

Suddenly she knew. Sara's clear voice cried out from the living room:

"I've brought your chrysanthemums, everybody!"

"Come here!" Gray shouted, leaping to his feet. A second, and Sara stood in the door. She had taken off her uniform and put on a wine-red silk. She had brushed her hair and her cheeks were flushed but her blue eyes were steady. In her arms she held an enormous bouquet of Chinese chrysanthemums, huge, nodding balls of red and yellow and brown and orange.

And Louise, looking at her, felt her mood clarified and hardened and made as cold and changeless as a crystal shape.

"I'm going to hate everything," she thought, and made up her mind to it.

"**T**HIS is simply nonsense," Louise thought, in the shelter.

In the middle of the night she and Gray had been waked by hoarse, screeching sirens. There had been no time to ask anything. Gray hustled her into her clothes, into her fur coat.

"The shelter's dripping damp," he said. "You may be there for hours."

She did not at that moment notice his "you." It did not occur to her that he would leave her. They hurried across the dying autumn grass into the hospital, and by then the siren was screaming again.

"God, they're in a hurry," Gray muttered. "Get along, dear. I ought to help at the hospital."

"I thought you said you weren't going to feel—responsible—until tomorrow—" she panted. She had on her warm bedroom slippers and she was not used to walking without heels.

"I know, but I haven't the gall to let Sara do it without me. She's had months of it while I've been sleeping every night."

She said no more. Was she going to have to keep hearing about Sara?

Down the ramps improvised over the old wooden stairs the stretchers were

coming, and men and women hobbling and little children carried in nurses' arms.

"No use your going up with me," Gray said hastily. "Just keep with the crowd."

"Gray!" she cried, "you aren't going to leave me?" She had not dreamed that he would leave her. And he, he had not dreamed that she would think him free to go with her. The sight of her face swept away his impatience. Of course she would be afraid in her first air raid. But there was no time.

"Gray—I won't go alone."

"Honey, you'll be with everybody—all these people."

"Gray, you must come with me!"

"Louise, I can't—I'm a doctor!"

The Chinese were looking at her strangely as they passed, the white woman clinging to the man. Gray was desperate.

"Listen, Louise, the last warning will sound at any instant. Then the planes will be here. You've got to be in shelter, do you hear? I'd never forgive myself if—Louise, listen to me!"

She dropped his arm. "Very well, Gray." Her voice went dead. She turned in cold obedience and joined the crowd of sick Chinese. She loathed them, she told herself. If she had known they were going to be like this she would never have let Gray come back. There were wonderful opportunities for him at home—that invitation to come to Johns Hopkins for Oriental diseases. Baltimore was an aristocratic old Southern town. Besides, sick people were the same anywhere, weren't they?

The third siren sounded and everybody ran—tried to run. She herself made haste and was among the first few to enter the winding opening in the hillside behind the hospital. She drew back against the wall, to be away from the people crowding in.

Now so unexpectedly that she jumped, she heard her name called in English:

"Mrs. Thomison?"

She looked into the handsome face of a young Chinese.

"Yes?"

The man bowed. "I beg your pardon. I would like to introduce myself, Dr. Chung. I am assisting Dr. Gray as house surgeon. I must apologize that I was not able to meet you. I could not leave my patient at the time." He motioned to a stretcher where a man lay with his eyes closed.

"I am glad to hear someone speak English," Louise said. "This is my first air raid and I'm a little nervous, naturally, especially as my husband felt he must stay in the hospital."

Dr. Chung's smooth face did not change. "I am sorry he felt it necessary. I met him, as a matter of fact, and offered to stay for him on your account. But both Dr. Thomison and Dr. Durand have a strong sense of duty. It is admirable."

Then Sara, she thought, was there too!

THE man on the stretcher opened his eyes. "Give me some water," he said distinctly and in English.

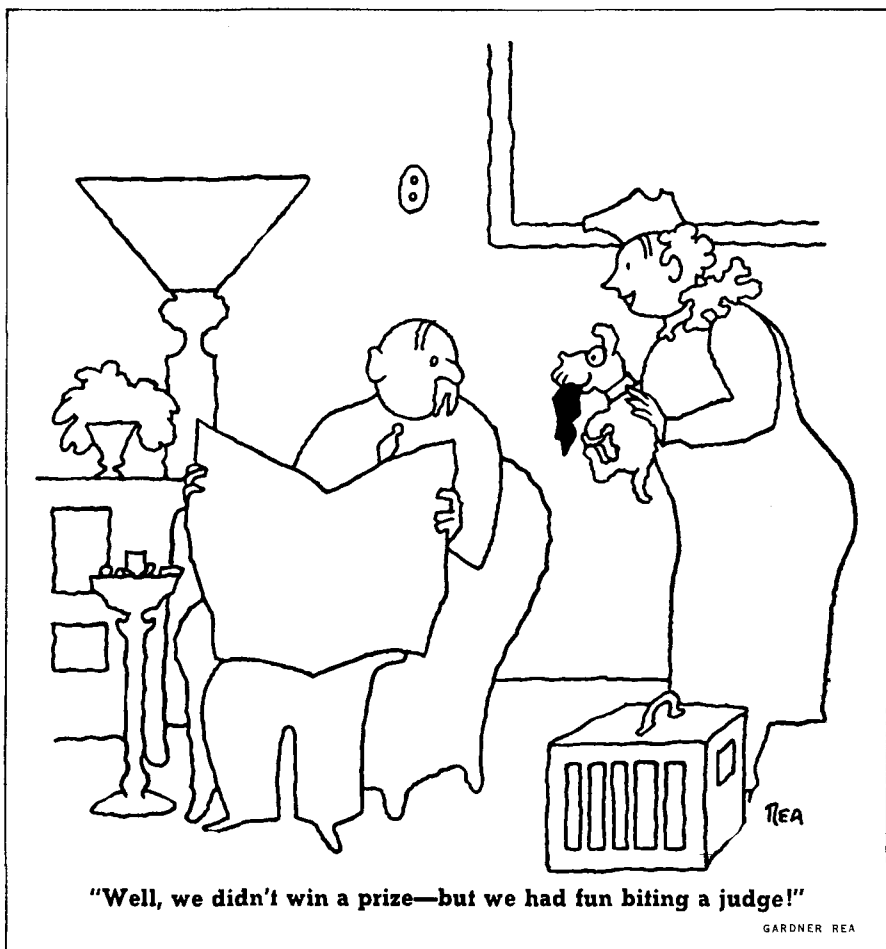
Dr. Chung opened a thermos and poured it out. The man drank and closed his eyes again.

"He speaks English, too," Louise remarked.

"He is a Japanese," Dr. Chung replied. "A very interesting case, the captive of a guerrilla chieftain famous in this region. The chieftain brought him in. This Japanese speaks no Chinese, naturally—but his English is very good, for a Japanese."

The siren shrieked once more, and Dr. Chung's face changed. "Stoop," he cried, "Hang your head, open your mouth, cover your ears!" He did himself what he commanded her to do and everybody cowered. Only the Japanese did nothing. He lay with his eyes closed.

They waited while the drone of the planes grew huge, filling the close air



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“Don’t look now, but I think you’re on fire!”

THE BRIAR PIPE laughed out loud.

“Of course, I’m not on fire!” it replied. “Don’t you know a pipe’s mission in life?”

“Certainly,” said the prize meerschaum: “it’s to look pretty in a museum.”

“No, stuffy. It’s to be guide, philosopher, and friend to some guy.”

“How’s that again?” asked the meerschaum.

“Listen, stoop,” said the briar, “a pipe is supposed to feed a man inspiration in a curl of fragrant smoke. That’s what I do—with the help of Half and Half tobacco.”

“It sounds like a wonderful life,” said the meerschaum. “Do you have to have Half and Half?”

“You’re darn tootin’!” exclaimed the briar. “In all my glowing career, it’s the only tobacco I’ve met that has the flavor and aroma which bring such solid comfort to a man and his pipe.

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HALF AND HALF

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

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of the winding passage of the shelter. Louise, pressed upon by the people, felt her terror braced with anger. "Stupid, stupid," she was thinking, "it's too stupid for me to be here. I don't have to be here. I don't have anything to do with all this. I'm an American—I ought to be in America. I oughtn't to be in all this. I don't have to go through with it."

And all the time the whirring wings and roaring motors were diving downward and then there began the explosions of bombs, one after the other, some near, some distant. The air grew scant. People lifted their heads to gasp. She lifted hers, driven for air, and saw the Japanese. His mouth was open and his face gray. She touched Dr. Chung's arm and pointed to him.

"Dead?" Her lips made the word but her voice was soundless.

The doctor took a hypodermic from his pocket but at his touch the Japanese opened his eyes and shook his head and the doctor put it away.

She hung her head again. There was another explosion. She was angry with Gray. He had no right to bring her to this. He ought to have told her—not as he did tell her, just saying, "You're sure you won't mind the air raids, dearest? There isn't much danger of your getting hurt. I don't believe that even a direct hit would get the hospital shelter—Sara and I worked it out pretty well—passages instead of big spaces in the rocks so that crowds couldn't get hurt. And Sara had the idea of making the entrances crooked, so as to check the concussion, you know, and plenty of exits, so if one gets crashed in. You get used to it after a while when you realize that there is no danger."

But he had lied. She would never get used to this, never, never!

... When the din was over and the earth had ceased to tremble and the air stopped quivering at last she lifted her head. She was so shaken that it was all she could do to keep from crying. But the people around her were moving quietly and getting up. Near her a child had gone unconscious and a pretty Chinese nurse—no, a doctor—the nurses were in blue—was giving it a stimulant. The woman doctor turned and called to Dr. Chung, who went to her and bent over the child and examined its eyelids

LOUISE leaned against the wet rock. Her chest hurt her, and her knees trembled. She put her hand to her hair and found it damp around her forehead. The silence was like a weight after the noise. It was hard to move her neck or lift her hand. She let her head drop on her breast and met the wide-open eyes of the Japanese, looking up at her. "This is too much for you," he said distinctly.

"Yes, it is," she said through dry lips. Even her tongue was dry.

"Why are you here?" he inquired.

"My husband is the doctor," she replied.

"He should send you away," he remarked quietly. "To suffer unnecessarily, it is foolish."

Before she could answer, he had closed his eyes and she felt she need not answer. Besides, what could she answer? He was right.

The siren sounded again for safety and the waiting people came streaming out of the rocks. She went with them, dazed and trembling, into the darkness. Where was Gray? Even yet he did not come. Where was she to go? She did not even know the way to their house.

"May I help you?" Dr. Chung's voice came out of the darkness dimly lit by flashlights.

"I'm afraid I don't know my way yet," she stammered.

"Go with her," the Japanese was speaking from his stretcher. He had a flashlight and he played it on the Chi-

nese doctor. "Take her to her home."

She felt the light on her own face a moment, and saw the gray, delicate lines of the Japanese's face like a mask in the night. The eyes, which she now saw fully from the front, were bright and alive—not, she thought, astonished, the eyes of a sick man at all!

"Thank you," she faltered.

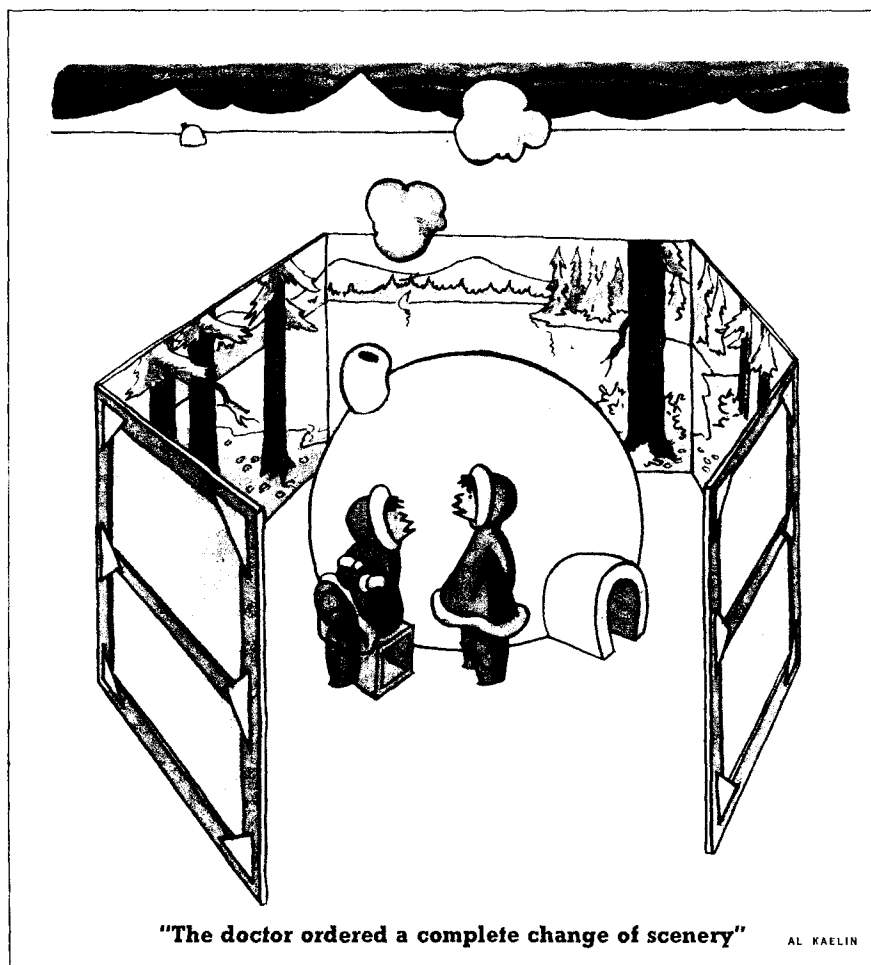
... Long after she was in bed again, shivering and solitary, Gray came in. It was so long she had had time for everything—time to weep, until her tears dried up in anger, time to be angry, time to grow cold in strong determination. When Gray came in she turned on her back and faced him as he stood at the foot of her bed. She had lain for an hour, hardening herself against tenderness from him, against his possible anger, against argument. She could be

It was right. He and she were at this moment only two in a host.

He went swiftly upstairs, speaking to all he knew and to those he did not. But they still needed no comfort, these people, he thought. They had accepted resistance to an enemy as their life. An old man with an amputated leg stumped past him on crutches. He was chattering to a man whose skin was sulphur-yellow with malaria.

"What I say is, every time a bomb drops, it's hundreds of Japanese dollars gone. What I say is, it doesn't cost us anything if we hide in the earth. It can't go on forever, this dropping of bombs!"

GRAY smiled and went on to find Sara tucking babies into the baby wagon. She was working quickly, humming



"The doctor ordered a complete change of scenery"

AL KAELEN

determined beyond any of that. Long ago her father and mother had come to dread that power in her to have her own way.

"Don't let Louise start her stubbornness," her mother would cry in a panic. She had let them beguile her out of it sometimes if they gave her enough in exchange. But there was nothing large enough that Gray could give in exchange for what she had been through.

"Gray," she said, "I've made up my mind. You've got to take me home."

But Gray offered no exchange, and she had not prepared herself enough for his calmness. He was neither tender nor angry.

"LOUISE," he said, "I won't do it."

His own words shocked him as they left his lips. He had come back from the hours with Sara lifted into exaltation. He had forgotten in the first happy weeks of his marriage, in the peace and ease of his own country, what it was to live through such hours as he and Sara had just shared. The faces of the sick as they came down the ramp in the hospital—when he saw them he wanted Louise safe so he could forget her, forget even love, in this larger thing which was his duty. He had turned once when he was on the stairs and he saw her going out of the door with the crowd.

under her breath as she always did when she was working against time.

"This is all pretty swell," Gray said. He wanted to tell her how wonderful it was to him to see the way these people—everybody—took the beastliness that threatened them. But he could not. The sight of her brave blue eyes and her flushed cheeks as she put one little creature after another into its place simply choked him. Besides, Siu-mei stood waiting. Sara did not answer.

"There," she said to Siu-mei, "now you can take them." She bent over one very small baby girl and kissed the tiny brown cheek. "That's mine," she said. "Yours?" he repeated stupidly.

She waved Siu-mei on and watched the wagon being trundled down the corridor.

"Her mother died yesterday, and the family don't want her. They say they can't take care of her. So I will keep her."

"Sara, how can you with all else?" "Siu-mei will help me. I wouldn't trust anybody else with all those babies except Siu-mei."

She thought of telling Gray that she was sure Siu-mei and Dr. Chung were falling in love with each other and then decided she would not. It would be too hard to speak to Gray of any love. The second siren sounded.

"We had better look once more at the sure-to-dies," she said. "Amazing how often they don't die! I try to keep them together so that they won't realize that they are not being moved."

"Why does Chung leave this to you?" he asked.

"I sent him to the shelter today," she replied, and made up her mind after all that she would tell him about the young Chinese pair. "The truth is that he and Siu-mei—" she stopped in the middle of the corridor between the two hospitals. "Gray!" she cried. Her face was bright with horror.

"Why, what? Sara, what on earth?" he stared into her widening eyes.

"Gray, you oughtn't to be here! I've only just remembered—Louise!"

"Louise is all right," he said.

"No, but you, Gray—you can't stay here! What if—Gray, hurry, hurry! There's still time. Look, it'll be five or six minutes maybe before the planes come. Go on, Gray—go on, go on—"

"I won't go on!"

"You must think of Louise. You haven't the right—"

"This is my job."

"But I don't want you here, Gray. I can manage. I've managed very well alone. And I haven't anybody to—care as Louise does. Now look, Gray—"

HE SEIZED her arms. "Shut up, Sara. Shut up, shut up! You don't know Louise. She'd hate me if I were a shirker. She'd be the first to kick me out if I ran for cover."

"No, but, Gray, it's not necessary for you to be here. If it were necessary—"

He broke in: "What about you going into the shelter for a change? You've been going through this day after day, alone—"

"I'm used to it."

"Used to getting nearly killed every day, eh? Well, you're just about used enough."

"Let me go, Gray." She was acutely conscious of his hands on her arms. But he did not release her.

"Will you obey me?" he demanded.

"No," she said quietly.

"Why?"

"Because I know what I must do."

He dropped his hands. "So do I, Sara."

"Very well, Gray."

They went on after that in silence, visiting the sure-to-dies. There were over thirty of them. The third warning sounded and instantly the planes were swarming over the city. Gray felt the sweat start from his skin. His heart flew to Louise but each time he put the thought of her away. She was safe. He would despise himself if he were not here. The planes were not too near yet for him to hear Sara's clear voice at his ear giving him details of one patient after the other:

"This is a case of infected shrapnel wound. The abdominal wall was pierced and we have been fighting peritonitis—unsuccessfully, I fear—feel her pulse."

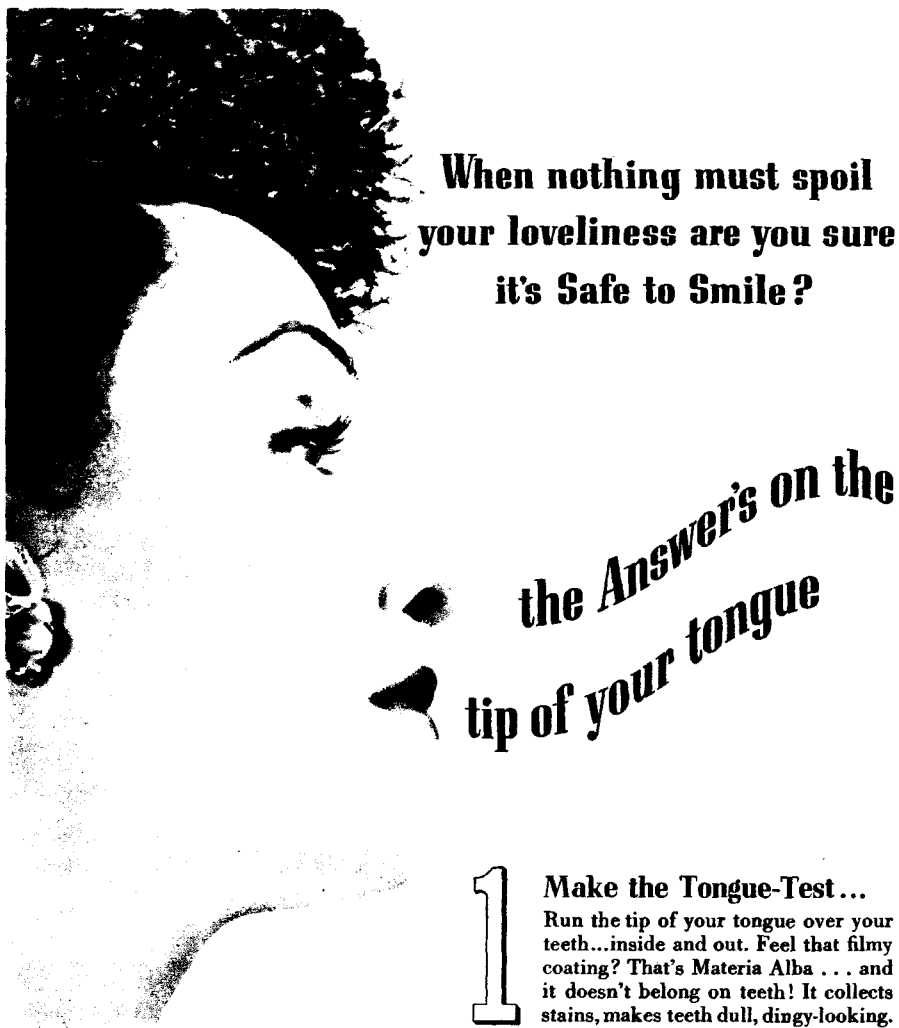
He felt the rapid, irregular pulse.

Sara sighed. "Such a nice woman! She is the wife of a farmer. Sometimes the Japs just dump their bombs on any village they see and we have scores of these cases."

Then the planes diving down shut off her voice. She drew him to a doorway by a touch of her hand upon his elbow and they stood there side by side. He felt the sweat pouring down his body. Nothing was clear in his mind. Even Louise's face was dim. There was just this noise to endure, this hideous, useless, crazy noise to be got through with, which he had forgotten about for months.

But she was thinking, "This I share with him. I cannot share love, but I can share danger and perhaps death. It may be that these are greater than love."

As if the deep passion of her thinking had reached out to him he turned his



When nothing must spoil
your loveliness are you sure
it's Safe to Smile?

the Answer's on the
tip of your tongue

1 Make the Tongue-Test...

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

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Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull...bars your way to romance.

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You'll hold the secret of a winning smile when
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Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth... the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Only Pepsodent contains IRIUM... super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.



Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE



head as she turned hers and their eyes met. He saw her faithful face clear in the instant, her beautiful, faithful face. Louise was right. Sara was beautiful. He had looked at her hundreds of times and not seen how beautiful. He had only been annoyed at first that he had been sent a young woman whose good looks were a responsibility, troublesome among a people too shrewd to believe that a man and woman, both young and handsome, could work together without attraction. He had been determined to prove that it could be done. And he had fallen in love with Louise, not with Sara. If Sara had been a man he would have put his arm about her shoulder in good comradeship—we who are perhaps about to die! A bomb fell and burst. He put out his hand and grasped hers, but after the instant she drew it away again.

... When it was over he was suddenly hungering for Louise. He wanted to pour out on her the bravery of the hours, the people coming quietly back to their homes from the hills, to take up their work where they left it if they found their houses still standing, the sick returning to their beds, the nurses hastening silently from one to another, hot food being brought from the kitchens by the servants. Downstairs Sara and he were receiving the newly wounded, examining, treating, sending those who needed operations to be made ready. He operated on four men one after the other. Once he thought, "I should have sent word to Louise." Then he thought, "No, she's a doctor's wife."

WHEN he was finished, he went through the downstairs halls to Sara's office and found her putting down notes. "Aren't you going to sleep?"

Dawn was breaking through the sky in long lines of silvery light.

"I am just going," she said. "Good night, Gray."

"Good night, Sara." He hesitated. She had been operating, too. "Did you lose any?"

"No—mine will pull through, unless we have to move them too soon."

"I have one shaky enough to scare me—an old fellow. But game as anything. He said when I asked him if he'd let me take out an iron splinter from his thigh, 'You are too courteous—the Japanese didn't ask me if they could put it in!' He went under the gas chuckling at himself."

She smiled. "That's the way they are."

He felt choked again. "Pretty swell, eh, Sara?"

"Pretty swell."

"Well, good night."

"Good night, Gray."

He walked across the dim lawn full of the energy of his admiration for courage and laughter and faithfulness, a grand folk, grand to live with, grand to die for—and went into his house. He wanted to share it all with Louise. He wanted to draw her into the glory with him.

"Louise!" he cried.

Siao Fah came out of the kitchen with a tray of tea and toast. He had been in the hospital shelter but not near his mistress. He had watched her steadily, aware that she did not know his face among the others. Why did she talk with the Japanese? Why did the Chung doctor, whom nobody liked, bring her home when her husband was not there?

"That one is in her bed," he said to Gray. His face was empty. He put the tray down. "Eat something," he commanded. Then he turned and went back into the kitchen. If she had been a proper wife she would have been up and waiting for her husband, and she would have seen that he had food. As it was, there was only he himself to look after the white doctor.

But Gray had gone straight to the

bedroom and flung open the door. There she lay, lovely upon the pillows. She was awake, waiting for him, his wife.

"Sweetheart!" he cried, his high heart rushing out to her.

And then had come those words of hers. And his own words of blunt refusal tore themselves out of him.

Because he couldn't! But how make her see?

... Over her little face, pale upon the pillow, there came a cold prettiness. Her small, perfect features sharpened and her lips folded together into pure stillness. He had never seen so strange a look and to his own astonishment he was terrified.

He flung himself on the bed beside her. "Sweetheart, don't look at me like that!"

She did not answer. She kept on looking at him steadily, two shafts of cool amber light falling upon him from between her lashes. "Darling, say something—don't just lie looking at me!"

Her lips made the slightest movement: "I want to go home."

The words were almost soundless but he heard them. "But, dearest, you haven't tried it here—not really. You'll get used to the bombing. Look—everybody gets used to it. Look at the sick people, even. God, they were wonderful! Getting out of their beds and hanging on somehow, and, darling, did you see the lights going up the mountain? They were—"

"I want to go home." She turned her head away. Her lips quivered and her eyelids fell.

"Oh, my darling, don't cry!" He gathered her in his arms and she began to sob helplessly. "Louise—Louise—" he moaned.

At the keyhole of the bedroom door Siao Fah gnashed his teeth. Crying, was she? He listened hopefully for the sounds of a woman being beaten. But no, there were only the pleading, muttering noises a man makes when he is afraid of a woman. He tiptoed away and sat down in the kitchen and held his head in his hands and groaned and thought about poison, nothing to kill anybody, but a little powder put in soup, that would cause a mild illness or something, if severe, yet short of death. He did not want to kill anyone, even for Thomison doctor's sake. Then he gave it up. No, his master was a doctor who could cure anything. What did she want? Jewels, probably, fine clothes, the things women cried for! He thought with pleasure of his own wife whom he kept soundly under his will with a bamboo switch. He had made a fine wife out of her.

IN THE bedroom Louise wept until she was filled with fatigue. It was not unpleasant, this weeping in Gray's strong arms. She was overwrought with the horrible night and she wept away her strain, conscious of his arms beneath her. The fatigue was sweet, too, in its way. She felt helpless and little and clinging. Slowly she stopped weeping. Her sobs grew soft and infrequent. At last she lay silent, crumpled as a child. Gray had not spoken for a long time. She looked up at him, her lashes drenched and black.

"I do love you, Gray." Her voice was a baby's whisper.

He held her to him with a tenderness that terrified him. Why was he so afraid now in this quiet room, under the silent skies?

"I love you, my wife."

Her lids drooped and she put her face on his breast. When she whispered again, her words seemed to come out of his own heart: "Gray, then take me home!"

He groaned and held her closer, and answered as steadily as ever, "No, Louise."

(To be continued next week)

Logan's Luscious Luggage

Continued from page 14

an excellent job, the producers were prepared to drop her from the New York company if they found anyone better. "We worked so hard not to play favorites," Mr. Tuttle says, "that we gave her much less of a break than we'd have given someone else who was one half as good or one quarter as lovely."

Come opening night in New York, the theater was full of Wimans—father, mother and three sisters; Mr. Avery had flown from the coast for the occasion—but Fra Heflin had to be content with flowers. Her father is a dentist in Oklahoma City, and was at the moment engaged in some toothy surgery of such exquisite precision that all he could manage was to telegraph: "LOVE STOP STIFF UPPER LIP STOP GRIT TEETH AND KEEP NERVE." Her brother, Van, was out of town with the road company of Philadelphia Story, but phoned to give final instructions.

Barnard Lost a Student

Van has been Fra's dramatic coach ever since she came to New York to tend house for him and go to Barnard College. Moreover, he brought his friends home so that Fra would be acquainted in the theater when she finished school. One such friend was Mr. Skinner, whom Van trotted to the apartment one night this autumn. There he met Mary Frances at her best and most little-womanly—her hands to her elbows in dough, her house dress protected by a clean, starched apron.

"You wouldn't have the role of a maid kicking around loose?" Van asked, as he had asked every possible employer who had been an audience to the carefully directed domestic scene.

Mr. Skinner was extremely dubious. He had just such a part in Charley's Aunt, of course, but it also entailed the difficult understudy assignment. "I'm afraid I need someone with more experience—someone I can depend on in a pinch."

Fra had her instructions from Van, and this was her cue. "Which part would you like to hear first, Mr. Skinner?" she asked demurely. Before he could answer she proceeded to overwhelm him with a neat rendition of each of the parts in the play—cued by big brother from an ominously convenient script. Barnard lost a student.

Every minute when she's off stage, Fra sits in the wings knitting merrily. The contentment with which she has turned out sweater after sweater after knitted mitten so fascinated the other two members of Logan's Luscious Luggage that they tried to learn the craft. Tottie can do simple stitches in a straight line, but has never learned how to turn corners and is about ready to give up. "The British are in enough trouble without getting a bundle of footless stockings from me," she says. Phyllis is on stage more than either of the others, but still struggles doggedly with a ski cap which has been perversely snagging and unwinding since the first days of the run.

Phyllis has a wonderful time in her corner of their dressing room, with a gay feminine litter of silk stockings, open powder boxes and hairpins. She feels slightly above the neatness of Fra's austere table, but is a little envious of Katherine's part of the room. Katherine keeps her make-up equipment not neatly, but with a certain sense of drama that makes her section of the cubicle look like a display booth in a swank cosmetic store. "Making up," she announces, "is half the fun of acting. You feel so—professional!"

It's possible that all three won't go to the top—that Katherine won't become the famous beauty and matinee darling that people predict, or Phyllis or Fra the much-in-demand ingénues they seem on their way to being, but, as Fra puts it, "Although we may not all get to be Lynn Fontannes—there ought to be at least a Hepburn or two somewhere among us."



GEORGE SHELLHASE

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"CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!" is, figuratively speaking, the way my family and I used to treat constipation. We'd rush to the medicine cabinet for *emergency relief*. It never occurred to us to look for the *cause*, or to try ALL-BRAN's better way.



STRAIGHT TO THE MARK! Then I discovered that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN goes straight to the *cause* of common constipation, the kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet—and wholesomely, naturally prevents it.



EXCUSE MY BACK, but I'd rather not illustrate the way those laxative doses used to taste. And to think I never knew what crisp, delicious, toasted ALL-BRAN could do.



HAPPY DAYS! And, if your trouble is this common kind of constipation, may you discover the same enjoyable way to "Join the Regulars"! Crunchy, toasted KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is not only very effective, it's a lot more pleasant than the "hurry-up" remedies we used to take. Eat it with cream and sugar every morning, drink plenty of water, and get yourself in tune again.

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In Line of Duty

Continued from page 17

"Two guys?" McGarvey asked, pushing out one cheek thoughtfully with the tip of his tongue. "What guys?"

The young cop looked into McGarvey's face—then past him, up the stairs.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe Red Donlin and a pal. Tully don't have a phone, so he sent down his kid to call in; that's how he saw us." He turned to McGarvey again, his voice a little shaky with its weight of desperate earnestness. "I'd have gone up to get him," he said. "I wanted to, McGarvey. Only Johnson—my driver—didn't want to take any chances. He said we'd better wait till we got some help from the precinct. He's out covering the back now; he set me here. That's why—"

"That's right," McGarvey said. "Johnson used his head."

HIS eyes, his whole face, were uglier now than Margaret had ever seen them; two harsh lines deepened about the corners of his mouth. He'd heard about men like Red Donlin—cop killers, the papers called them. Twisted, insane maybe—but with a maniac's singleness of purpose, a madman's undying hate. Lately the papers had printed a lot about Red Donlin—stories that a cop had killed his father, that a cop had smashed his withered arm years ago, when he'd been no more than a boy—stories, even, that his father had been a cop who mistreated him.

McGarvey didn't know which of those stories was true. Just now he didn't care much. Red Donlin was somewhere upstairs, and since summer Red Donlin had killed three cops. So all he said was, "Okay. Stay put now," edging the rookie away from him, and stepping through into the hall.

There was something more the rookie should have told him—something that an older or a calmer man would never have forgotten. That Tully, who'd sent his kid down to get them, was somewhere up there now—Charlie Tully of a headquarters detail, who lived in the house next door, and who'd heard from a talkative janitor of the new tenant he had—a red-haired man with blazing blue eyes, and a queer left arm glimpsed briefly under his coat.

But the young cop didn't tell him that,

and McGarvey had no reason to ask. Tully was a name to him, nothing more—a guy the young cop knew, who lived in the neighborhood. McGarvey forgot it entirely as he moved up the stairs, quietly and carefully, around the first landing, up to the second, stopping for a moment there before he moved on to the third.

The bulb on the third landing was switched on; it showed McGarvey that the door three steps away from him was half ajar, and that there was no light at all behind it. No sound, either; only a radio humming faintly below, thin and fantastic, a wailing curl of sound tightening like a spring in his ears.

He moved toward the door; he came to it and listened again; he pushed quietly in. He saw two windows against the back wall of the kitchen; he saw the white shadow of a sink, and the formless dark bulk of a gas range. Nothing else. No movement. No—

"Red!" somebody yelled, in the shadows of a room off the kitchen. "Cops, Red! Look out! Watch—"

McGarvey took it for a warning. He was right. But how could he know then that it wasn't meant for anybody there? A scuffle of movement came fast after it—then the impression, rather than the sight, of a quick rush through the shadows. A white shirt front moved at him; a gun glittered before it.

"Get 'em up," a voice said. "Get 'em up, you—"

McGarvey didn't get them up; his own gun was shadowed by his body against the windows. He thought one thing: Red Donlin didn't know he had it out. He did one thing, the only thing he could do: he fired with his gun almost against that rushing body.

He'd heard somewhere that a bullet didn't stop a running man. This one did. McGarvey heard him crash down flat—heard him cough, and move a little, and start to draw a breath that stopped before he had it in. Then McGarvey was against the side wall, waiting for the one

who was still inside, listening to the short, flat crackle of sound that rolled and echoed between the walls, to feet that were pounding upward to him on the stairs.

The feet belonged to the white-faced rookie; McGarvey had known that they did the moment he heard them. "Careful," he said, "there's another one inside," before he moved around the man on the floor. He expected a shot when he went through that inner doorway. None came. He understood why when he tripped forward over an outthrust leg that received the momentum of his body as dully as a chunk of wood. Out, McGarvey thought—out cold. Who had conked him from the time he yelled?

THE rookie had the lights on then, like a fool, before he knew what was going on inside. McGarvey grabbed the limp man's ankle and dragged him out to the kitchen. The rookie was on his knees there; McGarvey looked over his shoulder.

"That ain't Red Donlin," he said. Sweat was shining in his brows; he wiped it off with an impatient hand.

"No," the rookie said. His voice was as soft as a girl's. He must have been thinking then about what he should have told McGarvey, down there, three minutes ago, in the hall. "It's Charlie Tully," he said, his face turned from McGarvey, his hand opening and clenching, aimlessly, on the dirty oilcloth floor. "He was—he was a headquarters man, McGarvey. He lived next door here. I thought you knew him. I thought you'd meet him on the stairs. I thought—"

"Charlie Tully?" McGarvey said. What was— He dropped the ankle he was holding, and came out a step more. This rookie was off his head. Talking like—

"He's dead," the rookie said, looking at McGarvey now, his eyes sick and desperate. "And I killed him, McGarvey. If I'd told you—"

The radio was quiet now. It made the

stillness deep and profound, a great soft weight of cotton wrapped thick around McGarvey's heart and over his lungs. He said something to the rookie: What in hell was he talking about? What in hell was he—

The rookie's partner came in; a couple of minutes afterward there were some precinct men around that McGarvey knew. There were some people crowded in the doorway, and presently a woman and a boy came past them. The boy would be Tully's boy; the woman would be Tully's wife.

Some of the men formed around McGarvey and tried to get him out, but he pulled away from their hands, their words buzzed uncomprehended in his ears. The boy was crying. His mother knelt by the dead man, and took his head in her lap. There was a stillness in her face—something remote and untouched there.

McGarvey wanted to go over to her, to explain how it was; it seemed to him then that if he could only talk to her about it, go over it all slowly and clearly in his mind, it would all be straightened out. A mistake; that was all. It had happened so fast. Donlin, Charlie Tully, the guy yelling out, the white-faced rookie—

He was down on the street again; Ed Furey wouldn't let go of his arm.

"—happened to any of us," Ed Furey was saying. "You see that, Mac, don't you? I'd have done what you did up there. Any of us would."

"Sure you would," McGarvey said. "Sure you—" His voice didn't break, but it came out of his throat thickly without any tone. Only they hadn't done it—he saw that even then. It was McGarvey who—

He stopped by the area railing and wound his big hands around the top piece. "Why don't they get a doctor?" he asked Ed Furey harshly. "Ain't they gonna do anything for him? He can't lie there like that. Get some oxygen, see? Get that stuff they shoot into your heart. Ed," he whispered. "Ed! Can't they—"

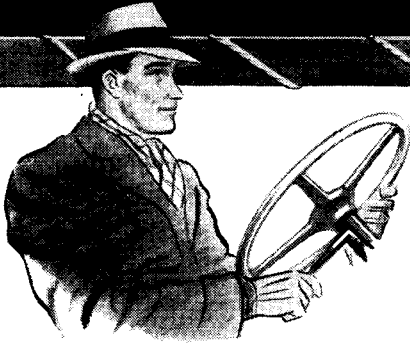
"Take it easy," Ed Furey said. "Tully's—Tully's dead."

The tabloids gave it the most space. They had pictures of the funeral, and

McGarvey had an absurd thought—that if he walked out there, him, McGarvey, no bullets could stop him: they could only pass through his body as if it were air



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It isn't only the work of shifting gears that bothers people! It's the racing engine, the thumps, the grinding, the whole atmosphere of fuss and effort. And that holds true with gears that are shifted for you as well as the gears you shift yourself! But Chrysler says "Why shift gears?... just stay in high for all normal driving!" You can do that in a Chrysler... thanks to *Fluid Drive* and Chrysler's high proportion of power to weight!



But only Chrysler drivers can do all their normal driving in high gear!

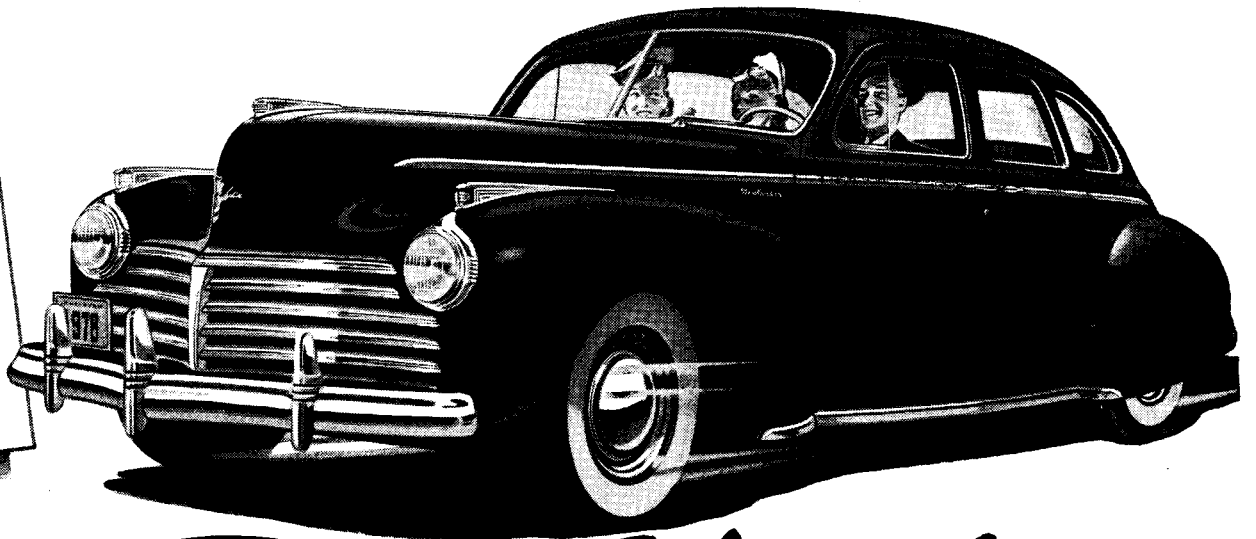
With the high reserve horsepower of the Spitfire engine, Chrysler's *Fluid Drive* enables the car to negotiate situations in high that ordinarily necessitate shifting gears. Chrysler's Vacumatic transmission will shift gears for you if you wish it to, but it doesn't shift unless you desire it, and with Chrysler's *Fluid Drive*, it is possible to drive most of the time in high. The difference is important... thrilling... delightful. Try it!

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1. Ed needs a laxative; but he's taking the 10 o'clock plane. Doesn't like to risk embarrassment. So he doesn't risk getting relief. Instead, Ed decides he'll wait till tonight.



3. Ed is all in from constipation and that not-sick-not-well feeling. He needn't have taken a plane. He won't be able to do a lick of work today, anyhow.



2. Bob needs a laxative; he's taking the 10 o'clock plane, too. But Bob thinks: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning!" So he takes Sal Hepatica because it's speedy.



4. Bob felt more like his old self within an hour. Sal Hepatica acted fast, was gentle and easy. Sour stomach was sweeter . . . so was the whole world!

Whenever you need a laxative take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Don't put off taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Within an hour usually you're relieved . . . gently and thoroughly. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting helpful water bulk to the intestinal tract; acts without discomfort, irritation, or griping.



No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

More than a laxative, this sparkling

saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.



SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE" Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

pictures of Charlie Tully's wife and kids, and a flash of McGarvey coming unshaven and gaunt down the precinct steps the morning after it happened. But not even the tabloids blamed McGarvey directly.

It was a sad thing, but no one was to blame. Not Charlie Tully, who had gone in first to the apartment, who had subdued Red Donlin's friend, and waited then for Red Donlin to come back. Not McGarvey, who came in after, so that the man with Tully cried out to warn him, thinking he was Donlin back at last with the beer or the cigarettes he'd gone out to get. Not the rookie—the papers found out nothing about him. Not even, in any physical way, Red Donlin, for he'd never been there at all. The squad cars had warned him off in time when he was coming back, a minute or ten after it happened. In the darkness, just a shirt front, McGarvey had seen the man rush at him; McGarvey had seen the gun too. So McGarvey, a good cop and a brave one, had done the thing that anybody else on the force would have done with a man like Red Donlin. McGarvey had . . .

It was strange the way his own thoughts always stopped there—automatically, as if they were on a track blocked off by endless empty space. He would listen to the men who tried, awkwardly perhaps, to comfort him—he would listen and say sure, sure. The only thing. Anybody would have—Sure, sure. He wouldn't let this get him down. But inside him, even while he spoke, the thoughts kept on. Not anybody; McGarvey. No gun-shy civilian; no raw-nerved rookie. McGarvey. A good cop. A brave one. But McGarvey, all the same. . . .

It was Margaret, and Margaret alone, who never tried to comfort him—who never, in fact, mentioned Charlie Tully to him at all. They went to the movies that night where McGarvey laughed when she did, and got up when she did, and said he'd enjoyed that picture all right. For three hours he did not have to grin and nod, and say sure, sure. Tough luck all right. But anybody—

The three hours didn't help much. He found that out as soon as he started to walk home with her. He walked very slowly; long before they came to her corner his legs began to feel heavy and numb. In that house down the street—that house he could see if he'd only raise his eyes—Charlie Tully's wife would be sitting in her silent kitchen, with her hands folded in her lap, and nothing much in her eyes. Thinking there—of what? Of a man named McGarvey, and of what he had done to her. And hating him no matter how deep she had it hidden, no matter how mute she kept the words within her.

WHEN they had reached the El station he must have made some sound or movement. Margaret gave him a swift glance.

"There's a train coming now," she said. "Why don't you catch it, Bernie? I'll get home all right without you. It's only a step from here. And you'll be home a half-hour earlier."

McGarvey looked at her dully, seeing that she knew then, although she'd never spoken.

"All right," he said. "Maybe I will. I'll call you tomorrow."

Halfway up the stairs, he stopped to watch her cross the street. Why hadn't she spoken Charlie Tully's name? Because she was closer to him than the others—because something of what he felt she'd have, too, in her heart? Because she heard the voices, the scornful and contemptuous voices that whispered so softly, so secretly, in McGarvey's head?

Yella, those voices said; as soon as he listened they came clear. The cop that

killed a cop. Jumpy, see? With a tough guy facing him. Letting fly at the first thing he saw. Drunk, maybe—who knows? Don't cops get away with murder? Don't they—

The next day he didn't call her; he even changed his boardinghouse so that she couldn't get in touch with him if she tried. The voices made it all clear. She could have her pick of guys—someone who could start her clean, no shadow in his eyes, no darkness in his thoughts. Not anybody, then, like McGarvey. He wrote her a long and rambling letter that night—he didn't love her, he'd never loved her. And he'd met another girl now—someone he was mad about. So—would she call it quits? Would she just forget him and try not to feel bad? Affectionately, he signed it—but not how much, not how little. That would be locked forever in McGarvey's heart.

Nights after that he took to hanging around the precinct—no place to go, nothing he could think of to do. In a little room off the one where the men had their lockers he would sit and smoke for hours, thumbing a paper, staring, sometimes, at the wall.

HE WAS there one evening when the day shift went off duty—young patrolmen, most of them, boisterous and full of horseplay. He could pick them out by their voices: Kivlin. Dolan. Fireball Kelly with his shaggy red head. Muldoon. Ed Ward. MacNamara—

He heard a flat thud, and Fireball Kelly's yell of rage.

"Who in hell let that shoe fly?" his deep voice roared. "MacNamara, you weasel!"

"Me?" said MacNamara. "Not me, Fireball. Honest!"

McGarvey smiled faintly. Good guys. Guys he liked. Guys that—

Surly Muldoon said: "Maybe he took you for Red Donlin, with that head of yours. If McGarvey was around—"

There was an abrupt silence—complete and dead. McGarvey could see it happening: someone pointing to the little room, someone shaping McGarvey's name with his lips. Nix, fellas. In there. Careful. Don't—

He was shaking slightly; he couldn't seem to stop himself. In there. He saw it now. Off by himself, McGarvey. Out of bounds. So far out that he could never get back. They talked to him; they were friendly and nice; but always, in their hearts, there'd be something they'd never forget.

He went out blindly; in a tavern on the corner he tried to get drunk. He didn't know why he couldn't; three drinks changed nothing in his head.

In his room, lying on the bed with his lights out, he heard the shots again, he felt the kick of the gun in his hand. The dark kitchen was around him, Charlie Tully was sprawled at his feet. McGarvey—Charlie Tully's voice, pitiless and lost: "Why did you kill me, McGarvey? Didn't you see, didn't you know, didn't you feel—"

Someone opened the door; someone turned the lights on. McGarvey lay still, his arm across his eyes. Ed Furey's voice said quietly:

"Hello, Mac. I hoped I'd find you here. We heard of a blonde Red Donlin's gone for; someone tipped the inspector on her yesterday. Ever since we've been wired in on her phone. She got a call tonight, from a drugstore pay station three blocks down the avenue here. From Donlin. She's gonna pick up some beer and some sandwiches and be at his hide-out by half past eleven."

McGarvey did not move at all; he did not answer.

"We'll follow her there," Ed Furey said. "We'll bust in when the party's started. The inspector and me—the inspector and me thought you'd like to be

along. At the blowoff, Mac. We figured—"

"What?" McGarvey asked. His voice was savage and low, muffled under his arm: "That it's gonna bring Charlie Tully back to life?"

"Mac, Mac," Ed Furey mumbled uneasily. "That's over. That's done with. Can't you understand it yet?"

"Who'd go in ahead of me?" McGarvey said, swinging upright suddenly, his eyes shining darkly, his lips not moving much. "Who'd go in with me?"

Ed Furey looked troubled. "Who wouldn't? What's goin' on in that crazy head of yours?"

"A lot," McGarvey said. "A lot I guess I ain't supposed to know. A lot maybe I ain't smart enough to figure out. The names they call me when I ain't around—they're in my head, see? The things they—" He stopped, his mouth gray. "The way you feel, Furey—that it's swell to be a cop. To be hard-boiled and tough and tell people off. Only for me it ain't like that any more. Because McGarvey's out now; because McGarvey's blackballed. Because he's nothin' at all but the jumpy yella rat that didn't hold his shot."

"Mac—" Ed Furey's voice was hard and angry as his own: "That's not true. It never was. There ain't a man—"

"Listen," McGarvey said, from that gray, rigid mouth. "You'll get the hell out of here, Furey. You'll tell them what they can do with their lousy tin-cop job. Maybe I was supposed to beg for it—get down on my knees and bawl and holler. Take me in, boys—"

"Will you listen to me, Mac? Will you?"

"Tell 'em all this," McGarvey said. "The inspector, see—all my pals. Yeah." He threw back his head and laughed with his mouth wide open. "Tell all the guys that went to bat for me. Tell 'em the yella belly's through. Tell 'em—"

He picked up Ed Furey's hat and sailed it across the bed with all his strength.

"Tell 'em they don't have to keep it quiet now. They can speak it right out loud—they can yell it in the streets like they want to. Like I've seen it in their rotten, shifty eyes. Tell 'em goodbye for me—McGarvey, see? Who had more guts—"

Ed Furey picked up his hat. He went out quietly, without trying to speak again. When he was gone McGarvey switched off the lights again, and sat down on the bed, with that savage, senseless fury burning and throbbing in all his veins. He sat there for a long time, moving suddenly now and again, breathing a word that choked in his

throat; he got up at last, an hour after Ed Furey had gone, with the naked, pushing energy of it uncontrollable in him.

Downstairs he looked at the clock in the hall. Ten after eleven. Twenty minutes before— He shut his mind to that, taking his hat and coat from the rack, yanking the front door back against the wall. He could feel the cold air—he thought he'd never feel anything again. Thin and dry; a smell of coming snow in it. A cab before the stoop. He could ride in that—anywhere, everywhere. He could—

"Wait," he said. "I—"

He was out on the stoop before he recognized the first of the women who got out of the cab: Margaret. She stopped below, her eyes searching his face, whispering, "Hello, Bernie," from lips that might have been as colorless as his own. He seemed to know at once, even before he looked, the name of the woman who was with her; and he stepped back quickly, his head safe in the shadows of the hall, so that, even if she saw him there, even if she spoke his name, Charlie Tully's wife would never see his eyes.

"Ed Furey called me up just now," Margaret said, her eyes never leaving him. "He said you were like a crazy man. That you—Bernie! Do you think I believed that letter? Do you think I was such a fool—"

He stood above her in the hall, trying to pretend that her words had nothing to do with him, that he was some place far off, and not here in body at all.

"Bernie, Bernie," she whispered; her lips trembled—"you're not going to be a fool. I won't let you. You won't speak; you can't. There's no way to defend yourself. I knew you'd do this; I knew it. That's why Mrs. Tully came with me to see you."

McGARVEY tried to keep his body rigid there, but he couldn't. A shiver rippled over it and distorted the white lines of his mouth. Mrs. Tully looked up at him, her face shadowed too.

"Go on," McGarvey said. He could stare back at her now; it was as if this was the thing he had wanted, all that week, behind his maddened thoughts.

"Go on and speak, Mrs. Tully. Tell her"—his voice shook; he was past caring now—"tell her what you got in your heart for me. What I know you got there. The way you hate me, see? The way maybe you pray to God I'll get what I gave him. At night when you're thinkin' of him, when you're thinkin' of me—"

"That's what you're gonna tell us

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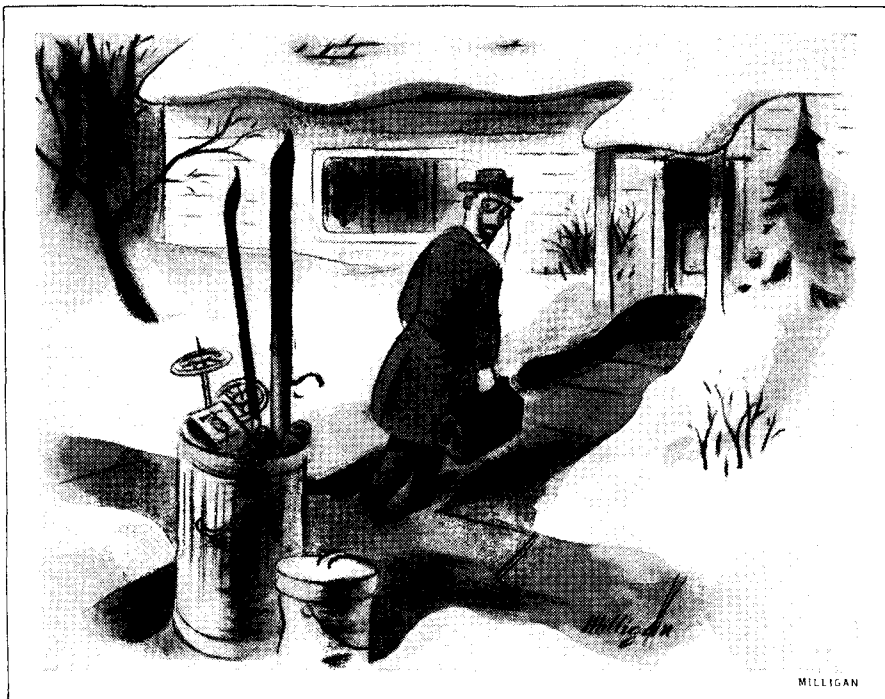
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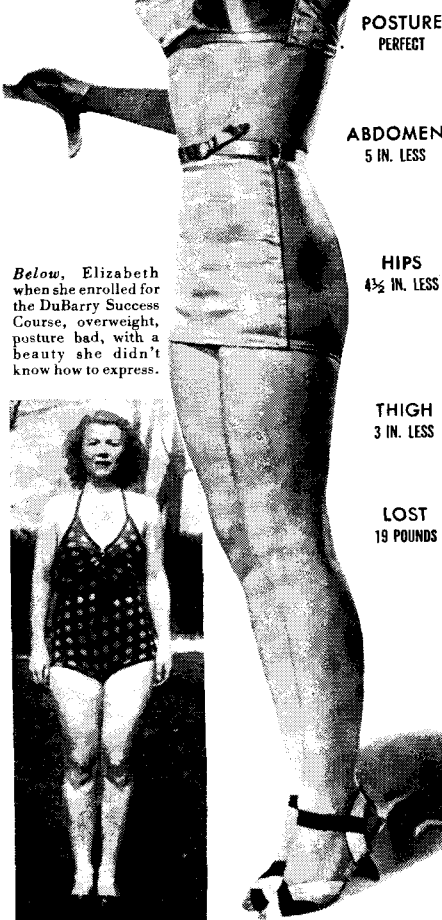


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now," he whispered. "Not lies, Mrs. Tully. They don't help. Because I got the truth in me, see? I got it speakin' to me all the time in my head—tonight and tomorrow and all the days of my life. It goes on happenin' there over and over—seein' him come at me, watchin' him fall, hearin' the noise he made when he died. And thinkin', thinkin', thinkin', if I'd only said a word—"

He took her arm; his fingers must have hurt it.

"Tell me that," he said, softly, painfully, wanting to hear it now, to have it finally, and irrevocably, before him in words. In her plain words, he breathed forth, in that confused and vehement whisper. Words that he would remember—words like letters of fire in his mind. The thoughts she had, the hate she had, when she remembered a cop named McGarvey, and the thing he had done to her—that was what he had to have now. That was what she had to tell him.

She looked up at him quietly, and she said:

"What would I tell you? That it's hurt you more than Tully—more than me? I see that in you now. It's a thing I've pity for. Not hate."

"No," McGarvey said thickly. "Listen—"

Her mouth shook a little, tenderly. "Don't I remember Tully like you?" she said. "Long ago, the year I met him. A cop, he said he was, but I'd not believe that on his oath. We all used to smile at him—the lord mayor, my brother Joe would call him. Because that's the way he looked at you, young and strong, and as proud as Punch. Tully the cop—that's how I came to think of him. Is Tully the cop here yet? I'd ask them, running in from my work. The fella with a laugh that'd shake the house. And my brother Joe—"

Her voice caught there. Her smile, which quivered and broke, was something McGarvey couldn't watch.

"And when we married I didn't like his work. I tried and I tried to get him away from it, because of the fear that was always in me. He'd never listen. 'Will you not be foolish now?' he'd say to me. And I cried to myself, but I talked to him no more about it. For I saw what it was. Tully the cop—that was the thing he was proud of. He'd not hate you. He'd say: go on, man. Will you not be foolish now? Will you not—"

MCGARVEY saw what shone in her eyes; he pushed by her dumbly, across the pavement to the cab. Margaret hurried after him and jumped into the cab with him. He mumbled something to the driver—the precinct house, because it was the first thing that came into his head. And when they started off he sat back with his eyes closed, her face fixed in his mind, knowing he was lost forever, no way out, no path back for McGarvey. Her voice still rang, high and faint, intolerable, in his ears. Tully the cop—what did it mean? Lies! Lies! Like the things they all said to McGarvey. Nothing true. Trying to make him think—

And yet, obscurely, with a life of their own, they moved inside him, they would not let him be. McGarvey the cop—he used to think of himself that way, too. Funny. A cop was nothing great at all. Only for him and for Tully, it had been the one thing in their heads. He could remember a very young McGarvey, a kid in school, hanging around the precinct house, looking at the plain-clothes man and the desk sergeant inside, knowing that there was the thing he wanted to do, and nothing was going to change him ever. And he could remember an older McGarvey, McGarvey the rookie, walking his first beat with bubbles in his blood, and something in his heart he was never going to lose.

He'd lost that now. Why? He'd have

died as Tully had, if Tully had shot first. But McGarvey the cop would have had no squawk. You paid for what you wanted. Tully the cop had paid all he had; would McGarvey the cop have paid that too?

Something happened to him; he got all calm and quiet inside. Sure, he thought; why, sure. Me and Tully—we knew what it was. Nothing great; nothing noble. But all we wanted. So—so he and Tully shared it now. Not a uniform; not a way to make a living. Just—

The cab slowed suddenly. He looked through the window and saw people lined across the gutter, a row of cops holding them back. Here, McGarvey thought—of course. Hadn't Ed Furey told him that the drugstore where Donlin had placed the call was only a few blocks away? They had him holed up here now. Donlin, the cop killer. He was sure of that at once; it was a thing that had to happen. Because whose job was it now? Whose but his and Charlie Tully's?

He and Margaret got out of the cab, and pushed through the crowd to where a group of men were gathered around Inspector Riley's bulky form. Ed Furey, looking angry and worried, was talking.

"—must have spotted us from upstairs," McGarvey heard him say. "Or maybe the girl saw our car keeping after her. Just as soon as we started across the street he blasted down at us from the window. Then he tried to duck out the back, but Kennedy and Tom Hansen headed him off. He's in there now with a couple of guys and a closet full of guns. And it's gonna be one nice, sweet job digging him out."

By moving a little McGarvey could see the house—three doors in from the corner, on the other side of the street, an old-fashioned brownstone tenement,

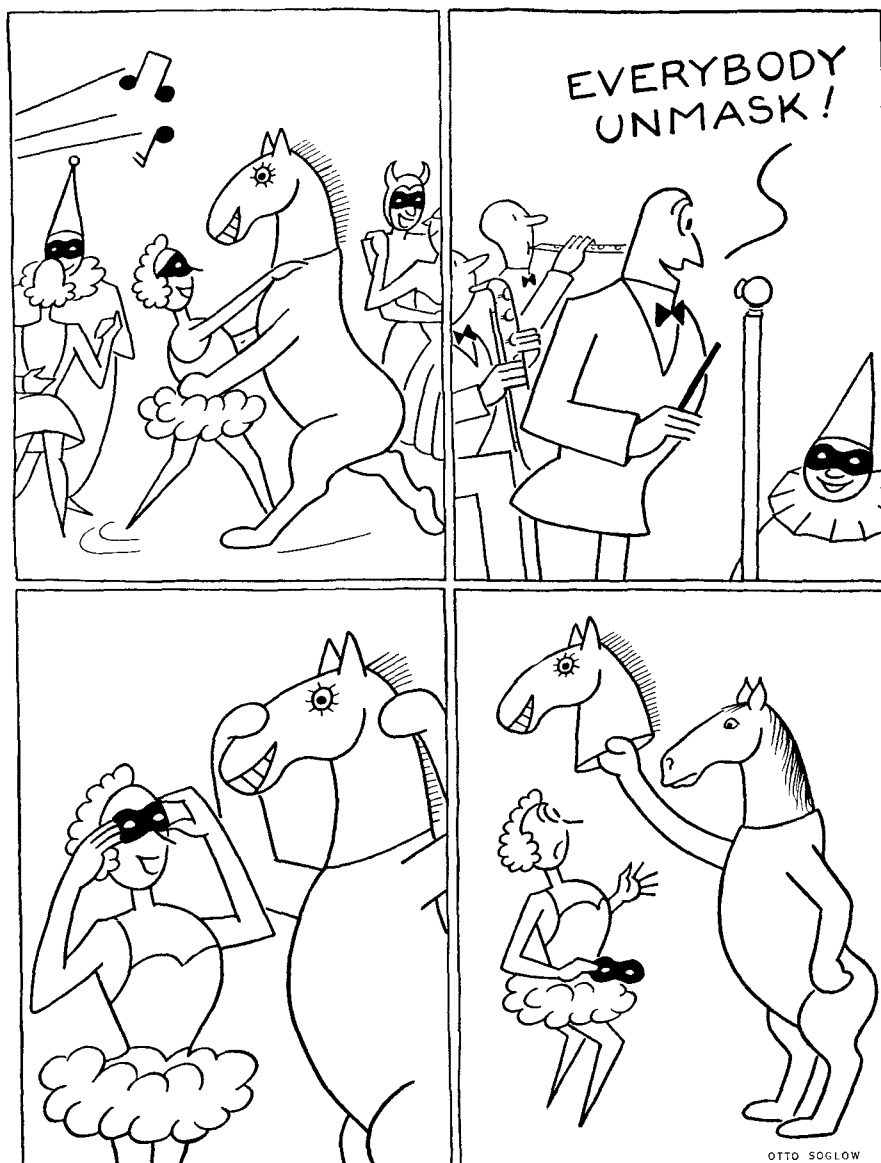
with all the windows on the second floor smashed and shattered to a few jagged strips of glass. No one moved in the street itself; save for a parked car here and there it spread out shadowed and narrow, utterly still. Looking at it McGarvey had an absurd thought—that if he walked out there, him, McGarvey, no bullets could stop him: they could only pass through his body as if it were air. Whose job was this? His and Charlie Tully's. So—

He had actually started ahead when Ed Furey grabbed his arm. They were waiting now for tear gas, he said; there were other tenants in there with Donlin, and the inspector would have to play it safe and easy. But there might be some way in which Red Donlin had failed to cover. Would McGarvey try to find it with them?

MCGARVEY didn't pay much attention to what Furey said, but he followed docilely enough. Across the avenue, keeping to the shelter of the El posts, and into a house on the other side of the street, on the corner, two up from Red Donlin's. He heard a couple of shots; he didn't know who was firing them. After Ed Furey and a couple of uniformed men he went into an alleyway. There he waited—tense, all on edge—while the three others reconnoitered. Then they all went down some stairs to a cellar.

They looked around there for a door that could pass them through to the next tenement. They didn't find any. McGarvey stood behind them silently in the shelter of a coalbin, everything clear in his mind. He'd lived in a house much like this as a boy; he remembered a subcellar that ran on beneath the main ones to keep them from dampness. There might be one here, too. If there were—

He found it soon after Ed Furey and

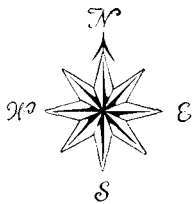


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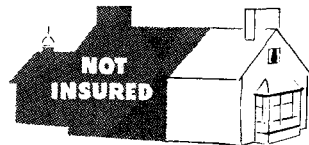
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SIDEWALK INTERVIEWER ASKS A BURNING QUESTION

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

the others went out to the yard—a square of wood set in the stone floor behind the furnace, smeared over with a rubble of dirt and ashes. The door came up easily enough; then, with his hands on the sides, he dropped through into the thick darkness below. He had to crouch down in that stinking darkness, four feet deep; he had to crawl forward on his hands and knees through cold slime that closed over his fingers, and dragged at the outspread tails of his coat.

It was nothing he minded. Twice he struck matches, seeing by the first he was past the next house down, by the second he was under Red Donlin's. He got under the wooden scuttle there, set his shoulders against it and pushed up; he was in the cellar of the third house then, lit vaguely by the red belly of the furnace before him.

Stairs slanted up dimly against the far wall; he was moving for them when the firing began again, in a heavy blast directly over him. McGarvey reached the stairs and started up, feeling all right, solid and sure with his gun in his hand, hearing no whispers, knowing where Charlie Tully was if he was anywhere at all—around here now, so close in the shadows McGarvey might have touched him by reaching out his hand.

A door let him into the street hall. More stairs took him up, over the first flight, across the landing, to the foot of the second. A woman sobbed hysterically, somewhere behind walls; on the second landing a man with a revolver in his hand crouched under the hall window. At first he did not see McGarvey; he raised one hand and rubbed his mouth shakily. Then, as McGarvey came on, a stair creaked and his head turned, and he looked down at McGarvey with his hand still frozen at his mouth. He did not move for a count of three; McGarvey could see whiteness all around the pupils of his eyes. After that he was a lot too slow, a lot too clumsy, swinging his gun down. McGarvey was the only one to fire.

In a room off to the right an automatic spat four times, drowning his single report in its splattering lashes of sound. McGarvey went up fast, across the landing and into the room, under an echoing cover of shots from the street.

He saw a man lying on the floor there, twitching a little, a dark splotch like shadow on his forehead, his eyes fixed unwinkingly on the wall across from him. Just before McGarvey fired the twitching stopped, and he saw that the dark splotch wasn't shadow, the bright stare wasn't life.

He went on—out to the hall again, forward along up. When he was halfway to the street side a door before him opened, and a narrow streak of dirty gray light shot out and widened across the banisters. A man came out after it, cursing thickly, with a machine gun balanced across his withered left arm. His back was to McGarvey; he didn't hear his steps.

"Donlin," McGarvey said. "Donlin!" The other man turned fast—turned and saw him standing there, ten feet away, a step out from the wall, his left arm stretched out along it. And McGarvey looked back at him quietly, complete then, the way Charlie Tully must have been complete the night he died—everything in place, everything he needed solid inside him. Not afraid, you understand, not wanting to die; but no squawk, no kick, no hate in him.

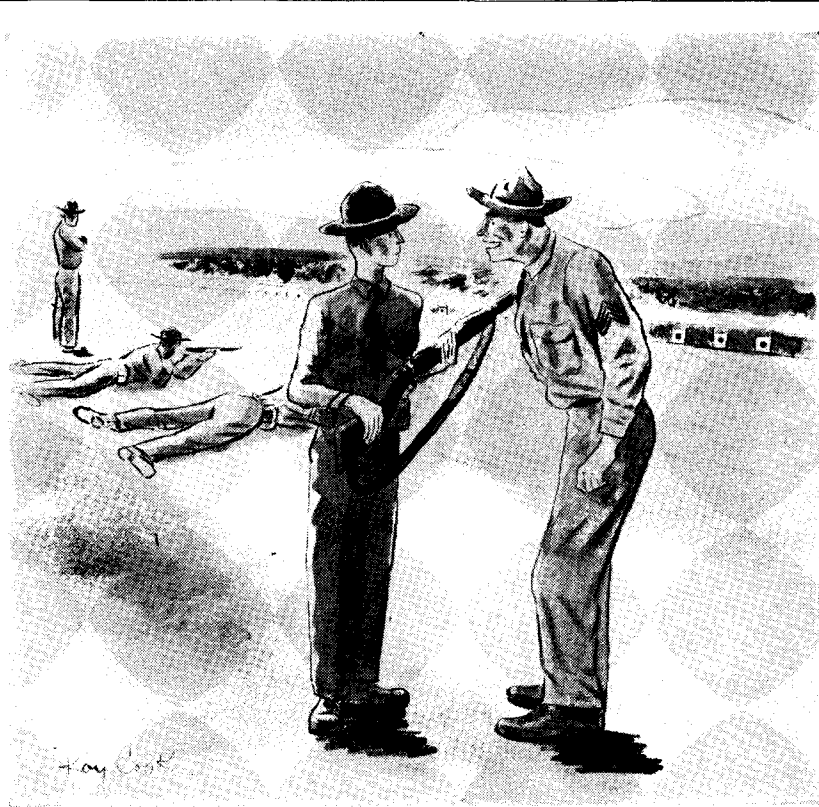
And no excitement at all; no hurry. His job—his and Charlie Tully's. He seemed to have all the time there was to place his shots—one, two, in that last split second. The other gun swept down to him across that withered arm—stopped there, wobbled once and fell to the floor.

HE TOOK Margaret home that night, much later. He took her past the house where Tully the cop died once in line of duty, and then they stopped for a time, as they always did, outside her door.

"That letter now," McGarvey said solemnly there; "I don't know why I wrote it. It wasn't true. I just had a lot of—crazy ideas. Did you ever believe it?"

"No," she said. She straightened his tie; she gave his chin a pat, her voice low and not too steady. "Because—I guess I believed in something else, Bernie. You and me, perhaps. If that's what you want—"

McGarvey didn't answer that; he didn't have to. She could see it all there in his eyes.



"I'm awfully sorry, but we just don't happen to have targets that swing back and forth"

ROY COOK

A Bomber Goes Back Home

Continued from page 12

down a British plane; he hoped and prayed that with the searchlights blacked-out, no Spitfires or Hurricanes would pick him up over England. But beyond the broad belt of white fog which shrouded the North Sea, great fires were burning and searchlights laced the sky, and farther to the eastward, low on the horizon, he saw a pale streak which meant the dawn. Perhaps, over there, they'd run into trouble.

But anyway, he told himself, no plane, British or German, no man or thing from heaven, earth or hell, would be permitted to stand in the way of the mission's unerring accomplishment. This black plane—this great winged bomb—charged, packed, crammed with the heaviest load of explosives ever transported by air, must and would get through. It all sounded melodramatic, of course—but if this stunt wasn't melodrama, what in God's name was it?

Squadron Leader Levin nudged him with his elbow. "Did the P.M. say who—who else will be there, sir?"

"No. But from yesterday's newspapers, I fancy there'll be at least the pair of them—complete with henchmen, bravi, soothsayers and back-scratchers."

LEVIN grunted and scowled at the instrument dials. "Well, the more the merrier, of course. But it's not so much the others as—him! Him!" He pounded his gloved fist on the control. "Him! Him! Him!"

Sir Asher nodded but said nothing. He leaned over the retractor gear and wound up the undercarriage; then he wiped the moisture from the side glass and peered downward. Dimly, he could see fields, hedges, cottages and tree-fringed roads. Even as he looked, the cottages became fewer, the roads dwindled to pathways, the fields gave way to marshes, the marshes to fog-patched water. They were over the sea. He stood up and looked back, pressing his cheek against the cold, plastic glass and straining his eyes. He wanted to see land as long as he could. He could still see it. Then, suddenly, the right wing blanked it out, and he thought—

*"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle . . .
This other Eden, demi-paradise . . .
This precious stone set in a silver sea . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England."*

He knew he had left out some of the lines, but these simple, passionate ones that came to him so spontaneously were the ones he wanted, now. No tosh about them! "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm . . ." he closed his eyes, "this—England!"

He slid back into his seat and considered the sky over the Dutch coast where searchlights marched like ghosts among flickering bursts of anti-aircraft shells. Below, the mist was a fiery pit where docks and warehouses blazed. "Climb her," he ordered. "We've got to get higher or we'll run into that mess."

"Right, sir!—It does look as though our bombing talent is giving 'em a bit of stink this morning!" Levin's eyes moved from pressure gauges to tachometers to inclinometer to altimeter. "There! There, now—she's feeling her oats! Manifold pressure's at thirty-five inches. If I give her any more, she may start popping her cylinder heads. You know, sir, I wish we could have flown this ugly brute a bit more and learned what she really can do!"

"So do I, Levin, but flying German bombers over England is an unfashion-

able sport, these days. You'll recall what happened to the hopeful Huns who flew over in the four ships that this one's built out of!"

"I recall it with the keenest pleasure, sir!"

"Tail turret!" Baruch's voice came from the loud-speaker. "I can still see it, sir! Just barely! There's a hole in the mist and . . ."

"You can still see what, Baruch?"

"Why, England, sir! I—I rather thought you'd like to know!"

"Oh! Yes, yes, of course! Thank you, Baruch."

"Yes, sir. But now it's—no, wait—yes, it's gone!" The loud-speaker crackled and lapsed into silence.

Squadron Leader Levin jerked his head toward it and grinned. "Good little chap, that Baruch, sir!"

"If he weren't, he wouldn't be back there in the tail!"

"Well, I s'pose not, sir. But I mean, he's such a topping good kid that I, I—well, I'd hate to think that intelligence might be mistaken and . . ."

"And that Baruch and you and I and all of us—all this, this stunt—might be wasted? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir! I mean, intelligence did make some rather ghastly blunders in Norway and Flanders, as we all saw, sir. And if they are wrong today, why, I mean, just think of the laugh that that filthy swine will have at our expense!"

Sir Asher chuckled. "Well, he'll have to build himself a new chancellery, in any case!"

"Yes, sir! But—" Again the pilot pounded his fist on the rim of the wheel. "But that wouldn't be getting—him! Him—Him!"

"Don't worry, Levin," Sir Asher said, evenly. "Intelligence isn't wrong this time. Mistakes did happen at the start, of course. But—they won't happen today!"

They were approaching Amsterdam, now, flying in full sun, although the ground beneath still lay in misty twilight. From time to time they could see muzzle flashes as the guns let go.

"Appears to be quite a tussle, yonder," said Sir Asher. "Better boost her upstairs a bit more. If we . . ."

"Top turret," came Browne's voice. "Five Messerschmitts—no six—above, right and rear, sir. No, by God, there're a dozen of 'em—twenty of 'em! They're . . ."

"Tail!" Baruch broke in upon him. "Ten Messerschmitts coming up from behind, sir!"

"Okay, top and tail," said Sir Asher. "Yes—yes, and now there're eight or ten more of them closing in from the left. Well, they're going to escort us through! Jolly decent of them, gentlemen!"

THE Germans throttled their engines and maneuvered into close formation above and on both sides of the Junkers, seesawing slowly up and down as though floating on the crests of a gently undulating sea swell. Their leader, whose plane had Wagnerian dragons painted in silver and blue on its nose, drew in so close alongside that they could see his white teeth as he smiled and read his lips as he said, "Guten morgen!" Sir Asher waved to him gaily; then, "All turrets!" he snapped into his phone. "Take your hands off your guns! Wave at him! Be polite! No thumbing of noses, mind!"

After a moment or so of swooping about ahead of them, the Messerschmitt executed a snap roll and pulled up into a nearly vertical zoom.

"Look! Look at him, sir!" Levin

WATCH OUT !!

for slightest sign of bleeding gums—it's often GINGIVITIS



4 OUT OF 5
May be victims—often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA—

EVERYONE — even young folks — should beware of the very first signs of sore, tender, bleeding gums.

This may be Gingivitis—a mild inflammation where gums join the teeth—so common today—many people never even suspect they have it. IF NEGLECTED—Gingivitis often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, shrinking gums and loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. BUT at home you can—

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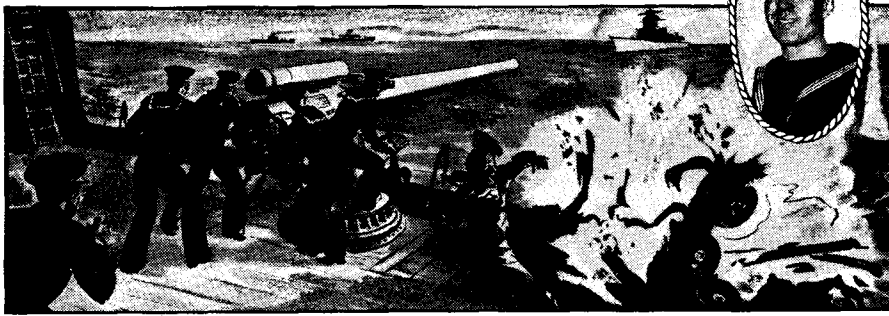
Don't wait until teeth ache. Visit your dentist every 3 months so he can correct malocclusion, keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis, detect and fill small cavities, and thus save you pain and dental bills.




FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

"HERO OF JERVIS BAY" SEA BATTLE TELLS HIS STORY!

A true experience of THOMAS F. DAVISON, Dover, England, of the hero-ship, Jervis Bay.



"PROTECTING A BRITISH CONVOY, the merchant cruiser *Jervis Bay* battled a surface raider to the death," writes Mr. Davison. "Ablaze from stem to stern, we were sinking fast. With others, I dove overboard, clutching a flashlight."



"UNDER DEADLY SHRAPNEL fire, fourteen of us managed to board a flimsy raft. For hours, we sat in icy water up to our chests. Huge waves battered us... swept us into the sea. Half dead, we crawled back. Three men died of cold or wounds."



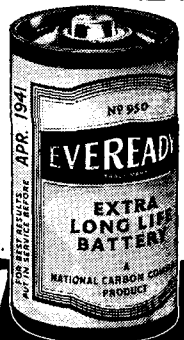
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snarled as the German rocketed aloft to lead his numerous flock. "Oh, the nasty, swanking Hun exhibitionist!"

Sir Asher laughed. "Perhaps he won't feel quite so hip-hip-hurrah when he hears the two-o'clock communiqué!"

"Then you don't think they'll try to hush it up, sir? At least, till they've had a chance to liquidate some of the thousands of people who'll start kicking over the applecart as soon as the news comes out?"

"I doubt it. More probably, they'll beat their breasts, raise a great outcry about 'Britain's Jewish assassins' and rend the very ether with their howls."

"Forgetting, of course, what they tried to do to King Haakon. And what they almost did to Their Majesties in Buckingham Palace!"

"Of course! Such is the nature of the beasts!"

LEVIN was silent for a moment. "And then how long," he asked, "how long do you think it will be before it's—it's all ended?"

Sir Asher shrugged. "The Prime Minister looks for complete disintegration within a month. Six weeks at longest."

"And then there'll be peace!" said Levin. "Peace—in six weeks! Oh, sir—wouldn't it be jolly fine if—if we could only be there to see it? I mean, just the first minute of it; that'd be enough! Just so that we'd know we'd really done it! Just the first minute of it, and all six of us sitting around the radio hearing the news come in and—and having a drink together and..."

A fringe of dazzling streaks crisscrossed in the air ahead, with a ripping, cracking whiplash sound as though tearing the air apart. Then, from all around, came the chatter of machine guns and the sledge-hammer thud of 37-millimeter cannons. Six B & P Defiants hurtled down into the Messerschmitt formation, their wing guns spitting tracer bullets in silvery sheets, like raindrops in a driving summer sun shower. Just before they vanished, the left wing of one of them seemed to explode and then the whole plane fell to pieces in the air. For perhaps ten seconds more there was firing behind and below. The sound of it died away and the fight was over.

The plane with the painted dragons dove into view, its pilot waving and grinning. Stuck in the corner of his grin was a fat cigar with the band on it. "Hell!" screamed Levin, in fury. "Look—look at the rotten swanker!" The dragon plane wobbled its wings in triumphant farewell and headed toward the coast, taking the formation with it.

"Tail turret, sir!" Baruch's voice was excited. "There're quite a few bullet holes, back here, sir. Are the controls okay?"

"Try your controls, Levin."

The ship responded normally.

"Doesn't seem to be any damage, Baruch. How many of those chaps strafed you?"

"Only one, but he bore down jolly hard! I didn't get him—thank God!"

"Well, damn it, you should have!"

"Yes, sir." There was a peculiar note in the gunner's voice. "I had him squarely in my sights for three or four seconds, but I couldn't shoot. I—I rather think he shot me, though."

"What's that? You mean you're hit?"

"Well, I don't exactly feel anything, that's the funny part of it. But from my waist down, nothing seems to—to be working, sir."

"Belly turret!" Simons' voice broke in. "Baruch's been hit, sir! I can see blood coming out of bullet holes in the floor of the tail turret!"

"Yes, Simons. Baruch! Baruch! Listen to me, Baruch! Feel around inside your clothes and try to find the wound. Plug it with your glove or your hand-

kerchief or your gun rag or—something! Try to stop the bleeding, lad! Do you hear me, Baruch?"

The answer was cheery but unintelligible.

"Baruch! Tail turret! Baruch!" Sir Asher shouted. The loud-speaker was silent.

"Damn!" Levin groaned. "Oh, if there was only some way to get back there to him!"

Sir Asher shook his head. Through the compartments built into the ship there was no passage; the load of explosives filled every available inch of fuselage space.

"Blood's still coming out, sir," Simons reported. "More and more of it."

Levin closed his eyes and rocked back and forth, cursing throatily.

"Mr. Levin! Watch your course, sir!"

For the next hour or so they spoke only when matters of navigation made words necessary. In his mind, Sir Asher reviewed other such desperate exploits as their own and wondered if the men engaged in them had felt as damnably nervous as he felt now. He thought of the submarine "Davids" of the American Civil War, with their spar torpedoes which exploded on contact and blasted their crews to bits; of the five Japanese infantrymen who carried the land mine out into the barbed wire and held it until it went off; of the six R.A.F. pilots who had dive-bombed the Maestricht bridge and then plunged bullet-riddled into the river; of the two Italians of the first World War who rode a torpedo into Pola harbor and blew up the Austrian flagship. Miraculously, the Italians had lived to tell the tale. There could be no such miracle today!

From time to time planes passed below them—some of them trainers, some fighters patrolling the back areas and others, of various types, being ferried to or from the front. They picked up the Weser, then left it behind; they flew over Linden and through the upper layers of smoke from the factories of Hannover. Away to the southward they could see the Harz Mountains. The countryside, for the most part, was snow-covered and dazzling white in the morning sun, although the forests stood out in black patches.

AS THEY were approaching the Aller, north of Oebisfelde the loud-speaker gave out a soft, coughing sound and then Baruch's voice said, "Hello! Hello! Is Mollie there?"

Levin's forearms tensed as he gripped the wheel. "Mollie's my sister, sir! They're—engaged."

"Hello. Who's that at the phone?" Baruch was impatient, now. Will you please call Mademoiselle Mollie Levin—L-e-v-i-n? Do you hear, you stupid ass?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, just a minute, please sir!" Hastily, Sir Asher detached the transmitter from his chest and passed it across to Levin. "Here!" he said. "You talk to him!"

Levin drew a quick breath. "Hello, Joe!" he said, breezily. "This is Robert. How's tricks, Joe?"

"Hello, Bob! Oh, good enough, Bob, though I've had hell's own time getting through to you. Listen, Bobby—I'm over in Cannes. Is Mollie there?"

"Why no. She's—she's not here just now."

"Well, look, Bobby; I'm over here at the Carlton Bar, outside on the terrace, in the sunset, and it's a jolly good spot, if anybody should ask you! When Mollie shows up, will you tell her I'll wait for her here? I've reserved a table for the Casino gala, and afterward we'll all buzz over to Anne Litt's dance-dive in Juan-les-Pins and tread the light fantastic Lambeth. How does it sound, Bobby me-boy?"

"A bit of all right, Joey me-man! But

how're you feeling, yourself—I mean, aside from this and that?"

"Me? Oh, bursting with health!—Definitely!—Er, except, well . . . you see, I've been sitting here at the Carlton since five o'clock, drinking in the beauty of the sunset, no use denying it, and though the old head's clear as a bell, my legs—my legs—m-m-m . . ."

"Joe! Joe! I say, Joey!" Levin shouted, shaking the transmitter. "Listen, Joe! Wait a minute!" There was no response.

"He—he thinks it's that last summer," Levin explained. "The summer of '39, I mean—down on the Riviera. Both our families were there and he met Mollie and—and—and, oh, hell!"

Sir Asher took the transmitter from him and put it back in the clip on his chest. "Hard lines, Levin," he said. "Hard lines, boy." He couldn't think of anything else to say that wouldn't sound like tosh and so he changed the subject: "Let's drop down to ten thousand feet for a bit. What do you make that town there—Gardelegen?"

"Gardelegen? Yes, it's Gardelegen. But, I—I wonder, sir, if you'd mind taking over for just a minute. I'd rather like to say the Kaddish. That is, if you think it's the thing to do."

"Yes, boy." Sir Asher connected his set of controls and took charge of the ship. He felt that he must cry and he turned his head away. But though his eyes filled and went blurry he was able, somehow, to prevent the tears running down his cheeks.

" . . . Have mercy upon him; pardon all his transgressions," he heard the words of the Jewish prayer for the dying. "Shelter his soul in the shadow of Thy wings. Make known to him the path of life . . ." The prayer, he considered, was not only for Baruch; it would do for all of them; and it made him feel better.

AT eleven-twenty-five they crossed the Elbe at Tangermünde. They were only sixty miles from Berlin. "Slow her down," Sir Asher ordered. "Slow her down to a hundred an hour and zigzag on the course." He tried to think of something to make conversation, to keep his and Levin's mind off what lay so shortly ahead. "The snow hasn't changed the look of things a great deal, has it?"

"No, sir. But it does seem whole years since we made our last reconnaissance over here, doesn't it?"

"Years! Absolutely! But let's see—why, it's been less than two months! Time moves slowly, eh, Levin?" It sounded tosh and the clock's hands proved it tosh. Those hands were moving fast! In fact—in fact, it was time to get things ready. Well—

From a flat metal case beside the seat he slid a large-scale map of the city of Berlin, mounted on plywood. He rested it on his knees. His knees were trembling so badly that they joggled the map, and he muttered something about the damned vibration. Marked on the

map in red ink were fourteen letters of the alphabet, each indicating a railway depot, a hotel or a government building. He placed the tip of his forefinger on the letter C. He had to bear down rather hard to keep it there. "Well, Levin," he said, "would you care to have a look to refresh your memory, or—?"

"Don't need to, sir. I could find my way to it blindfolded."

More and more frequently they droned over villages and broad estates; then the estates became smaller and fewer and the villages larger, until they turned into towns. Soon the towns ran in together, became one, and below was an endless expanse of houses—the outskirts of Berlin.

"Take her down to a thousand feet," Sir Asher ordered, glancing at the clock.

Save in the parks, the great city was clear of snow; its streets and boulevards were black ribbons along which crawled droves of bicycles and a few busses and motorcars.

OVER Charlottenburg they went down to eight hundred. Ahead and to the right lay the Hippodrome and the Zoo and beyond them the Tiergarten. Far down the broad Charlottenburger Chaussee, beyond the lines of trees, they could see the Brandenburger Thor and Unter den Linden. Sir Asher looked at the clock again. His heart was pounding so violently that it hurt. His forearms were icy cold and so was the pit of his stomach. It required a conscious effort to breathe. Only once before in his life had he felt as he felt now. That time, he had won the Victoria Cross.

"Take her down to five hundred." Somehow he managed to keep his voice steady.

They flashed over the Brandenburger Platz and down Unter den Linden. "There!" he said suddenly, pointing. "It's that white building! See it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"See the red carpet on the steps? And the flags? And the guard turned out? And all the cars with motorcycle escorts?"

"Yes, sir!"

"They're driving into the courtyard!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Yes! Well!" He slapped the pilot's shoulder. "Intelligence was right! Right for once! Eh, Levin?"

"Yes, sir! For once!" Levin was savage. "And this once is—enough!"

"Take her up to a thousand feet and then swing back over it." The big plane roared above the housetops in a wide, climbing turn. On one of the roofs an old woman stopped beating carpets long enough to wave up at them; from another, a flock of pigeons rose in the noon sunshine like fluttering scraps of paper. And now the plane was heading back.

Levin, gripping his wheel, said, "Now! Now, sir! It's right in line!"

"Good! Head her down! Shove her down, lad! Crash her in the center of the courtyard! Dive her, boy! Steeper! Steeper! Steeper!"



... AND HALF DONE ENGINE OVERHAULS WON'T STOP OIL PUMPING! ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS

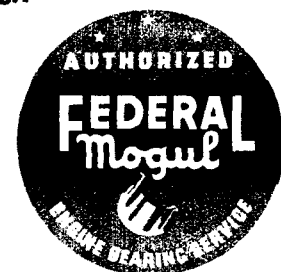
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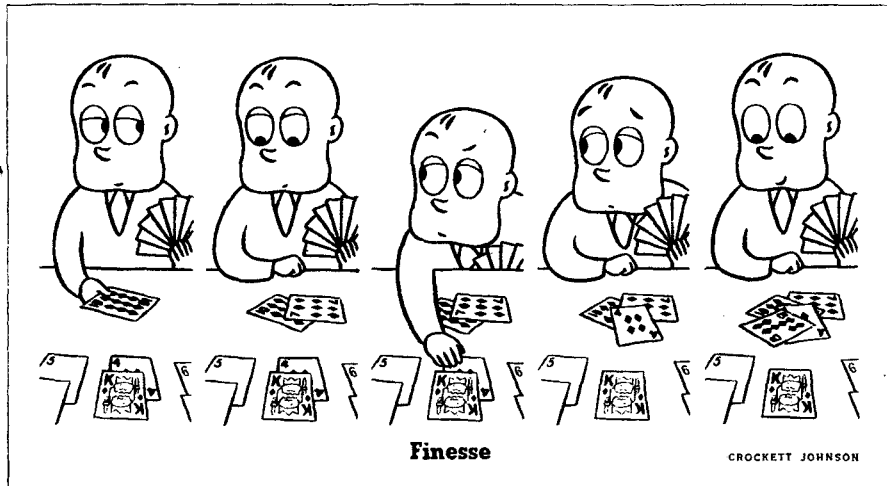
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Front Line Against Cancer

Continued from page 21

Giant thinks Jack a killer-diller



Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

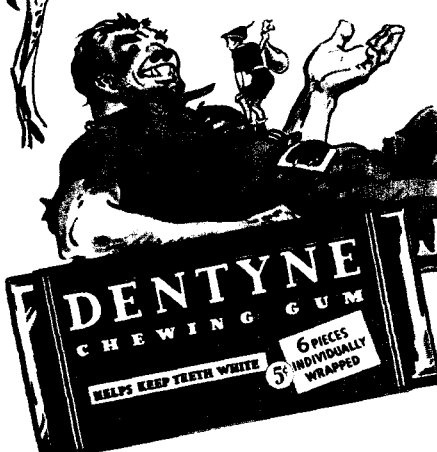
"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures—but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

Moral: Even giants need mouth exercise. Dentyne provides it in its pleasantest form. You'll like Dentyne's flavortite package, too.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

Meanwhile, Dr. J. J. Bittner was switching baby mice from one mother to another right after birth, and here came a discovery that gives promise of some day eliminating cancer of the breast. If a mouse from a noncancerous mother suckled but 24 hours at the breast of a mouse from the high-cancer strain, it was almost surely doomed. But the babies of high-cancer mothers rarely developed the disease if switched within one day to a low-cancer mother.

One of the most widespread types of cancer has thus been traced back directly and irrefutably to some mysterious, malign element in the mouse mother's milk. What is the element, and is it rendered impotent by freezing, by pasteurization or by other treatment? Does cow's milk have a similar substance? Does human milk? Is the suckling child of a woman whose mother died of breast cancer swallowing some evil chemical that will kill it? No one yet knows.

If human milk is similarly poisoned, breast cancer might be wiped out in a few generations by bottle-feeding babies from families in which breast cancer is prevalent. The problem has baffling ramifications, but the experiments seem at present the most hopeful approach yet discovered to the prevention of one type of cancer—first dividend on an investment in mice.

Major-domo of Mousetown, Dr. Little is also managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and consultant in genetics of the National Cancer Council.

Dr. Little has been interested in genetics since he raised pet mice, rabbits and guinea pigs as a child. The interest has developed through the years into complete absorption. A big, dynamic individual with tremendous enthusiasms and a magnificent Harvard accent, Little never let dreary academic affairs keep him from his animals. As president of the University of Maine, he set up a mouse genetics laboratory next to his office, and when he moved to the University of Michigan his mice went along. When he resigned as Michigan president in 1929, he renounced the scholastic world in favor of mice, whose behavior seemed to him more rational, and in the present state of affairs perhaps even more important, since through mice he hoped to get a better understanding of men.

Twelve Years of Progress

While he was still at Michigan, Little had interested Roscoe B. Jackson, then president of the Hudson Motor Company, in the idea of a laboratory for cancer research.

Shortly after Little left Michigan, construction began—and Jackson died. His family and several of his friends completed the building as a memorial, and other contributors chipped in enough to equip it, so in the fall of 1929 the laboratory opened its doors.

Before the first mice were grandmothers, the depression blew across the land. With no endowment, and subscriptions reduced to a minimum, the laboratory repeatedly seemed ready to fold. For nearly two years the staff worked only half-time—the other half it spent fishing, hunting, gardening, canning and otherwise scraping together sufficient food for existence.

After the dark days of the early 1930's things looked up considerably. In 1937 the Rockefeller Foundation was so much impressed with the progress made that it granted \$40,000 to enlarge the

laboratory. Now the laboratory gets some \$50,000 a year. Half of it has to come from solicited miscellaneous donations, the other half from selling its altogether unique standardized mice. Ten thousand mice are shipped out every month from Mousetown to go to other laboratories.

In such an improved, though still precarious financial state, the laboratory is approaching the cancer secret from all sides. And one of its big accomplishments is confirmation of the theory, long suspected but never heretofore proved, that cancer is not one disease, but many. It is not a unity, and many factors must be considered in attempting to blot it out—heredity, sex hormones, diet, sunlight, vitamins and others.

When Cells Go Wild

The only apparent bond between the different types of cancer is that they all result from a breakdown in the adult body of the powerful forces that limit growth.

The stimuli which make cells go wild vary in different strains of inbred mice, and the ability of such cells to grow without limit depends upon the hereditary background of the mice in which they arise and grow. The laboratory has transplanted flourishing tumors from mice of one strain to mice of another, and the tumors have died; but transplanted to a third strain, they have continued to flourish.

As a refinement of the transplanting business, the Jackson Laboratory is making "artificial" Siamese mouse twins. Animals exposed to different treatments are grafted together, to see whether and how the cancers will go from one to the other.

Even racial differences in susceptibility to the disease are being studied. The American-European mouse is crossed with the Asiatic mouse. So far it seems that the hybrids have more cancers and a greater variety of cancers than either of the original strains.

But the Jackson Laboratory, of course, is only a part of the ring of science slowly surrounding the greatest disease killer of the present day. It's far-flung battle, yet it still is comparatively small. The total public and private budget for the drive against cancer is somewhere around a million dollars a year—approximately what the President's Birthday Balls alone raise for work on infantile paralysis. Yet cancer kills 135,000 people annually, and from two to three times that number are constantly incapacitated, literally under sentence of death. Even in an epidemic year, poliomyelitis will kill perhaps 1,500 and maim as many more—less than a hundredth the toll of cancer.

But the fight is going on; and the standardized mice from Bar Harbor constitute the crack regiment of the shock troops in the battle to learn from life how to cheat death of one of its ghastliest weapons.



"Come, come, madam. You'll have to make up your mind. . . . We're behind schedule now"

JAY IRVING

Venezuela Holds the Safety Key

Continued from page 19

social tendency nowadays to drift toward dictatorship, Venezuela alone, among important nations that have been once caught in totalitarianism, bravely struggles on the opposite path—back from bloody Gomez toward free choice.

3. Because of her government's percentage in the rich oil production, Venezuela is that blessed country, that Utopia of which you groaningly dream over your checkbook at least once a year—it has no national debt, no annual deficits, a stuffed treasury, no taxes on the common folk. Yet its people seem the saddest you meet in South America; the poverty of the great majority of them is hideous enough but made even more poignant because it is side by side with lush wealth, and, finally, more beggars, poor wretches, will claw belligerently at you on the streets of Caracas than in any other city north or south of the equator.

4. Venezuela has peace and official prosperity. The former under the velvet hand of Lopez Contreras. The latter is proved by government bookkeeping, and a phenomenon it is in this day of bankrupt and shoestring nations. Yet, a piece in *L'Esfera*, a Caracas daily newspaper, admits that "the majority of our countrymen live with their minds occupied solely by the problem of existing from day to day."

5. Money is plentiful in Venezuela. The national treasury has more gold than it can honestly spend. Yet the cost of living is three or four times as high as in New York. For example, an ordinary restaurant meal that would cost you one dollar in the States costs you 16 bolivars, or about \$4 down here.

Others could be added to the foregoing high features of the bewildering face that Venezuela thrusts into Pan-American relations and affairs. Those will furnish you a general pattern, however, for your visit.

Providentially in the circumstances, the United States is represented here by one of the ablest and most discerning of its diplomats in South America—Doctor Frank P. Corrigan, scientist and man of medicine from Cleveland turned ambassador. Corrigan has had long years in South America—Chile and Panama, notably—both in and out of government service. He is *simpatico*. He is a tough, realistic, plain-words Irishman with no protocol stuff and nonsense about him. When he puts on his derby and takes up his cane to pay a call upon the presidente or some other official, he speaks with them fluently in their own language—Spanish—and sacrifices no points to ambiguity.

Magic Hand

Venezuela was the first mainland of the New World that Columbus ever glimpsed—six years after Watling Island. The country's name means in Spanish "Little Venice," and was so dubbed by a later explorer, de Ojedo, when he saw native settlements on stilts at the water's edge. You know of Texas as our largest state. Venezuela is as large as Texas, plus the New England States and West Virginia. It is the northernmost country of South America, lies almost wholly inside the first ten degrees above the equator, confronts the Caribbean Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean—touches Colombia, Brazil and British Guiana and is bisected by one of the world's greatest and most navigable rivers, the Orinoco. Its southeastern jungles are those of Green Mansions; it has peaks with eternal snow mantles, forests that no white man has ever penetrated, all the most ven-

omous snakes and insects you ever heard of, incredibly fertile lowlands and grazing upland pastures and, besides gold and petroleum, nearly all the known precious and rare minerals, but in what extent geologists can only guess.

Quite a land! Yet only as many people live in the whole of it as in Osaka, Chicago or Shanghai. Lopez Contreras wants settlers, and the founding of colonies of Nordic as well as of European Latin immigrants is among his plans.

People are wealth, in the Contreras vision. People who can farm, or who have trained and skilled hands for the development of industries that can redeem Venezuela from sole dependence upon the one crop of oil. The presidente can easily imagine that fearful day which alarmists warn of when a slump in the world's petroleum market might shunt his country back overnight into the malaria and peonage and hopelessness of the preoil times.

For Venezuela is an "oil civilization." Petroleum comprises virtually one hundred per cent of her export trade with the outside world. Before the exploitation of her oil she was a roadless, scarcely known land, from which the usual news was of revolutions and killings and incredible graft, with every man's hand in the national till to a depth governed not at all by morals but entirely by opportunity.

The "Blessings" of Civilization

Without oil Venezuela would amount to nothing—unless one of her other now untouched resources was exploited. In a sense, Venezuela is cursed by her natural riches; she is one of those countries whose equatorial climate imposes lethargy on its people and whose fetid jungles present health risks. Follow the equator the world around and you find such lands. Perhaps they would be happier if left to their primitive society and economy. But they have what the hardy, energetic, aggressive men of moderate climes need for their industries and for their pursuit of wealth and power.

So, only a quarter of a century ago, the lean, tanned men of Oklahoma and Texas—men who have pitch instead of blood in their veins, divining rods for brains, magnetometers for eyes—reached Venezuela to verify the plenitude of her oil, which had been suspected from colonial times. At their backs rode the flood of American capital, together with some Dutch and British, that was to rehabilitate the oft-looted treasury of the country and give to some of her people, at least, a new standard of living.

The chief vice is that pastoral simplicity has been destroyed. The oil companies pay a comparatively high wage—a minimum of eight bolivars, about two dollars per day at current exchange, to unskilled field workers—to men who heretofore barely scratched a few pennies from the soil, but who raised enough to feed themselves, had no fuel problem and got along with one pair of pants for a lifetime. There was a grievously dangerous shift of population from agriculture to the oil camps. Men of employable age got jobs and hordes of relatives quit all else to live on them. Venezuelan economists insist the rate is sometimes as high as twenty—minors, incapacitated, aged and just lazy—workless people living on one working man. Divide the two dollars a day by twenty or ten or even five and it isn't so much. Again, the oil companies provide housing for their employees that is in such contrast to the hovels of those who

You'll like yeast this new way



HENRY: How come so much pep? Been eating yeast again?

SUE: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice, the quick, delicious way.



HENRY: I was a faithful yeast-eater once, like millions of other people, and I never felt better in my life! But I didn't like the taste.

SUE: It's easy to stay with it now. Yeast in tomato juice is wonderful. Gives it that oven-fresh bread flavor. Twice a day is my motto! And I know that's the best way to get all the benefits of yeast. That's how I get that on-top-of-the-world feeling!



HENRY: I guess they've proved that yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex. Maybe I ought to take it up again.

SUE: Best idea you ever had. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . and keep it up. And don't be surprised if you begin to feel like a million!



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



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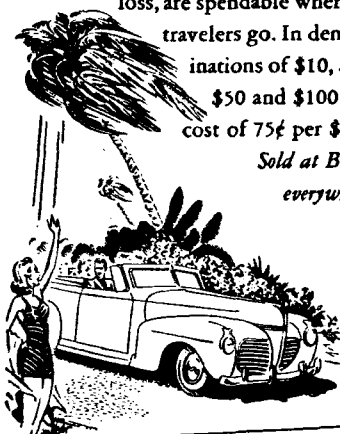
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**AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

1891—Fifty Years of Unbroken Service—1941

do not work for them, or do not possess relatives who work for them, that jealousy and discontent spread over the surrounding countryside.

All this, furthermore, makes it difficult for small local industries either to be established or developed, because they are unable to compete with oil wages and housing.

There is the other side. It is true the oil companies have taken profits from Venezuela. It is equally true they have given back generously, sometimes beyond requirements of the Venezuelan laws. It is finally true, and perhaps this is most important, that the oil companies realize the disturbance they have caused to the social and economic structure of the country, and within the last decade have inaugurated measures that have them striving hand in fist with the welfare and diversification aims of Lopez Contreras.

The exploitation of oil resources in a jungle country like Venezuela is a gamble beset with difficulties. It takes means and experience beyond those of the owners of the land. Single oil companies have spent as much as \$30,000,000 here before bringing a field to a profitable basis. Some have spent as much and got no more than a collection of dry holes for their pains.

Health and sanitation formed an expensive initial problem for oil companies in Venezuela, as they did for Gorgas at the Canal. Find a nest of derelicts in the green wilderness, and you'll find a modern hospital. You'll find schools, too. Primary schools, trade schools—because the oil companies know the children of their workers are the workers of tomorrow. The big American oil companies select bright youngsters for training as teachers in the University of Caracas, or as engineers or doctors of medicine at colleges in the United States. Moreover, they maintain vocational schools in which agricultural pursuits are taught to counteract the rush from the furrows to the drillings.

The Man Venezuela Can't Forget

All this makes you wonder at the austerity of the Venezuelan man in the street, which most visitors find so pronounced in contrast with the affability, good cheer and friendliness of other South Americans. Wonder, that is, until you remember Gomez!

Juan Vicente Garcia Chacon—or Gomez, as he called himself, after the good-natured Andean farmer who was not his real father, but his mother's paramour—you remember, was the ignorant bandit *mestizo* who rode down out of the mountains and fought his way to Castro's right hand, then, when Castro was absent from the country, declared himself boss and for nearly thirty years ruled like an ancient Oriental potentate, treated the whole of Venezuela as his private property, called himself "El Benemerito," the well-deserving, and shut the country away from the world in tyranny, death and horror. He died in 1935 at eighty, unmarried, but leaving more than a hundred children—and a populace who didn't believe it was possible he was gone.

From bloody despotism to freedom overnight can't be taken in stride. There are many humble Venezuelans who still believe there is a catch in it. They have had little to be happy about in their lifetimes; much reason to be suspicious, morbid, furtive. The very walls of their homes had ears until only yesterday. Always there were the threats of ankle irons, of dungeons into which men were flung never to be seen again. You wouldn't be so darn' cheerful or friendly, either, if you had lived thus for most of your days.

One problem Lopez Contreras' gov-

ernment hasn't yet solved is the high cost of living. A bulging treasury, a national one-crop economy and a failure to raise any of its living necessities make a bad combination. Forced to buy virtually every bite it eats, every stitch it wears and most other daily needs abroad, with no native handiwork or folk culture, Venezuela has to exalt and rigidly control its foreign exchange.

Lopez Contreras evidently sees a way toward salvation in continued good relations with the foreign oil companies, recognition of hemisphere and world value of Venezuela's greatest resource—but with a concurrent, determined, earnest campaign to get the droves who are now little better than parasites on the oil-company workers back to useful knowledge and production of the land. Expropriation is never in prospect down here; although give and take with respect to the labor and lease laws, minor bickerings with occasional heartburn on both sides, continues.

Lopez Contreras believes that if his country reaches a balanced economy, gets full values from its fertile topsoil as well as from its rich subsoil, it can eventually support a population ten times as large as its present one—and many times happier. So he turns the huge royalty profits, which the oil companies now annually pay his government, back into public works—into schools, irrigation and highways in the farming districts where the oil-camp benefits do not reach directly.

Most notable, he has cleansed all traces of Gomez, his former boss, from Venezuela; and thrown out all the *Gomecistas*. He has ended the petty graft for which Venezuelan officials, both at home and in the consular system abroad, were notorious. His term of office—sternly fixed by himself at five years for any presidente—is up in April. The cynical die-hards are waiting to see whether he will actually step down and permit a free selection of his successor. If he goes so completely against the grain, history and tradition of Venezuelan politics—it will be his greatest contribution to safety, order, decency and good faith in our hemisphere. And the lowliest and the highest among Venezuelans will believe at last in miracles—and be persuaded that perhaps democracy is here to stay.

From all this, you perceive that whatever happens in Venezuela—today, this spring, or in the years to come—will al-

ways be of vital importance to the defense and the preparedness of the United States and our sister lands of the Americas. At least, for as long as the age of mechanized war lasts in earth's history. Chiefly because the "two-ocean navy" and "the 50,000 planes" air corps, which have been set forth as our minimum program, can be more soundly and effectively realized with the co-operation and friendship of Venezuela.

It's More Than Courtesy

It is true that in the United States we have three fifths of the world's refineries, and that we now have to run these at only three-quarters capacity to maintain present domestic and export trade. But the servicing, training and routine operations in war or peace of the air armada we have visioned as necessary to our place in world power to make our hemisphere secure, plus the wild-mushroom growth of international air commerce—passenger, mail, express and freight—which aviation leaders hold inevitable after this war, will burn up incalculable quantities of high-octane gasoline. Already our major oil companies are erecting big new plants for its refining.

The United States Navy has been modernized from battleship to mine-sweeper. You'd as likely find a coal burner in a navy yard today as you would find at La Guardia Airport a buffalo robe of the sort your grandpa tucked around your grandma when they went sparkin' in a buggy. Add the hundreds of new vessels of all types for a "two-ocean navy"; then the tons of oil that will pass through naval boilers and Diesels become something for astronomers to figure. Lastly, the expansion, contemplated or actually under way, of the military establishments—air, naval and land—of most of the South American republics will add to the burden and responsibility upon this hemisphere's oil resource; tack dozens of numerals onto its total requirements of the life stream of war.

Sympathy, friendliness and a helping hand toward Venezuela in her struggle along the hard road back from the darkness of Gomez to the light of Contreras thus becomes more than a matter of common courtesy.

For Venezuela plainly is one of the major aces in the sleeve of Western security and power.



"Tell that native boy he shouldn't feel indebted to us just because we threw him a silver dollar!"

JEFF KEATE

Crossroads Champs

Continued from page 23

Desplaines, Illinois, they had an eventful evening throwing curves around six pillars on the floor of a ballroom. Once, in an old opr'y house at Port Washington, Wisconsin, Les Johnson was cutting for the basket. Red Dunn, the old Marquette and Green Bay football player, gave Johnson an adroit hip. Johnson flew through an open door behind the basket and bounced down two flights of stairs. He wasn't terribly hurt, not even when the referee refused to award him a foul shot.

The Globe Trotters have been one of the very few pro teams that have made money, and a lot of it, in recent years. Once a soft touch, pro basketball has degenerated into a nickel-and-dime, fly-by-night enterprise in the last ten years. The Original Celtics used to pay Nat Holman one thousand dollars for playing eight games a week and almost any humpty-dumpty could get \$50 for a night's work. Today, a youth with a glamorous college reputation is shot with luck if he makes fifty dollars a week.

A Good Game and a Good Show

Pro basketball rarely has clicked as a home-and-home league proposition. To make the thing worth while for promoter and players, it is necessary to go on extended tours of one-night stands in the sticks. Since guarantees are small—seldom more than \$150 a game—a team must play every night and twice on Sundays, from November through March. No more than one substitute can be carried, lest expenses eat up profits, if any. All of which means that a player jumps by jalopy through a 150-game schedule practically without relief, collecting large lumps every night and performing with miseries ranging from housemaid's knee to broken ribs. A barnstorming team cannot afford to lose often, but that murderous program quickly destroys the flower of American manhood and the ball club goes to pot. The proverbial pot of poverty.

"That's the general setup," Saperstein explains. "There are other headaches after you've got a nice schedule and a good team lined up. To make money in this business, you've got to give the cash customers one of two things: A good contest or a good show. A good contest is hard to get every night. There are plenty of pretty fair ballplayers in the sticks, but they can't stay with the classy pros. Crowds won't come out to see us lick these teams by scores like 60-20, as we can without trying.

"I won't let my team fake games and out-and-out clowning is no good. People don't like to see a farce; this isn't wrestling. The only answer is a blend of basketball and entertainment. I am the only one in the business who seems to realize this.

"We work it this way: At the start of the game the boys go out and give the crowd goggle-eyes with rapid-fire passing and shooting. After ten minutes of this we're so far ahead it's no longer a ball game. The crowd is getting restless, see, so we make a quick switch and go into the five-minute comedy routine I've worked out. We play good and hard in the second half again, then wind up with some more trick stuff. The customers love it.

"My idea has two advantages. It keeps the mob interested and it saves wear and tear on the players. They seldom work hard more than twenty minutes a game. We play the longest schedule in the country, but the boys never go stale."

Here is one of the Globe Trotters' acts: After a furious burst of passing the colored boys will set the ball down on the floor and simply walk away. The opposition is too stupefied by the wonders they have witnessed to pick up the ball. The other side does not come out of the ether until the Globe Trotters put the ball in play again.

Inman Jackson's favorite gag is bewildering an individual opponent so outrageously with pantomime passes that he can place the ball atop the man's head and make him believe it has vanished into thin air. Shooting craps and playing cards during a game is a simple stunt. Only two Globe Trotters are involved; the other three can hypnotize five opponents with the greatest of ease. Babe Pressley puts so much backspin on the ball that he can throw a bounce pass across the court to an enemy player—and make the ball return to him as if it were an educated boomerang.

The Globe Trotters are good at all games. If they are in a town owning a minor-league pennant, it is no trouble at all to whip up a baseball act in pantomime. A few years ago they made a barnstorming tour playing against a basketball team composed of Minnesota football stars of recent vintage. In the party were such glamor boys of the gridiron as Ed Widseth, Tuffy Thompson, Bud Swenson, George Roscoe, Jules Alfonso and Dick Seebach, the basketball captain. Emphasizing the football motif, the Globe Trotters pulled authentic lateral- and forward-pass plays all over the place. At Mankato, Minnesota, Bernie Price achieved the incredible stunt of standing at one end of the court and drop-kicking the big ball through the small basket seventy feet distant.

The Globe Trotters range in size from 6-foot, 1½-inch Sonny Boswell, the team midget, to Ted Strong, who is 214 pounds and 6 feet, 4 inches on the hoof. All the players have huge hands which enable them to manipulate a basketball as artfully as a prestidigitator palms coins. This, too, attracts the clients, especially in rural districts where farmers develop and are proud of their oversized mitts. Someone usually goes to the dressing room after a game played in farm country and demands that Strong measure hands with him, palm up against the wall. Strong never has been topped in a show of hands. A country cousin occasionally has a broader pair of hooks, but he never has encountered anyone with a longer hand.

Strictly No Rough Stuff

They play college rules almost exclusively, another—and the most important—Saperstein innovation. Under professional rules, basketball is a crashing (sic) bore, especially since the college game has been hopped up. A pro who attempts to score a goal under the basket lays his life on the line, for fouls are not awarded unless the victim is bleeding profusely. Many pros have been pounding the hardwood floor for a decade or more, and after all these years their dogs bark indignant protest when the ancient athletes try to match the furious, racehorse pace the college boys offer the public. The result, of course, is a dreary routine of mauling, wrestling and shoving, relieved occasionally by long shots from mid-court which, although spectacular, become pretty monotonous with repetition.

The Globe Trotters are not much older than the average college team. They can put on the squirrel-cage business the public wants and, above all, they

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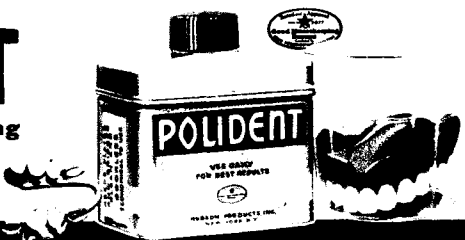
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play clean basketball. They had twenty-seven games with white college teams last year and they've been invited to play return engagements with every one this winter. Our caste system being what it is, authorities would be quick to resent the slightest suggestion of rough-house stuff pulled by the Negroes, and the customers probably would stage a lovely riot. The Globe Trotters never have been involved in an ugly incident and they've never lost to a college team.

A few years ago they played a double-header for the Minneapolis Milk Fund, meeting Augsburg College in the first game and, after a five-minute intermission, Hamline University in the second affair. The Globe Trotters used the same five men in winning both games and did not have a player put out for exceeding his quota of four personal fouls.

Since there are few Negroes in college basketball, the acquisition of fresh talent is a peculiar problem confronting Saperstein. One of his scouts, Fritz Pollard, the old Brown University All-America halfback, prowls through the East looking for likely colored candidates; DeHart Hubbard, former Olympic broad-jump champion, recommends players from Ohio and the vicinity, and Leon Wheeler protects Saperstein's interests in the Detroit district. A rookie Globe Trotter gets a minimum of \$150 a month, plus expenses, and the salaries are scaled to the \$300 a month received by Inman Jackson, the star stunt man. Saperstein says his basketball players make more money than any other Negro athletes with the exception of the better boxers.

He should know. A small, volatile party out of Whitechapel, London, Saperstein migrated to Chicago in 1906 when he was four years old and presently became celebrated as the Mike Jacobs of Negro sport. He is the Judge Landis without portfolio of the Negro American Baseball League, a thriving organization in the Middle West which drew 40,000 admissions at Comiskey Park two years ago for an East-West game.

Anything for a Buck

Saperstein has imported ball teams from Puerto Rico, Cuba and the British West Indies. Among other things, he owns the Hong Wah-Kues, an all-Chinese basketball team from San Francisco, and the Brown Bombers, the best Negro professional football team. He also handles Joe Law, a promising featherweight, and Sir Oliver Bibbs, who gives out with the music which makes swing addicts tear down buildings.

Saperstein can smell a good attraction and an honest dollar halfway across the continent. On July 4, 1938, he put a colored charity over the top by matching Joe Louis against Jesse Owens, winner of three Olympic championships at Berlin, in a fifty-yard dash. Louis won the race—running backward while Owens hopped along on his hands and knees. Saperstein even made money with such a dreadfully dreary event as foul-shooting. He promoted Bunny Leavitt, the world free-throw champion who stood on the foul line for seven and a half hours and made 871 free throws at a national Y.M.C.A. sports carnival in Chicago on April 9, 1936. Leavitt caged 372 throws in succession, missed one, then put 499 consecutive shots through the hoop for the official record.

But Saperstein always has been a basketball bug and the Globe Trotters are his particular pride and joy.

"Not because they've made me money, you understand," he adds hastily. "The team is my baby because it's helping to disprove a lie everybody believes about a persecuted race. I come

from a persecuted people myself. I know what it means.

"Negro athletes are supposed to be strictly front runners. You know, great when they're ahead but inclined to fold up when the white boys put the pressure on them. In other words, they haven't guts. The Globe Trotters have done as much as Joe Louis to show that idea is cockeyed.

"Last year in the semifinal game at Chicago the Syracuse Reds had us down 8-0 and we didn't score a field goal for seventeen minutes. But my boys won the game, 34-24. The next night in the championship game everybody thought the Globe Trotters were through when the Bruins led by eight points with five minutes to play. If they were going to quit like dogs, that was the time. But they won the title.

"Colored boys are a little hard to handle sometimes. Prima donnas. As a matter of fact, we should've been defending the world championship last year instead of winning it for the first time. Just before our semifinal game in the 1939 tournament with the Renaissance Big Five, another colored team

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 25



Jeff Keate's first "art" job was illustrating slickers and sweat shirts for his high-school classmates at two dollars per decoration. Born in Vancouver twenty-seven years ago he went to college in Michigan and art school in Chicago, where, as a recent bridegroom, he now lives. Hobbies include swing music, golf, swimming and turning out cartoon ideas like the one on page 48.

from New York, some of the players began to pop off because they were getting a few dollars more a week than the others.

The team was shot with dissension. It was a question of giving in to the swellheads and maybe winning the title or getting rid of the troublemakers and kissing our chances goodbye. I fired the three best men, imported three kids from Detroit and lost by two points to the Rens, who won the tournament.

"On the whole, colored boys are just as loyal and courageous as white players. Basketball ain't seen nothing yet. Wait until my Globe Trotters have been playing together for a couple of years. They're still kids. With the exception of Jackson, none of them is more than twenty-four."

Will it be the greatest team basketball has ever seen?

"Say, those Celtics were a helluva ball club. Confidentially, I've owned five or six teams better than my present gang. The kids I have now still are a little green. After all, they lost three games last year!"

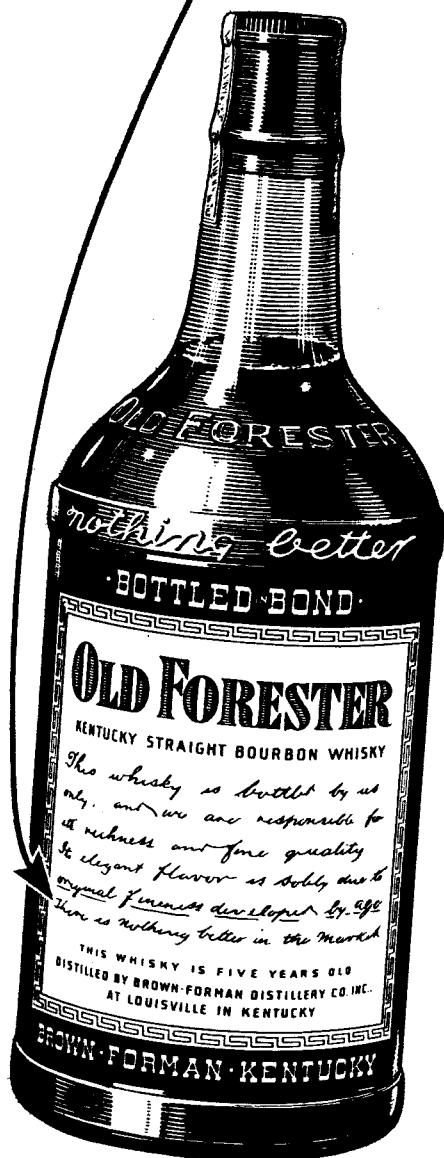
Schoolboy Walker

Continued from page 20

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feet ten and had his dad's hair and eyes. His shoulders were sloped and he didn't have any waistline at all. I imagine Barney looked a lot like that when he was a kid.

When I got in the ring with Tommy and Nylen, Nylen was sore. "I'm payin' this kid by the round," he said. "Get out of here until I'm finished with him."

"This is Barney Walker's kid and nobody's payin' him." I was getting sore too. "I want him to change his stance. Listen." I turned to Tommy. "Stand up straight. You aren't built right to fight in a crouch. Stand up straight and leave your left foot flat. That's it. Now bend your right knee and lift your right heel off the mat. Now put out your left hand in a natural position and cock your right mitt over your heart," I says. I guess I've given that speech to at least five hundred kids.

They worked one more round and Nylen didn't knock Tommy down any more. Tommy didn't do much better, but he looked more like a pug. Wednesday night Barney called up from the city. He wanted to talk to the kid so I left the room.

I went for a walk down the dirt road that ran from our cabin over to the lodge. I was gone about an hour. When I came back into the cabin the kid was reading a storybook. When I sat down in front of the fire, he put down the book.

"How long have you been in the fight business?" he asks.

"Oh, about all my life," I says.

"What's the most fun you experienced during your days as a boxer?" Tommy asked. He was sitting crossways in a big overstuffed chair with his feet up in the air. He wore sporty-looking shoes like you see in the movies.

"The most fun I got out of the ring was traveling. I fought in Australia, London, South Africa, down in Rio and all over the world. I never got to Ireland."

"That must be great fun." Tommy was looking at the ceiling. He smiled. "Maybe you'll get to travel again, Pop, if I get going good."

I coughed and sat up. "It's about bedtime, isn't it?" I stood up and walked across to the radio. Just before I turned it on I said, "What do you want to be a fighter for, anyway?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, your old man has plenty of dough. He can buy you anything you want."

Tommy put his feet down on the floor and looked at me inquisitively. "Father didn't hire you to say that, did he?"

Right away I seen the kid was smarter than the old man and me too, both put together. "No, he wants you to be a fighter, doesn't he?"

The kid didn't answer, but picked up his book, like he was sore, and started to read again.

NYLEN wanted the kid to box with him the next day, but I wouldn't let him. "He's not ready for you, Nylen, but some day he'll take you," I said, smiling. I didn't want Jack to get mad. I didn't want him to mess the kid up either.

I made Tommy work on the big bag all afternoon. I taught him how to jab with his left. You can punch hard that way by shoving off your right toe with every poke. It gives your jab a snap and the kid caught on right away. I put the gloves on with him for a couple rounds just before he took his shower

and he was beginning to get real graceful-like in his movements.

That night the kid was real talkative. He got me started again and before I knew it we were both sitting on the floor, in front of the fire, shooting the bull.

"Did you ever know Dempsey?" he asked.

"I've watched him work lots," I said. "He did everything perfect. He could jab with his left and had a right cross that could poke a hole in a battleship. There was only one thing wrong with the Manassa Mauler. He was a killer. When he was working out he'd slug you or me or anybody just to see 'em fall."

"Like Nylen?" he asked.

"Yah, just like Nylen."

IN THE morning we ran four miles. Tommy could have run four more, I believe. He sure had the wind. That afternoon he worked with one of Nylen's sparring partners and jabbed pretty good.

He ought to have a right hand, too, I thought, before he climbs in there with the Sailor. Of course, he didn't know he was going to fight Sailor Adams. He thought he was fighting a guy named Joe Broze. I put him on the big bag again.

"After you get in your jab," I said, "you may have Broze off balance. If you do, swing your right like this." The first right-hand punch I teach is throwing the right fist on an arc with the elbow locked. I taught him how to drop his right shoulder and swing his arm through. Before we were through, Tommy was almost tearing the bag off the wall.

That night we walked down to the picture show. After the show we went over to the drugstore and got a soda. We were sitting at the counter when the kid saw a placard on the cigar counter. It was one of Mike's signs from the stadium. First fight listed was the curtain raiser. "Professional Debut," it said over Tommy's name, and underneath it was "Former intercollegiate champion versus Joe Broze, another newcomer." Another newcomer! That was a big laugh to me.

We walked over to the lodge. Tommy was in good spirits and wanted to talk. "When I'm champion we'll go on a tour of the world," he says. "We'll fight in England, Australia and even Ireland, maybe, if they got anybody good enough."

There was a piano in the lounge room. Three old ladies were in the lounge, but nobody else. Tommy sat down at the piano and played it real soft so as not to disturb anybody. Gosh almighty, he was good on that thing! He played real pretty music, stuff I hadn't heard before, but it sure was pretty. I began to think his dad was right. The kid had too much education to waste it being a beak-buster.

On the way home I said, "What does your mom think about your being a fighter?"

"She doesn't say much. I don't think she'd mind. She never interfered with Dad's affairs. He's done a lot worse than—" He stopped. It was the first time either of us had referred to his old man's business.

"You sure can play the piano," I said. "Why don't you do that instead of fighting? You'll get your fingers so jammed up you won't be able to tickle those keys."

He never answered. He just kept quiet and didn't say another word to me that night.

The next day I let him work two short

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**FOR BETTER SIGHT
USE BETTER LIGHT**



**Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS**

rounds with Nylen and it made him talkative again. He got over being sore and gave Nylen a nice workout. He didn't hit Jack once, but he pushed him and made him step away.

We were listening to a radio program the next night and he spoke right in the middle of it as if he hadn't been paying any attention to a thing that was going on. "What's the difference between a right hook and a right cross?"

The most interesting thing in the world to me for bull sessions is to talk about the fine points of the prize ring, what sports writers call technicalities. I forgot all about my promises to Barney and started right in talking:

"A right hook is delivered inside the opponent's left arm. A cross comes over it or under it, either way." I stood up. Tommy jumped up in front of me and turned off the radio. He was a good-looking kid standing there in his pajamas and a pair of sheepskin slippers. As he stood there listening to me and providing a target with his chin and arms for my slow-motion examples of hooks and crosses, I thought a thousand times, "I wish he was my kid."

A FEW days later, when he was boxing with a fighter in Nylen's camp, I knew I'd better quit teaching. He was beginning to savvy and knocked the guy down once.

That night I got a long-distance call from Barney. "What's the matter, Pop, ain't I paying you enough?"

"Sure," I said, "why?"

"Well then, why are you betting?"

"I'm not," I said.

"Well, somebody is playing smart guy," Barney was excited again. I hate to talk to him when he's excited like that. "There's a ten-thousand-dollar bet posted at the Tavern for ten-to-one odds that Broze beats Tommy."

"Well, it ain't me, Barney," I said.

He hung up and was plenty sore, I could tell. The telephone was in the front room. Tommy was sitting there and wanted to know what it was all about. "Nothing," I said, "your dad was talking to me about some other business we've got."

Tommy didn't answer, but got up and walked outside. I went to the door and he was going down the road toward the lodge. In a few minutes I called the desk at the lodge and asked them if Tommy was there. They said he was playing the piano.

The next day he was listless. We ran about two miles and stopped in the shade to shadowbox. He danced in the road and punched at the air for four rounds. He didn't say much at dinner. In the late afternoon we went over to Nylen's. A rainstorm blew up and the boys had to work inside.

Nylen asked Tommy to work with him and Tommy asked me if it would be okay. They stepped two rounds at a fast clip and both broke a good sweat. They were working with head guards on and Nylen was wearing heavy wraps. Tommy was down to a hundred and forty-five already so I let him go in a pair of trunks. After two rounds Nylen asked Tommy to go two more. Tommy came over and asked me. I was glad he was listening to me now and not trying to run his own training program.

"Okay for two more," I said, "but take it easy with him, Jack."

Jack didn't pay any attention to me. He already had his mind made up to slug Tommy, and did, in the next round. He caught the kid off balance and let him have it with a Sunday. Tommy dropped like a sack of wheat. He lay there all crumpled up and I started to climb in the ring. "You dirty bum!" I hollered. "I said take it easy, didn't I? What do you think this is?"

Jack walked up like he was going to put the slug on me too. Tommy got up

and was standing beside me before I knew it.

"It's okay, Pop," Tommy said, "that guy couldn't hurt a fly. He just thinks he's tough."

I turned to Tommy, amazed. I'm sure my mouth was open a foot.

"Let's go again," says Tommy. "Let me have just one good poke at his face. That's all I ask."

"You mean you like being knocked on your ear?" I asked.

"I love it. Let's go another round."

I put Tommy's dressing gown on and took him down into the showers. After he dried off I put him on the table and rubbed him down. Pretty soon Nylen came in and walked over to me.

"You popped off kinda rough," he says to me. "Maybe you was excited and didn't mean it?"

"I don't like for you to slug the kid," I says. "He's green yet; he's just starting."

"Maybe you'll take back that name you called me?" Nylen was a light-heavy and was bigger than me. He was sticking his face close to mine. I could see the little beads of sweat all over his face.

"He don't have to," Tommy was standing up beside Nylen. Nylen turned and faced him. Tommy stuck his chin up into Nylen's face. "He don't have to take back anything, Nylen."

"Who said?"

"I did. I'll fight you for nothing right here with no gloves. You took a pot shot at me and Pop here got sore. That's okay if he did, see. If you want to get tough, get tough with me."

I knew Tommy meant what he said. He was willing to fight Nylen right there and settle the whole thing. Well, you can't have a two-thousand-dollar main-eventer getting in a fist fight in the shower room with a forty-dollar prelim boy. That just ain't done. So we all put in our nickel's worth and talked Tommy and Jack into getting dressed.

In the evening Tommy was sitting in front of the window. Two skirts were playing catch in front of the next cabin. I learned later they were schoolteachers from Arizona. Tommy kept giving them the once over and finally started for the door.

I stopped him. "Listen, kid," I said. "There's one thing that don't mix with training. It's okay to play catch with girls, but don't get inquisitive about what they'd be like. Wait till Friday night."

"Okay, Pop," Tommy laughed in that big Irish laugh he got from his dad. "You're the boss. I just want to kid them along a while." He walked out the door. In a few minutes he was in the ball game. I got to thinking about that dancer I followed from San Francisco to New York in 1915.

Tommy played catch with the girls for a long time. Then they all went over and sat in the swing on the skirts' porch.

I looked up the telephone number of the Tavern. After putting in a long-distance call to Hollywood, I learned the bet of ten thousand dollars against a thousand on Broze had been posted by a Mr. John Adams of New York. That was the Sailor's name. He was betting on himself. Sailor wasn't satisfied with the thousand that Barney was going to pay him for kayoing the kid, but he wanted another thousand on the side.

WE GOT up early Friday morning and packed the car. We had driven up in Tommy's streamlined roadster.

We got into town about 9 A. M. and drove right over to the stadium. Tommy's dad was waiting for us in Mike's office. Tommy walked up and shook hands with Barney and Pete Morgan. Pete is Barney's shadow.

He's an old fighter that sunk his wad in a gambling joint and lost it all. He's been Barney's shadow for about six years. That makes it easy for Barney, see. He don't have to carry a gun. It would be embarrassing to Barney if he should get up to address his civic club some time and drop a .45 on the floor.

Sailor got there in a few minutes. Nylen was late but all the other fighters on the card were in the front office. Mike and Barney were calling Sailor, "Mr. Broze." It was "Mr. Broze" this and "Mr. Broze" that. When Mr. Broze got on the scales, Tommy got a gander at his profile and just kept staring at him like he'd seen him someplace before. He got a funny look on his face and just kept staring. I nudged his dad. "Better get him out of here," Barney whispered. "Come on, Tommy, let's get dressed and get something to eat."

"I'm going home to eat," Tommy said. "I'll see you tonight." He went out and got in his car and drove away.

"How is he doing?" his dad asked. "Tommy isn't sure himself whether he wants to be a fighter," I said. "Sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't. He'll get real interested-like for a while. Then again he'll grow listless. When he gets moody he always plays the piano."

"He'll forget all about the ring after tonight. Say, Pop, somebody covered that bet at the Tavern. They wouldn't tell me who it was, though. Said it was against the guy's wishes to tell his name, see. Try to find out who it is, see."

I caught a cab and went over to the Tavern. The manager at the Tavern and I were good friends long before I ever heard of the Walkers. It was good to see him again. We played pool and drank beer all afternoon. I was sure glad to be back in town. The smoky air always smells good after you been out in the hills.

I WAS in the dressing room that night when Tommy got there. He came in wearing a blue sports suit and a new pair of light shoes. "Pretty spiffy," I said.

"How do you like the new suit, Pop?" He was in good spirits and over his grouch. When he stripped and stretched out on the table, I rubbed oil into his ears and face.

I said, "Remember—don't get excited. Don't get mad. Just go to work and get the job done."

"I'm already mad." "At who?" "My Dad." "Why mad at your dad?"

"For sending me out there with Sailor Adams."

"Who said Sailor Adams?" "I know Sailor Adams when I see him. Don't I read every fight magazine that's printed?"

The call boy stuck his head in the door. "Ready for the curtain raiser, Schoolboy Walker."

Walker looked at him and grinned. He got up and danced toward the door. As he reached to open the door, I held it closed with my foot.

"Listen," I said, "before you go out there, I want you to know I ain't had no part in this. I think you're a good kid and I don't see why your old man won't let you do what you want."

"He was a fighter himself once," Tommy says. "He broke his hands and had to quit."

"Yah," I says, "he broke his hands." He didn't say anything.

"Don't get sore at me no more," I says, "but why the heck do you want to fight?"

"Just something about it," he says. "I like the smell of leather when it's wet. I like the feel of canvas under my feet. I like the roar of the crowd. I like to hit a man and watch him fall to the floor."

"Well, you sure picked a tough guy to start with. You're liable to find out what it looks like from the floor up."

I OPENED the door and we started for the aisle. A few bystanders in the aisle entrance looked around at the kid. I knew he was going to get that handsome face busted in a few minutes, and I wished there was some way to get him out of it. But there wasn't anything I could do.

The crowd was still coming in the stadium when we walked down the aisle. As we reached the ring, the band started to play. It sent little goose pimples all over me. I saw Barney in the third row. Pete was sitting beside him, with his hand in his coat pocket. I jumped into the ring and parted the ropes with my foot and hands. Nobody cheered when Tommy crawled through the ropes.

"It won't be like this forever," Tommy said. "We'll be fighting mains pretty quick."

Sailor came over and looked at Tommy's wraps. He leaned over the ropes and waved to Tommy's dad. Sailor had on a big sweater that made him look tough. When he waved to Barney, Tommy said, "Know the old man, eh, Sailor?"

Sailor looked over his shoulder at

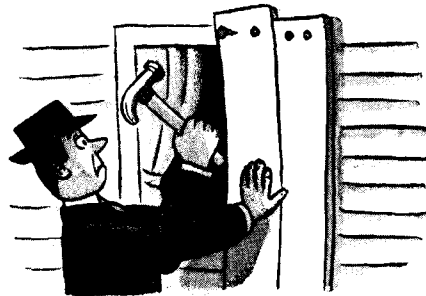
I am now stuck with a cave!



I USED TO LIVE in a house like everybody else.

It was a nice house with rugs on the floor and chairs to sit in—and my friends liked it so well they used to come around for a drink every night.

They told all their friends, too. Pretty soon I was entertaining like a Maharajah. And since I didn't know about M & M, I'd just sit there, and then be haunted by dollar signs all night.



I finally decided to go into hiding, and a rental agent found me this cave. He said it was the best cave in the county, so I boarded up my house and paid a year's rent in advance.

Now I am sorry. A couple months after I moved in, the man in the cave next door told me about M & M whiskey. He said it was far less expensive than the whiskey I had been using, but that he'd bet his shirt it tasted better.



I tried it. It tasted better all right. A lot better. In fact, it's a wonderful whiskey. And it costs so little that I can afford to serve it to all my friends.

I would like to, very much. But my friends will not come to visit me in my cave. They say it gives them rheumatism.

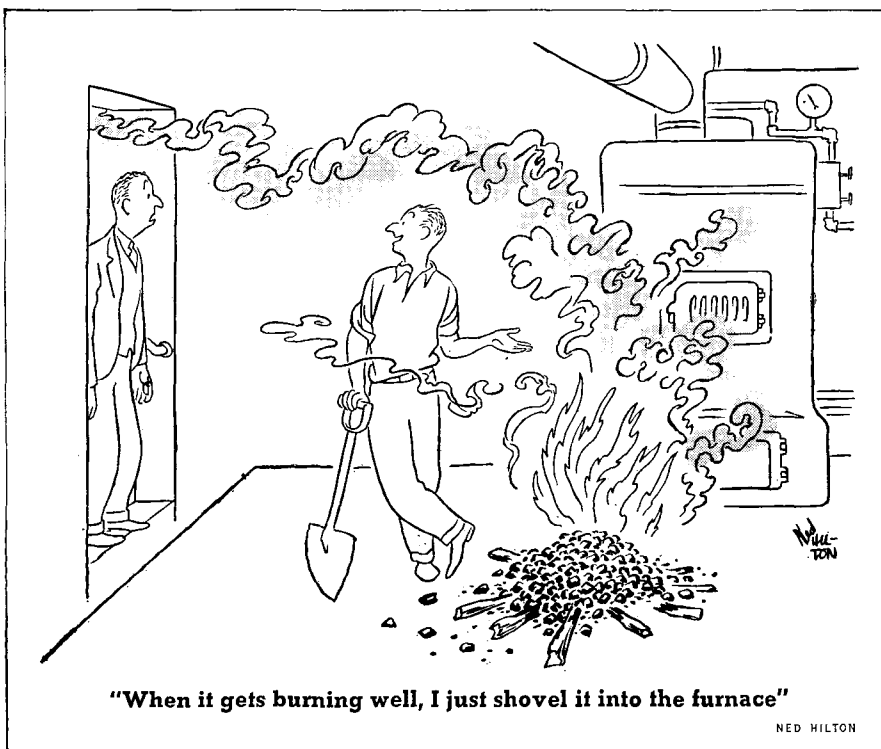
So I am planning to move back to my house in April and serve M & M to my friends. I am trying hard to rent my cave. Any bidders?

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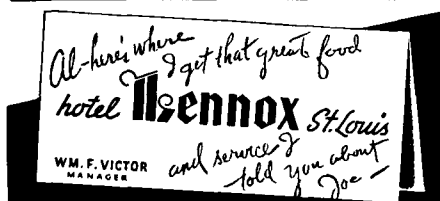
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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Tommy. "You're pretty smart for a schoolboy."

"My teacher thinks so."

In the center of the ring they took short instructions from the referee. Then they were back in their corners. I was as nervous as a cat. Tommy crossed himself when I pulled off his robe. Somebody cut the house lights. I kicked Tommy's stool out of his corner. The bell rang.

Tommy came out slowly and Sailor met him with a rush. He hit Tommy on the side of the head and knocked him flatter than a pancake, right off the bat. Tommy got up at three and I was hollering at him to take nine. Tommy's old man was smiling.

Tommy made Sailor miss his next few heavy shots. Then Tommy sneaked over a smoking right that landed on Adams' cheek. Sailor cursed and charged in. Tommy met him with a jab and drew blood from Adams' nose. Sailor roared and charged again. Tommy jabbed him away. Tommy was beginning to box smoothly. He moved in and out with Sailor's rushes and made him miss. The bell rang with them in mid-ring, Sailor on the offensive and Tommy jabbing.

I knew if he could keep jabbing Sailor off he might last the limit. What I was afraid of was that Tommy would lose his head and slug with Sailor. His dad ran up to the ring. "Get in there and slug with him, Tommy," he said.

"Go to hell," Tommy said. He wouldn't look at his dad.

WHEN the second round started I went back to where Barney was sitting. "He knows it's Sailor Adams," I said. "He recognized his puss by his pictures."

His dad shook his head, but didn't answer.

Tommy kept up the jabbing in the second round. He was pecking away with his left and moving in and out with the Sailor's rushes. He had the Sailor bleeding in the eyes and nose with that cat's-paw left. If I could just have him for a year, I thought. Just one year with that kid and I'd make him champion. He didn't know how to roll and spar. He didn't know how to work a man off balance and let him have it. He didn't have a chance tonight with the Sailor. But what if he didn't? The Sailor was a main-eventer from Madison Square Garden.

Tommy got careless about midway in the second round and Adams caught him right on the kisser. Down he went, but he bounced up without taking a count. He clinched with Adams and laughed in his face. "Getting old, aren't you, Sailor?" I heard him say in the clinch. Boy, how that kid could take it!

Between rounds I told him to start using the right. "You lost both rounds by those knockdowns," I said. "Are you pooped?"

"I'm not pooped. I don't even need the towel."

"Try out that right, Tommy. You can't win with it in your pocket."

Tommy moved out slowly for the start of the third. He was rolling his shoulders and watching Sailor's chin. Then Sailor foolishly led with his right and missed. His glove slid clear on by Tommy's back and Tommy caught him coming in. He sunk his right glove clear to the elbow in Sailor's ribs. Adams' knees buckled and he fell face forward. Tommy was jumping up and down and pulling on the ropes. "Settle down, you little fool!" I hollered. "Settle down and wait for him to get up."

Sailor was up at nine and Tommy rushed him like a crazy man. He butted Sailor with his head and kneed him twice before he got his right hand in again. He was so excited he half shoved the Sailor down. I saw Adams was working for a rest to clear his head.

Tommy was jumping up and down again. He'd lost his head completely. He'd have to learn how to finish a man if he was going to be a fighter. "Calm down! Calm down!" I kept hollering.

Sailor took nine and got up. Then Tommy was all over him again, rights and lefts on top Sailor's head, and his shoulders, on the arms, hips. Tommy was punching with the fury of an ocean gale and not putting a thing on any one punch. Around and around the ring they went, Sailor covering up and Tommy throwing punches. The crowd was standing up in the aisles and on the chairs. I was afraid to look at Barney. Ey the time the bell rang, Sailor got the bugs out of his head and was okay again.

"That's your round all right," I hollered—the crowd was making so much noise I had to. "Take your time. Don't waste so many punches. When you get a man groggy, all you have to do is get set and throw that right."

Tommy walked out flat-footed for the fourth round. Sailor charged. Tommy backed up. Sailor charged again. Tommy backed up. What he was trying to do, I didn't know. Then Sailor charged and threw a looping overhand right. Tommy started his right from the shoulder, inside Sailor's blow. Tommy's glove landed first, flush on the chin, and Sailor's arms dropped to his side. His eyes were glassy. He was standing with his back to the referee. I knew Sailor was out on his feet. Then Tommy let him have it. It was like hitting a man who is already knocked out. His head hit the floor with a thud. He lay on his side with his eyes closed. I was afraid for a minute he might be dead. They took the Sailor from the ring on a stretcher.

Tommy was so fagged out he needed one too. I had quite a time getting him through the crowd to the dressing room. His dad was waiting for us. He was sitting on the table with Pete beside him. Pete had his hand in his pocket. Barney was scowling at me and I could see he was sore.

"Please get off there and let Tommy rest," I said.

"Who are you to be telling me what to do? You're fired."

"The heck I am," I said. "I contracted to take care of your boy, that's all. I didn't contract to throw a fight. I said I'd take care of him, that's all."

Barney and Pete got up. Tommy stretched out on the table. He was still dazed and not thinking very fast. I washed the blood off his face with a wet towel. I cut the strings and pulled off his soggy gloves. His wraps were soaked with water. His hands were still solid

as iron. I told him to get up and take a warm shower.

When he went in the shower room the old man said, "I'll take him over now. You're through. Understand, Pop? I don't want a trainer around that I can't trust."

"I don't want to fight for a manager that I can't trust, either, and besides, we haven't any contract between us." It was the kid's voice. He was standing in the door of the shower room. "I knew that was Sailor Adams when I went in there. I recognized him this morning. You hired him to take me, didn't you? Well, what do you think of your ringer now, after I licked him?"

"Son, if you still want to be a fighter, I'm through with you." Barney wasn't being fatherly. He was sore and was going to have his own way. "If you want to quit school and follow the fight racket, you can go to hell. You'll go there on your own money, too. You'll never get another dime from me."

"I don't want your tainted money." Tommy was just as sore as his dad was. He reached for his shirt and tore it putting it on. He jerked the shirt off and tore it into rags. Then he threw it on the floor. When he finished dressing, he put his coat on over a sweat shirt. His dad and Pete stood around. The old man's lip was hanging out so's you could hang your hat on it. After a while he walked out and Pete followed him.

"Well, we're on our own," Tommy said, looking at me.

"You better go tell your dad you're sorry, Tommy."

"Oh, he'll get over it. We've been fighting and fussing at each other ever since I wore diapers. I would like to go it alone for a while, just to show him you and I could do it."

HE WALKED over to his bag and closed it. I sat down on the table. I didn't say anything. Tommy walked over to the window and finally said, "Well, what's the matter with your tongue? Do you want to be partners with me or not?" He was smiling when he said it. Then all of a sudden he frowned. "Say, Pop, we're broke. Have we got any money coming for tonight's fight?"

"Well," I said, "there's forty dollars that Mike pays for curtain raisers. Then there's some more waiting for us at the Tavern."

"How much?"

"Well, I didn't know what you meant a while ago when you called the kind of dough your dad makes 'tainted.' This money used to belong to Sailor Adams. It doesn't smell exactly like lilies of the valley, but it's ten thousand dollars."



DANIEL ALAIN

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 22

"It is a little like your puzzle, Madame," Poirot said. "One assembles the pieces. It is like a mosaic—many colors and patterns—and every strange-shaped little piece must be fitted into its own place."

"Now isn't that interesting? Why, I'm sure you explain it just too beautifully."

Poirot went on: "And sometimes it is like that piece of your puzzle just now. One arranges very methodically the pieces of the puzzle—one sorts the colors—and then perhaps a piece of one color that should fit in with—say, the fur rug—fits in instead in a black cat's tail."

"Why, if that doesn't sound too fascinating! And are there a great many pieces, M. Poirot?"

"Yes, Madame. Almost everyone here in this hotel has given me a piece for my puzzle. You among them."

"Me?" Mrs. Gardener's tone was shrill.

"Yes, a remark of yours, Madame, was exceedingly helpful. I might say it was illuminating."

"Well, if that isn't too lovely! Can't you tell me some more, M. Poirot?"

"Ah! Madame, I reserve the explanations for the last chapter."

Mrs. Gardener murmured, "If that isn't just too bad!"

HERCULE POIROT tapped gently on the door of Captain Marshall's room. Inside there was the sound of a typewriter. A curt "Come in!" came from the room and Poirot entered.

Captain Marshall's back was turned to him. He was sitting typing at the table between the windows. He did not turn his head but his eyes met Poirot's in the mirror that hung on the wall directly in front of him.

"Well, M. Poirot," he said irritably, "what is it?"

"A thousand apologies for intruding," Poirot said quickly. "You are busy?"

Marshall said shortly, "I am rather." Poirot said, "It is one little question that I would like to ask you."

"I'm sick of answering questions," Marshall said. "I've answered the police questions. I don't feel called upon to answer yours."

Poirot said, "Mine is a very simple one. Only this: On the morning of your wife's death, did you have a bath after you finished typing and before you went out to play tennis?"

"A bath? No, of course I didn't! I'd had a bath only an hour earlier!"

"Thank you," Poirot said. "That is all."

"But look here—Oh—" the other paused irresolutely.

Poirot withdrew, gently closing the door.

Marshall said, "The fellow's crazy!"

"SO IT'S my turn, is it?" Rosamund Darnley said.

"Pardon?"

She laughed. "The other day the chief constable held his inquisition. You sat by. Today, I think, you are conducting your own unofficial inquiry."

Hercule Poirot sat down beside her. They were on Sunny Ledge. Below them the sea showed a deep, glowing green. Farther out it was a pale, dazzling blue.

"You are very intelligent, Mademoiselle," Poirot said. "I have thought so ever since I arrived here. It would be a pleasure to discuss this business with you."

Rosamund Darnley said softly, "You want to know what I think about the whole thing?"

"It would be most interesting."

"I think it's really very simple. The clue is in the woman's past."

"The past? Not the present?"

"Oh! not necessarily the very remote past. I look at it like this: Arlena Marshall was attractive, fatally attractive, to men. It's possible, I think, that she also tired of them rather quickly. Among her—followers, shall we say—was one who resented that. Oh, don't misunderstand me, it won't be someone who sticks out a mile. Probably some tepid little man, vain and sensitive—the kind of man who broods. I think he followed her down here, waited his opportunity and killed her."

"You mean that he was an outsider, that he came from the mainland?"

"Yes. He probably hid in that cave until he got his chance."

Poirot shook his head. He said, "Would she go there to meet such a man as you described? No, she would laugh and not go."

Rosamund said, "She mayn't have known she was going to meet him. He may have sent her a message in some other person's name."

"That is possible," Poirot murmured. Then he said, "But you forget one thing, Mademoiselle: A man bent on murder could not risk coming in broad daylight across the causeway and past the hotel. Someone might have seen him."

"They might have—but I don't think that it's certain. I think it's quite possible that he could have come without anyone noticing him at all."

"It would be possible, yes, that I grant you. But the point is that he could not count on that possibility."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Rosamund said. "The weather."

"The weather?"

"Yes. The day of the murder was a glorious day but the day before, remember, there was rain and thick mist. Anyone could come onto the island then without being seen. He had only to go down to the beach and spend the night in the cave. That mist, M. Poirot, is important."

POIROT looked at her thoughtfully for a minute or two. He said, "You know, there is a good deal in what you have just said."

Rosamund flushed. "That's my theory, for what it is worth," she said. "Now tell me yours."

"Ah," said Hercule Poirot. He stared down at the sea.

"Eh bien, Mademoiselle. I am a very simple person. I always incline to the belief that the most likely person committed the crime. At the very beginning it seemed to me that one person was very clearly indicated."

Rosamund's voice hardened a little. "Go on," she said.

Hercule Poirot went on: "But you see, there is what you call a snag in the way! It seems that it was impossible for that person to have committed the crime."

He heard the quick expulsion of her breath. She said rather breathlessly, "Well?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what do we do about it? That is my problem." He paused, then went on: "May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

She faced him, alert and vigilant. But the question that came was an unexpected one: "When you came in to change for tennis that morning, did you have a bath?"

Rosamund stared at him. "A bath? What do you mean?"

"That is what I mean. A bath! The

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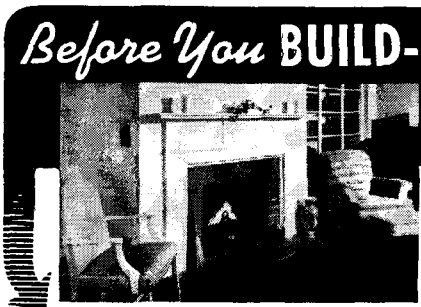
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A FINE position, a beautiful home, motor cars, travel—sweet are the fruits of success. But how can I get them?—you eagerly ask. By attaining, day by day, the knowledge that will unleash the latent power within you and bring you success.

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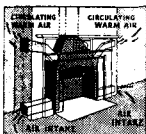
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Quick with its
Relief. Easy to
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Developed by the makers of world-famous Vicks VapoRub—this new Vicks Inhaler is about the size of your little finger. And it's packed with effective medication that makes the nose FEEL CLEARER IN SECONDS!

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receptacle of porcelain, one turns the taps and fills it, one gets in, one gets out and ghoosh—ghoosh—ghoosh, the water goes down the wastepipe!"

"M. Poirot, are you quite mad?"

"No, I am extremely sane."

"Well, anyway, I didn't take a bath."

"Ha!" said Poirot. "So nobody took a bath. That is extremely interesting." "But why should anyone take a bath?"

Hercule Poirot said, "Why, indeed?"

Rosamund said with some exasperation, "I suppose this is the Sherlock Holmes touch!"

HERCULE POIROT smiled. Then he sniffed the air delicately. "Will you permit me to be impertinent, Mademoiselle?"

"I'm sure you couldn't be impertinent, M. Poirot."

"That is very kind of you. Then may I venture to say that the scent you use is delicious—it has a nuance—a delicate, elusive charm." He waved his hands, and then added in a practical voice: "Gabrielle No. 8, I think?"

"How clever! Yes, I always use it."

"So did the late Mrs. Marshall. It is chic, eh? And very expensive?"

Rosamund shrugged her shoulders with a faint smile.

Poirot said, "You sat here where we are now, Mademoiselle, on the morning of the crime. You were seen here, or at least your sunshade was seen by Miss Brewster and Mr. Redfern as they passed on the sea. During the morning, Mademoiselle, are you sure you did not happen to go down to Pixy Cove and enter the cave there—the famous Pixy's Cave?"

Rosamund turned her head and stared at him. She said in a quiet, level voice, "Are you asking me if I killed Arlena Marshall?"

"No, I am asking you if you went into the Pixy's Cave."

"I don't even know where it is. Why should I go into it? For what reason?"

"On the day of the crime, Mademoiselle, somebody had been in that cave who used Gabrielle No. 8."

Rosamund said sharply, "You've just said yourself, M. Poirot, that Arlena Marshall used Gabrielle No. 8. She was on the beach there that day. Presumably she went into the cave."

"Why should she go into the cave? It is dark there and narrow and very uncomfortable."

Poirot was no longer looking out to sea. He was looking at Rosamund Darnley's hands as they lay folded in her lap. They were well-shaped hands, beautifully molded with very long fingers.

Rosamund, shooting a quick look at him, followed the direction of his eyes. She said sharply, "What are you looking at my hands for? Do you think—do you think—?"

Poirot said, "Do I think—what, Mademoiselle?"

Rosamund Darnley said, "Nothing."

IT WAS perhaps an hour later that Hercule Poirot came to the top of the path leading to Gull Cove. There was someone sitting on the beach. A slight figure in a red shirt and dark blue shorts.

Poirot descended the path, stepping carefully in his tight, smart shoes.

Linda Marshall turned her head sharply. He thought that she shrank a little. Her eyes, as he came and lowered himself gingerly to the shingle beside her, rested on him with the suspicion and alertness of a trapped animal. He realized, with a pang, how young and vulnerable she was.

"What is it?" she said. "What do you want?"

Hercule Poirot did not answer for a minute or two. Then he said, "The other day you told the chief constable

that you were fond of your stepmother and that she was kind to you."

"Well?"

"That was not true, was it, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, it was."

Poirot said:

"She may not have been actively unkind—that I will grant. But you were not fond of her—oh, no—I think you disliked her very much. That was very plain to see."

"Perhaps I didn't like her very much," Linda said. "But one can't say that when a person is dead. It wouldn't be decent."

Poirot sighed. "They taught you that at your school?"

"More or less, I suppose."

"When a person has been murdered," Poirot said, "it is more important to be truthful than to be decent."

Linda said, "I suppose you would say a thing like that."

"I would say it and I do say it. It is my business, you see, to find out who killed Arlena Marshall."

Linda muttered, "I want to forget it all. It's so horrible."

"But you can't forget, can you?" Poirot said gently.

Linda said, "I suppose some beastly madman killed her."

"No, I do not think it was quite like that."

Linda caught her breath. She said, "You sound—as though you knew?"

"Perhaps I do know," Poirot said. He paused and went on: "Will you trust me, my child, to do the best I can for you in your bitter trouble?"

Linda sprang up. "I haven't any trouble," she said. "There is nothing you can do for me. I don't know what you are talking about."

Poirot said, watching her, "I am talking about candles . . ."

He saw the terror leap into her eyes. "I won't listen to you," she cried. "I won't listen!"

She ran across the beach, swift as a young gazelle and went flying up the zigzag path.

Poirot shook his head. He looked grave and troubled.

INSPECTOR COLGATE was reporting to the chief constable:

"I've got on to one thing, sir, and something pretty sensational. It's about Mrs. Marshall's money. I've been into

it with her lawyers. I'd say it's a bit of a shock to them. I've got proof of the blackmail story. You remember she was left fifty thousand pounds by old Erskine? Well, all that's left of that is about fifteen thousand."

The chief constable whistled.

"Whew, what's become of the rest?"

"That's the interesting point, sir. She's sold out stuff from time to time, and each time she's handled it in cash or negotiable securities—that's to say she's handed out money to someone that she didn't want traced. Blackmail all right."

The chief constable nodded.

"Certainly looks like it. And the blackmailer is here in this hotel. That means it must be one of those three men. Got anything fresh on any of them?"

"Can't say I've got anything definite, sir. Major Barry's a retired army man, as he says. Lives in a small flat, has a pension and a small income from stocks. But he's paid in pretty considerable sums into his account in the last year."

"That sounds promising. What's his explanation?"

"Says they're betting gains. It's perfectly true that he goes to all the large race meetings. Places his bets on the course too, doesn't run an account."

The chief constable nodded. "Hard to disprove that," he said. "But it's suggestive."

COLGATE went on: "Next, the Reverend Stephen Lane. He's bona fide all right—had a living at St. Helen's, Whiteridge, Surrey—resigned his living just over a year ago owing to ill health. His ill health amounted to his going into a nursing home for mental patients. He was there for over a year."

"Interesting," said Weston.

"Yes, sir. I tried to get as much as I could out of the doctor in charge but you know what these medicos are—it's difficult to pin them down to anything you can get hold of. But as far as I can make out, his reverence's trouble was an obsession about the devil—especially the devil in the guise of woman, scarlet woman."

"H'm," said Weston. "There have been precedents for murder there."

"Yes, sir. It seems to me that Stephen Lane is at least a possibility. The late Mrs. Marshall was a pretty good example of what a clergyman would call a Scarlet Woman—hair and goings-on and



"It was our ambulance that hit you, so everything is on the house"

REAMER KELLER

all. Seems to me it's not impossible he may have felt it his appointed task to dispose of her. That is, if he is really batty."

"Nothing to fit in with the blackmail theory?"

"No, sir, I think we can wash him out as far as that's concerned. Has some private means of his own, but not very much, and no sudden increase lately."

"What about his story of his movements on the day of the crime?"

"Can't get any confirmation of them. Nobody remembers meeting a parson in the lanes. As to the book at the church, the last entry was three days before and nobody had looked at it for about a fortnight. He could have quite easily gone over the day before, say, or even a couple of days before, and dated his entry the 25th."

Weston nodded. "And the third man?" he said.

"Horace Blatt? It's my opinion, sir, that there's definitely something fishy there. Pays income tax on a sum far exceeding what he makes out of his hardware business. And mind you, he's a slippery customer. He could probably cook up a reasonable statement—he gambles a bit on the Stock Exchange and he's in with one or two shady deals. Oh, yes, there may be plausible explanations, but there's no getting away from it that he's been making pretty big sums from unexplained sources for some years now."

"In fact," said Weston, "the idea is that Mr. Horace Blatt is a successful blackmailer by profession?"

"Either that, sir, or it's dope. I saw Chief Inspector Ridgeway, who's in charge of the dope business, and he was no end keen. Seems there's been a good bit of heroin coming in lately. They're on to the small distributors and they know more or less who's running it at the other end, but it's the way it's coming into the country that's baffled them so far."

Weston said, "If the Marshall woman's death is the result of her getting mixed up, innocently or otherwise, with the dope-running stunt, then we'd better hand the whole thing over to Scotland Yard. It's their pigeon. Eh? What do you say?"

"I'm afraid you're right, sir," Inspector Colgate said rather regretfully. "If it's dope, then it's a case for Scotland Yard."

WESTON said, after a moment or two of thought, "It really seems the most likely explanation."

Colgate nodded gloomily. "Yes, it does. Marshall's right out of it—though I did get some information that might have been useful if his alibi hadn't been so good. Seems his firm is very near the rocks. Not his fault or his partner's, just the general result of the crisis last year and the general state of trade and finance. And as far as he knew, he'd come into fifty thousand pounds if his wife died. And fifty thousand would have been a very useful sum."

He sighed. "Seems a pity, when a man's got two perfectly good motives for murder, that he can be proved to have had nothing to do with it!"

Weston smiled. "Cheer up, Colgate. There's still a chance we may distinguish ourselves. There's the blackmail angle still and there's the batty parson, but personally I think the dope solution is by far the most likely." He added: "And if it was one of the dope gang who put her out we'll have been instrumental in helping Scotland Yard to solve the dope problem. In fact, take it all around, one way or another, we've done pretty well."

An unwilling smile showed on Colgate's face. He said, "Well, that's the lot, sir. By the way, I checked up on

the writer of that letter we found in her room. The one signed J. N. Nothing doing. He's in China safe enough. Same chap as Miss Brewster was telling us about. Bit of a young scalawag. I've checked up on the rest of Mrs. Marshall's friends. No leads there. Everything there is to get, we've got, sir."

"So now it's up to us," Weston said. He paused and then added: "Seen anything of our Belgian colleague? Does he know all you've told me?"

Colgate said with a grin: "He's a queer little cuss, isn't he? D'you know what he asked me day before yesterday? He wanted particulars of any cases of strangulation in the last three years."

Colonel Weston sat up. "He did, did he? Now I wonder—" he paused a minute. "When did you say the Reverend Stephen Lane went into that mental home?"

"A year ago last Easter, sir."

Colonel Weston was thinking deeply. He said, "There was a case—body of a young woman found somewhere near Bagshot. Going to meet her husband somewhere and never turned up. And there was what the papers called the Lonely Copse Mystery. Both in Surrey if I remember rightly."

His eyes met those of his inspector. Colgate said, "Surrey? My word, sir, it fits, doesn't it? I wonder..."

HERCULE POIROT sat on the turf on the summit of the island.

A little to his left was the beginning of the steel ladder that led down to Pixy Cove. There were several rough boulders near the head of the ladder, he noted, forming easy concealment for anyone who proposed to descend to the beach below. Of the beach itself little could be seen from the top, owing to the overhang of the cliff.

Hercule Poirot nodded his head gravely. The pieces of his mosaic were fitting into position. Mentally he went over those pieces considering each as a detached item:

A morning on the bathing beach some few days before Arlena Marshall's death.

One, two, three, four, five separate remarks uttered on that morning.

The evening of a bridge game. He, Patrick Redfern and Rosamund Darnley had been at the table. Christine had wandered out while dummy and had overheard a certain conversation. Who else had been in the lounge at that time? Who had been absent?

The evening before the crime. The conversation he had had with Christine on the cliff and the scene he had witnessed on his way back to the hotel.

Gabrielle No. 8.

A pair of scissors.

A broken pipestem.

A bottle thrown from a window.

A green calendar.

A packet of candles.

A mirror and a typewriter.

A skein of magenta wool.

A girl's wrist watch.

Bath water rushing down the waste-pipe.

Each of these unrelated facts must fit into its appointed place. There must be no loose ends.

And then, with each concrete fact fitted into position, on to the next step: his own belief in the presence of evil on the island...

Evil...

He looked down at a typewritten list in his hands.

Nellie Parsons—found strangled in a lonely copse near Cobham: No clue to her murderer ever discovered.

Nellie Parsons?

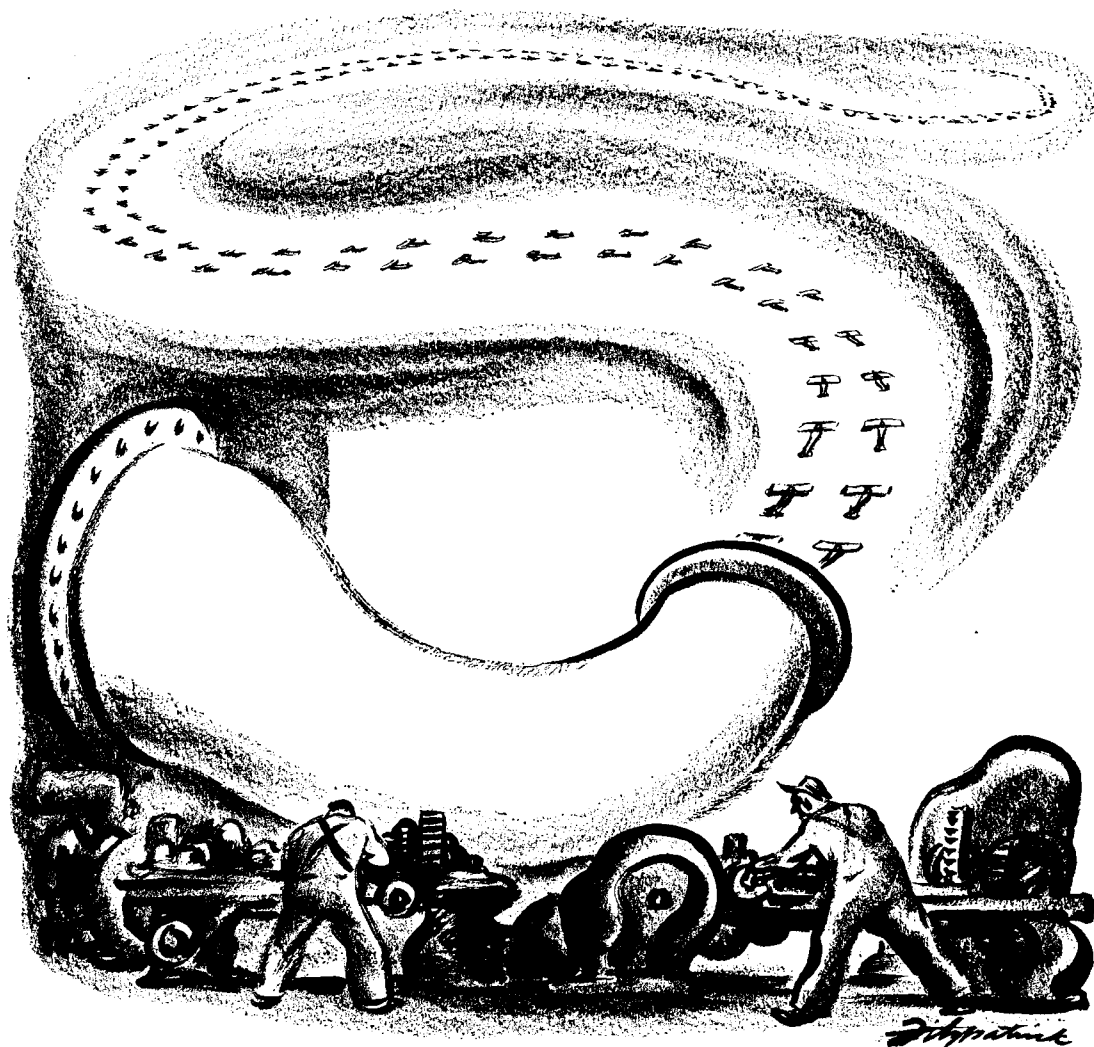
Alice Corrigan.

He read very carefully the details of Alice Corrigan's death.

(To be continued next week)



TODAY! Get both kinds of Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix—the red box for pancakes and waffles; the yellow box for buckwheats.



By Bits and Pieces

TECHNICAL experts in Detroit and Washington have "regretfully" turned down Walter P. Reuther's plan for mass production of 500 fighting planes a day.

Reuther's theory was—and still is—that enough machine capacity now exists in Detroit and various near-by automobile plants to turn out, if these machines were integrated regardless of who owns them, the aforesaid 500 planes a day, and this without cutting into civilian car production.

We wouldn't know about these intra-industry disputes. What we do admire and heartily approve about the whole episode is that Reuther made the suggestion at all—Reuther, who is head of the C. I. O.'s auto worker's union. The fact that a labor leader advanced this suggestion of his own free will should put a quietus on the talk about how labor can be expected to co-operate grumpily and grouchy at best in the defense program, if at all. As we remarked recently in this space, no group in this country has a monopoly on patriotism, and this incident serves to prove that remark.

Certainly the general idea of production by "bits and pieces," as the British call it, has proved practicable in wartime Britain. All it means is that production of various war-machine parts is farmed out to big or little

factories or even to individuals equipped to produce them, the completed parts then being put together at regular assembly plants.

There are a lot of such factories and individuals around this country, and the bit-and-piece production idea, we should think, ought to be applicable to plenty of things in addition to airplanes.

In which connection we've been wondering whether bit-and-piece production of Army officers wouldn't be feasible. West Point, of course, does a fine job. But how about various other military colleges and prep schools around the country—V.M.I., Norwich, Culver, Shattuck, New Mexico M. I., New York Military Academy, The Citadel, Staunton, Augusta, etc.?

Wouldn't it be possible to integrate these schools and their plenteous equipment in some scheme for rapid production of reasonably good second lieutenants, or perhaps top sergeants eligible for commissions after quick round-out training? V.M.I. and Norwich top-flight graduates, of course, are eligible for commissions; but couldn't such eligibility be extended to various other military schools, with appropriate relaxation of the rules on age limits and college degrees?

It's possible that we've been overlooking a good bet there. We put out the suggestion for what it may be worth to the War Department.

Democracy's Arsenal

AS FAR as we can tell, the great majority of Americans are behind the President in his thesis that we've got to help Great Britain in every way we can, by every means short of war. And the short-of-war part of it seems to be losing importance daily in American minds.

The majority feeling now is, according to public-opinion barometers, that we hope we can keep out of this war, but we hope even more fervently that we can furnish any kind of help the British need for the winning of the war.

Gone down the drainpipe is the idea that munitions makers or international bankers started this war and are keeping it going. As Americans now see it, it is a conflict between reasonably free and democratic nations on the one side and nations that believe in human slavery on the other.

If the slave nations win in Europe and Asia, our democracy will be more gravely threatened than ever before in our history.

If the slave nations can be beaten, democracy will have its chance to prove itself the best system of government and design for living yet invented. Most Americans are willing for this country to be democracy's arsenal, as the President puts it; and if that isn't enough, most Americans apparently would be willing to go further.

This being the country's prevailing state of mind, hadn't the Johnson Act better be repealed? Its prohibition on private loans in this country to nations in default to us was an expression of a mean mood that came over the American people a few years ago—and it was an attempt to legislate a halter on an unforeseeable future. Let's get rid of it.

Whatever we do, though, let us not slacken our rearmament drive in the slightest. In this war, all the belligerents go for one another's arsenals—meaning one another's war material production facilities of all kinds—first, foremost and persistently. We've constituted ourselves the biggest arsenal on earth.

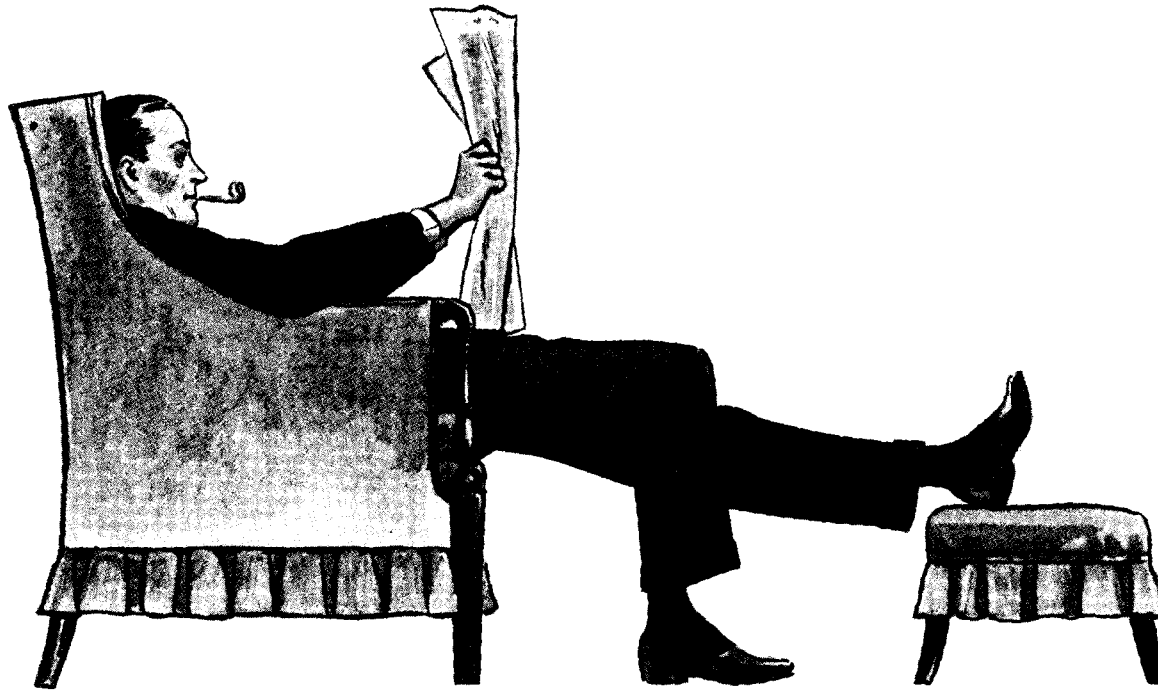
When They Don't "Want" You

WE SUPPOSE more heartaches overtake more parents because their adolescent or almost grown children don't seem to "want" them any more than for any other single reason.

Our tip is to add it to your list of Things Not to Worry About. The explanation in 99 cases out of 100 is that the youngster is barging out into the world, making new contacts and new friends, having new experiences. The world is new and shiny to him or her, though it may be wearily old stuff to you.

"Oh, but these toys are the same old toys," said the lady Christmas shopper. "Yes, madam," said the clerk, "but the children are new."

They'll "want" you, all right, and come flying when they really need you—IF you haven't been too insistent on their continuing to "want" you. The easiest way to alienate them for good and all is to keep begging or howling that they keep their affections centered on you.



Packard makes this a great year for left feet!

THE 1941 Packard starts eliminating work right down at the foot—*your* left foot.

Yes, your left foot loafs—doesn't have to do a thing but enjoy the ride! For this blessing, you can thank the engineering genius behind the new Packard Electromatic Clutch*—a *radically different* clutch using a new vacuum and electric principle.

A dozen things recommend it over other devices. There's no "creeping" forward. No danger of oil leaks. No slippage after engagement. No lag. Get-away is lightning fast—and the clutch engages with

much more smoothness than anyone but an expert driver could achieve. Furthermore, a dash control permits conventional clutch operation when wanted—for easier sub-zero starting and for second-gear braking while descending steep mountain grades.

Try it! And try the amazing Packard Aero-Drive*. It saves gas, oil and engine wear—and combined with Electromatic Clutch, it saves *shifting*, too!

But these are only *two* of 64 new features in the 1941 Packard. See glamorous new Multi-Tone interiors—with 261 trim combinations, 122 of them at

no extra cost! Passmaster Engine, 10% more economical! Real Air Conditioning* (a Packard first) . . . Air-Glide ride—and 58 other improvements.

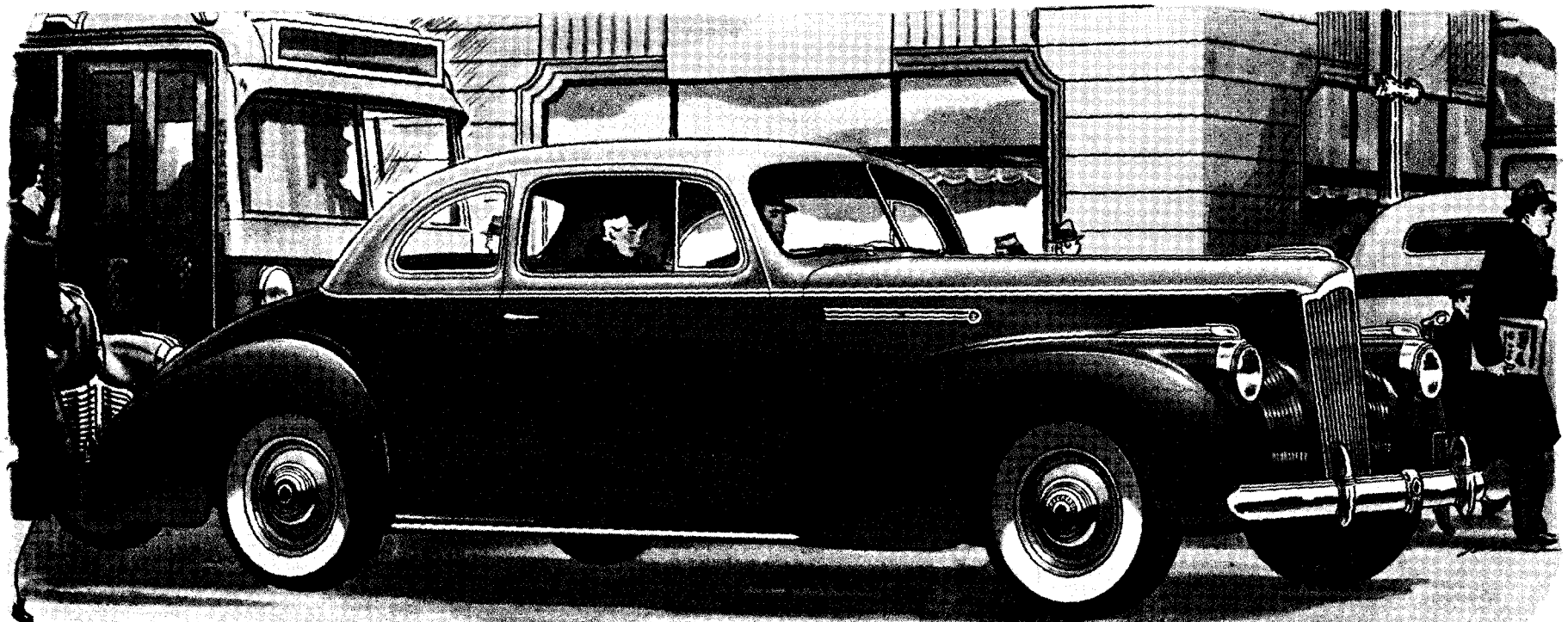
Your dealer extends this cordial invitation, "Come in! Drive this Packard with Electromatic Clutch—and while your left foot loafs—discover *all* the reasons why Packard is the class of '41!"

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

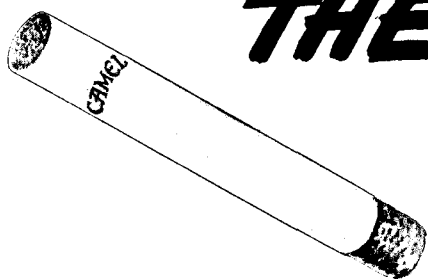
\$907 TO \$5550
FIVE LINES OF NEW CARS—
40 BODY STYLES

*delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice. *Available at extra cost.

PACKARD—the Class of '41



Illustrated: 1941 Packard One-Ten Special Coupe, \$907* (white sidewall tires extra).



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**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS —

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling
cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according
to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing
in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of
slower-burning Camels gives you extra
mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

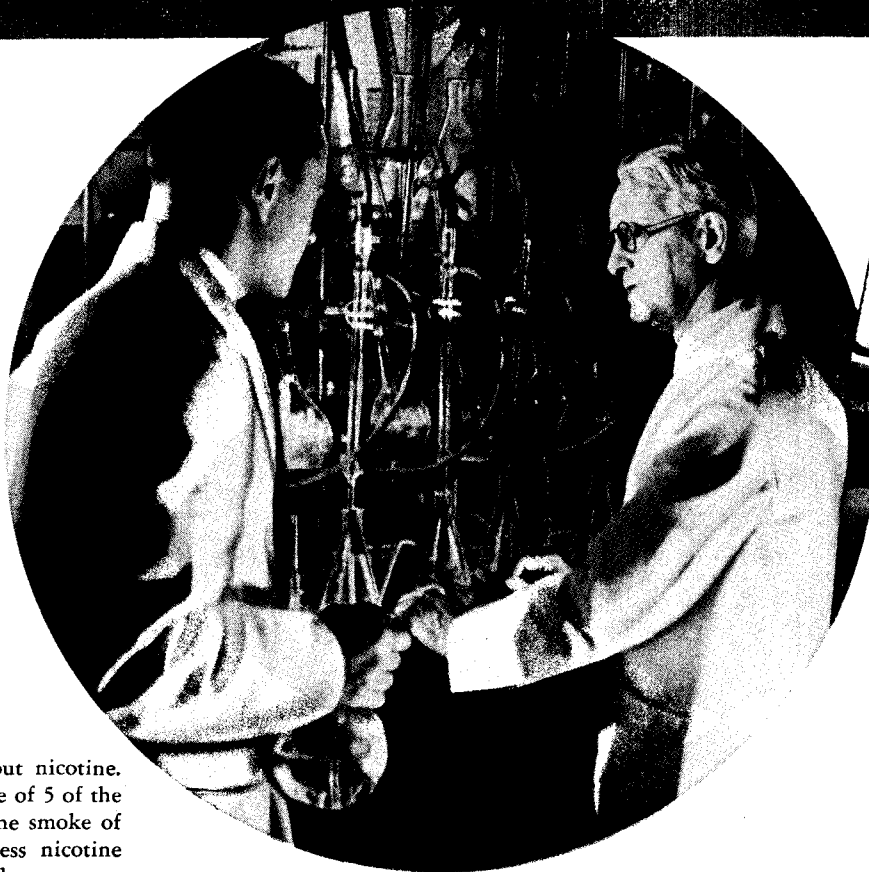
Now Science tells you another impor-
tant—and welcome—fact about Camel's
slower burning.

Less nicotine—in *the smoke!* 28% less
nicotine than the average of the other
brands tested—in *the smoke!* Less than any
of them—in *the smoke!* And it's the *smoke*
that reaches you.

Mark up another advantage for slow
burning—and for you!

Try Camels . . . the slower-burning ciga-
rette . . . the cigarette with more mildness,
more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine
in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as
explained beneath package at right.

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine.
Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the
largest-selling brands...find that the smoke of
slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine
than any of the other brands tested.



**By burning 25%
slower**

than the average of the 4
other of the largest-selling
brands tested—slower than
any of them—Camels also
give you a smoking *plus*
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CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —